AUGUST
1936

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY
FRANK SCULLY
DONALD C. PEATTIE
OLIVER LA FARGE
GEORGE SELDES
FRED C. KELLY
FRANK C. HANIGHEN
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
LUIGI BARZINI, JR.
JOSEPH F. FISHMAN
EDWIN BAIRD

FICTION
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
LOUIS PAUL
JOHN O'HARA
WALTER CLARE MARTIN
ARTHUR SHUMWAY
HANNIBAL TOWLE
CHARLES L. PALMER
WM. FITZGERALD, JR.
M. C. BLACKMAN

ART
IVAN ALBRIGHT
NORMAN LINDSAY

SATIRE
PARKE CUMMINGS
STACY JONES
HOLGER LUNDBERGH

MUSIC
GEORGE ANTHEIL

SPORTS
HORTON SMITH
JOHN R. TUNIS
CAL JOHNSON
HARRY M. FORWOOD

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BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

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D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
RODNEY de SARRO
GARDNER REA
ABNER DEAN
SYDNEY HOFF
WM. RIENECKE
R. VAN BUREN
IRVING PHILLIPS
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(COVER)

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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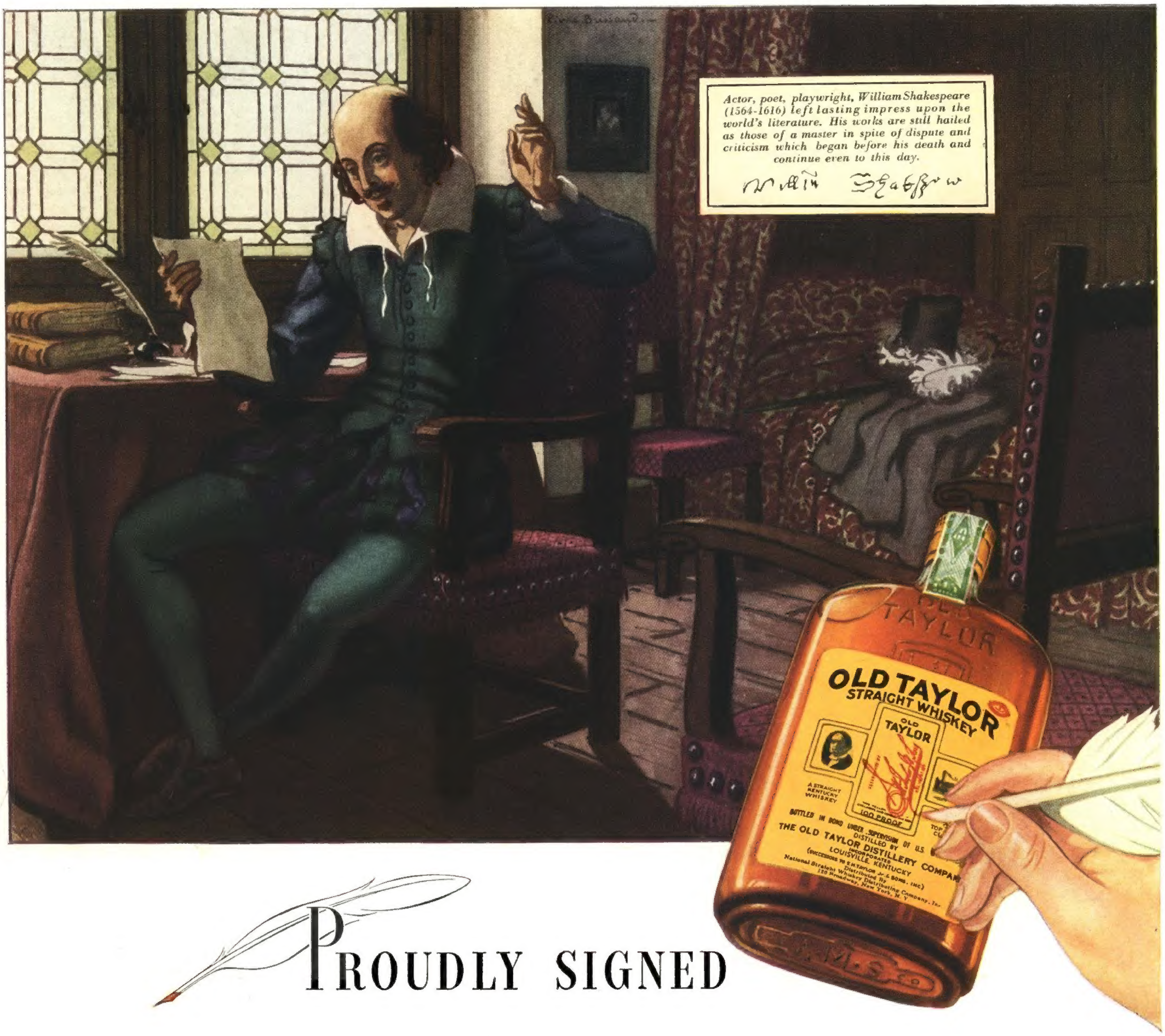
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STRAIGHT WHISKEY
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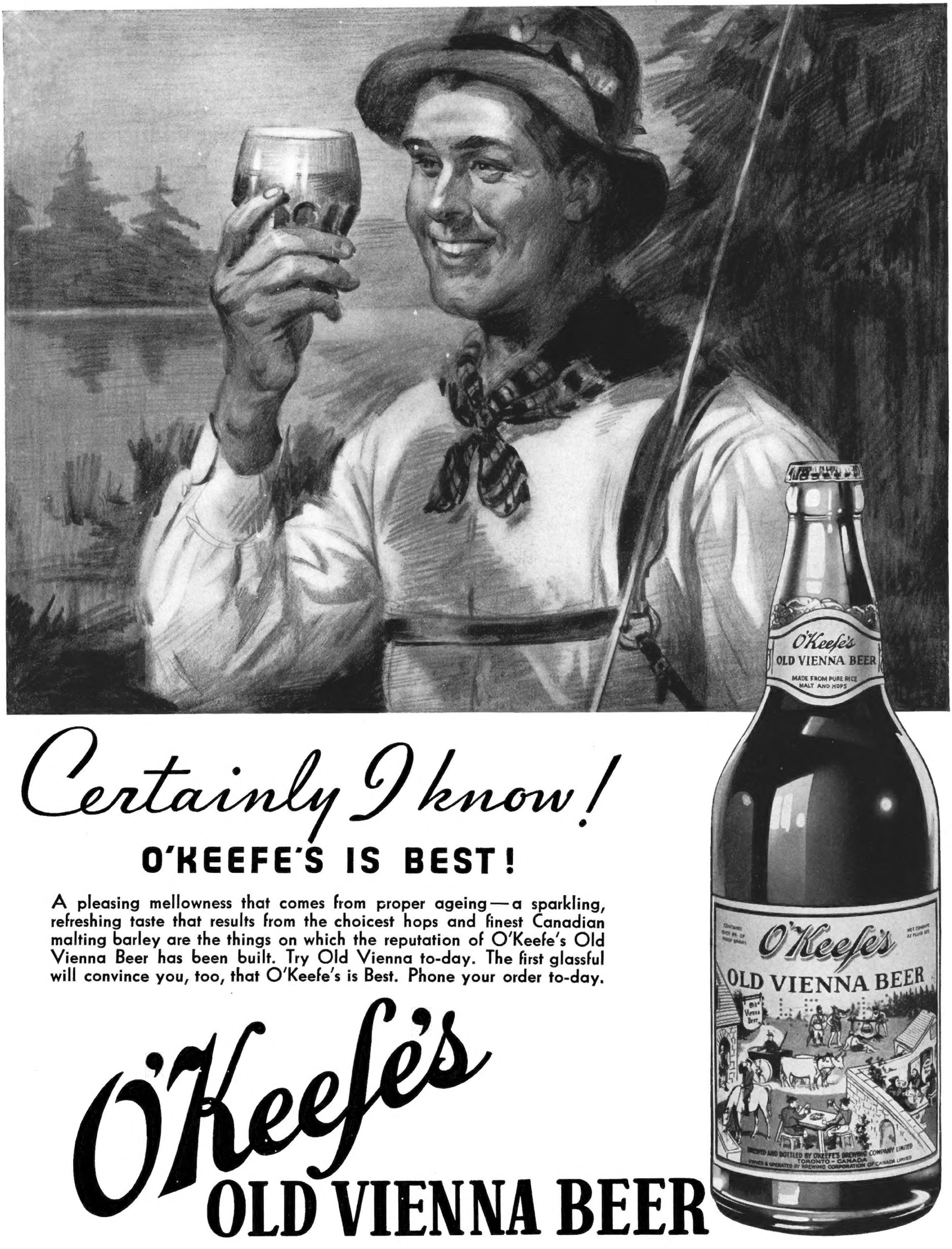
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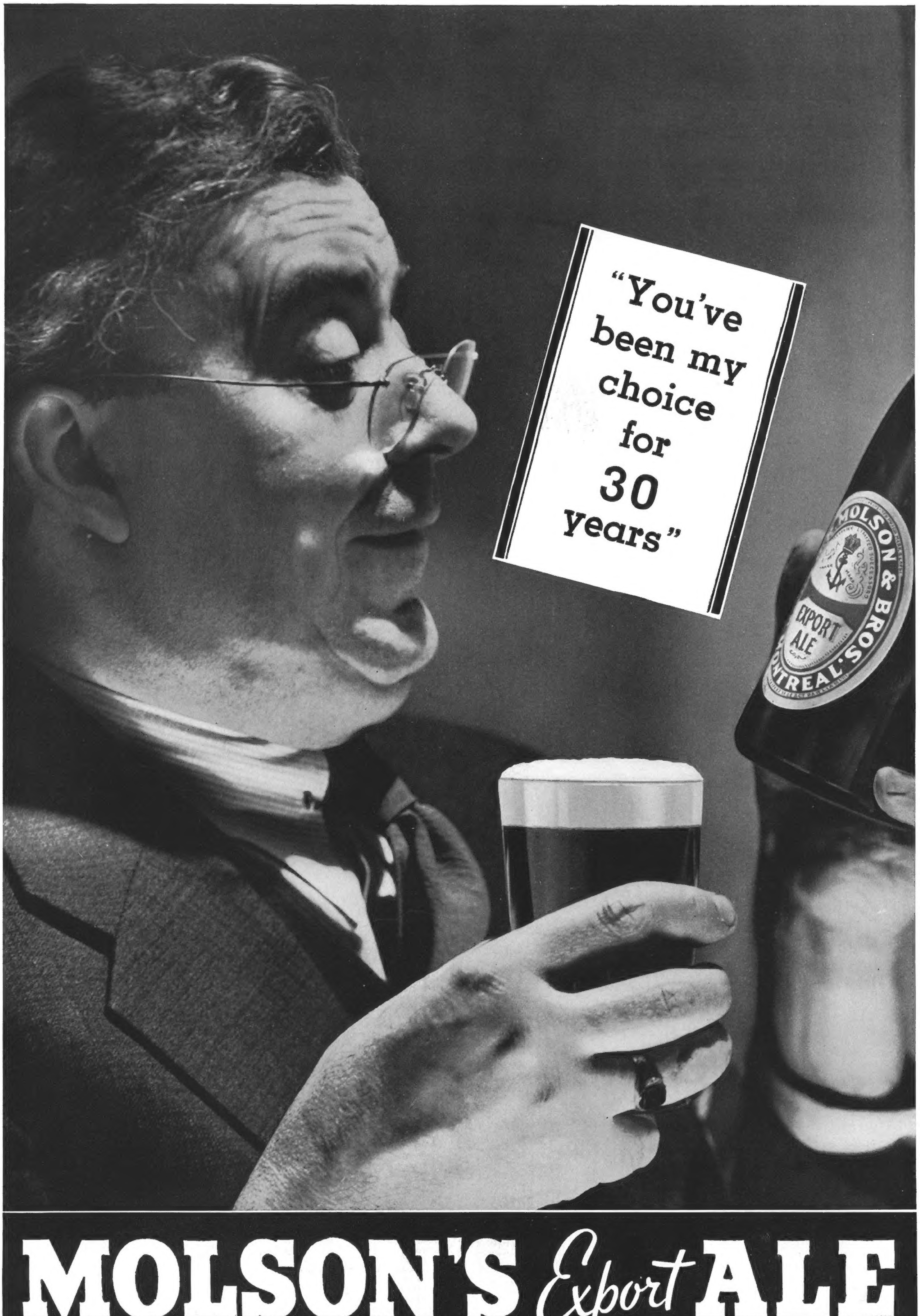
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452 Fifth Avenue

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
by Peters, Goodman, Saalburg and Fellows beginning on page 132

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A Successor to S. Choirboy

As soon as we learned of the duplicity of S. Choirboy, our late critic of dramatic critics, we went to work on George Jean Nathan, to see if we couldn't persuade him to take over the fort that was not merely left vacant but split wide open by the presumably unlamented Potter's departure. We had hoped by this issue to be able to announce that Nathan would be our new critic. But as this is written the great George Jean is in one of those redoubtable pouts, and we don't know for sure whether we'll ever be able to kid him out of it. We tried to reopen negotiations with him where they were broken off last January by S. Choirboy's bolt-out-of-blue advent, but this time they were strained by an added handicap. Nathan, it seems, is perhaps no more, but certainly no less, vain than the average critic, and we found him smiling through tears, as it were, in trying to laugh off some of the cracks that were made about him during those few months that seemed like forever in which the hand of the Potter was against all and sundry of the nation's play-reviewers. We tried to be casual about it, and to point out that inclusion in Potter's casualty lists was in itself something of a certificate of merit and card of competency, signifying membership in good standing among the critics who count. But that seemed to sound better to us than it did to Nathan. Then, too, he wasn't sure but what the Critics' Circle might boycott Esquire for Potter's didoes, in which event he couldn't very well take over the job even if he were finally to decide that he wanted to. It went on like that for quite awhile. In fact, that's where the matter stood when he left to go down to visit Eugene O'Neill at Sea Island. O'Neill was to help him brood about it. We can't remember ever having done anything either to or for O'Neill, so we don't know what effect that may have on the outcome. So, anyway, about all we've got to announce for this issue is the fact that we've thought about getting Nathan to be our drama critic. We thought of him first because it seems to us that he is to the world of the theatre what Burton Rascoe is to the world of books. And, second, we're sort of fed up on the idea of employing home-grown unknown talent for a spot like this, after what happened with our last venture in that direction. If this sounds like the burnt monkey's lecture on the unsavoriness of hot soup, well, let it. Because, after the S. Choirboy episode, that's about what it is.

The Trend to go "Light in August"

Light in August is a Faulkner novel title. But it might well be an annual slogan for the magazine trade in general. Every year, come the dog days, magazines undergo a strange shrinking process. Not only are there fewer ads, but the editorial content, too, is put on a strenuous reducing diet. Esquire, for the third successive summer, has reversed the field by making the August issue bigger than ordinary issues. This time, with a hundred and ten editorial features, we touch our all-time high in magazine money's worth. You don't believe there are a hundred and ten editorial features in this issue? Count, as we list them: fourteen articles, two personality sketches, twelve pieces of fiction, two of semi-fiction, four of sports, four of satire, four poems, two portfolios of art-work, four pictorial features, eight departments, eight fashion pages—that's sixty-four features so far—and twenty-nine cartoons in full color and seventeen in black and white makes a total of a hundred and ten.

Tune of "Sue and be Damned"

In an issue containing such high spots as *The Snows of Kilimanjaro, Last Land of Liberty, Afternoon of an Author, A Day of Pleasure, Now It Can be Sold,* and five-star features by Rascoe and Seldes, it seems hardly fair to single out one story for special mention, but there's so much more truth than fiction in Edwin Baird's story, *Lawyers Laugh Last,* concerning the great American pastime of sue-me-sue-you, that we can't resist the temptation to take time out to try our utmost to get you to put it at the head of your list of required reading. Just as nobody wins in modern wars, with the exception of the munition magnates, nobody wins in modern lawsuits, nobody, that is, but the lawyers. Esquire, like almost all other magazines, has enriched many lawyers with no profit to itself. It has been sued some six times in its young life, and has itself sued once. One or two other suits seem to be shaping up on the horizon. Esquire has so far won all suits that have come to their conclusion and is an odds-on bet to win those still pending. Yet nothing has been, or will be, settled by those suits that couldn't have been settled much more quickly and economically without them. The curious thing about people who sue magazines is that almost invariably their basis for suit is that they have suffered in heart and mind, with injuries to their health or happiness through alleged loss of standing in the esteem of their fellows. These wounds having allegedly been made only by the printed word, it would seem logical that their cure could be accomplished by the same agency. But no. The patient always insists that his wounds of heart and mind, caused by print, can be cured only through the purse. Enough of that, though. We're beginning to digress. Turn to page 64 and see why lawyers laugh, and how.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WELCOME TO OUR DUNGHILL

Here's one for the book that you won't have to write your ownself. First, may I say that the paper stock you use is fine—before you spoil it with that damned drivel.

Second, the person who is responsible for stapling the back-bone of so heavy a book as Esquire has a lot to learn about his job—but that apparently is the normal condition with all of Esquire staff.

Third, the make-up system in use is so damned childish that it is almost funny. If one wanted to read the asinine trash you print it would be a hunt all through your back yard—and your front door lacks only the sawn crescent to remind one of Chic Sale's standard model.

Cartoons. The black whiskered boys are good—very good, but one who could see any point to most of the other cartoons you run would be a mind reader with a diseased brain. Anyhow, who would care to read the sort of minds that produced these cartoons? Could that man Antheil's head be assayed, the report would most likely read, "Brains, a trace, and those added."

You probably don't want my opinion but you are going to get it. Esquire is an insult to every man and woman in the United States who is more than half witted. The four hundred thousand circulation is indeed a sad commentary on the intelligence of the American people. But—thank God you are but a flash in the pan and will soon return to the dung heap from which you sprang.

Yours most respectfully,

Owosso, Mich. Cosgrove

ANTIDOTE TO ANTHEIL

I think you should print this as a timely warning to all the boys who might take Professor Antheil's cute little Gland Charts a bit too literally. For instance, take his Type C-1. Hardly anyone will want to, but you can be a good sport and do it just for the sake of argument. Then take Type C. One at a time, boys. Well, to illustrate, Type C can become Type C1, practically overnight. Perhaps a little fable will show you how more clearly than any technical exposition.

Once upon a time, there was a Young Man who was going about with a Girl. She had everything in Antheil's Type C list. Her Walk gave the Young Man a Melting Sensation in his Control Room. Her Eyes had the prescribed Gleam and expression of Suppressed Excitement. Her Height, Build, and Bust Measurement also conformed. Everything about her was According to Antheil, Type C.

One day, however, she felt Vague Pains in the Gastric Region. The Tonsil Snatcher she consulted was a Nosey Piece, who was not satisfied to merely Assuage the Immediate Ailment. He had to Ask Questions. He found out that she sometimes experienced the Jitters without benefit of a Binge the Night Before. She also confessed that she Wept occasionally when there was not a thing in the world she wanted. He Noted that her Outstretched Hand showed a Decided Tremor. And the Son of a Barbiturate told her to take a certain Nerve Tonic, and Iodine q.d. So what happened?

So, I'll tell you. Her Thyroid calmed down to such a degree that you Wouldna Knowner. Her Walk was no longer Sex Rampant. Her Gaze became Serene. Her Structure remained O.K., but it lacked Zip. Her rate of Accessibility, which had been at Peak while she was a Glandular Jag, dropped to Low.

The Young Man was, to say the least, Chagrined. Here he had been thinking that all the time he had a Good Thing, and she turned out to be nothing more than a Sister.

The Moral is: Don't Be Too Sure.

Yours Disgustedly,

C-1 (Ex-C)

P.S.—I'm thinking of cutting out the iodine any day now. The line forms on the right.

VIRTUE AS NEGATION

I have just finished reading your editorial in the June issue and got quite a kick out of it.

Hang what has been called the "gospel of abstention." Many people are described as virtuous because they are not as vicious as they might be.

One is reminded of an incident in the life of Jesus. Came to him the disciples of John, saying, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?"

The Puritans and formalists of his day constantly pestered the Master with little questions—"Why, why, why?" They were offended in him when he healed on the Sabbath-day. They were offended when he drank wine. They were offended when he hobnobbed with publicans and sinners.

Some two thousand years have passed since then, but we still have a lot of people with us whose goodness consists in Not doing things. Now is that real virtue? Then a fence post is the most virtuous object in the universe.

Why make such a hullabalu about abstinence from this or that? It is at best only a minus quantity, a mere negation of wrong. Real virtue is positive, emphatic, aggressive. Real virtue can go round the whole circle of legitimate pleasures and yet keep that circle in its proper place.

I like Esquire because it is almost entirely free from the sham which spoils the majority of our other magazines. Don't be afraid of giving offense. For every reader who gets mad at you there are thousands who shout hurrah.

Sincerely yours,

Corvalis, Ore. Wm. Schoeler

ESQ'S ADVOCATE

My advocacy of your publication has been persistent and consistent. I might say that I have never backed down yet in defending you against such terms as "flamboyant," "loud," "superficial," "only fit for collegiates and sophomores at that" etc. etc. ad infinitum. When I hear such "panning" I come back with "I suppose you have not read the latest articles by such people as Clarence Darrow, or Havelock Ellis?" "Why no, do they write for Esquire?"

I'll admit that there will not be found a bunch of lugubrious "tripe" such as George Horace Latimer emits in the *Sat. Eve. Post* nor the sentimental fiction with the always happy ending.

Fortunate are you to have "on top" such a brilliant young writer as Scott Fitzgerald who, in my humble opinion, is one of the most brilliant of the moderns. Anyone who read his *The Great Gatsby* could never forget him.

Again, you have high-powered writers like Hemingway who know *how* to write. Ever since reading *A Farewell to Arms* I try to keep up with all his pieces in Esquire.

Yours truly,

Ernest A. H. Caverhill

Spring Grove, Va.

A CRACK A DAY . . PAGE HEMINGWAY

Your magazine covers everything and therefore I think you can help me.

There must be some sure way to talk to girls about interesting things. Not jokes, especially; but everyday talk is just everyday, unless you have a little on the ball.

Some things can turn from the humdrum to the spectacular by a cleverly inserted pun. With the Esquire stamp on a fellow's conversation a girl would see that he was clever. A new department would do it. The new department would combine all the cream from the top of each regular contributor and would provide the consumer with a sure crack for every day in the month.

Miss Kohler and Mr. Harder could be presented in a nifty: *What To Say When Your Arm Is Around* "A soft and big-hipped and a little too bouncy" girl.

I bet Hemingway could be roped in somehow. But I like the idea and on a large scale it is sure to succeed. I'm sure the Other Four Hundred and Forty Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-Nine (actual count p. 8 June) People would, too.

Eagerly awaiting your reply, I am,

Lawrence, Mass. B. A. Bresnahan

FLATTERER!

There is but one sin left in this world for me to commit. Until yesterday afternoon there were two—but I purchased my first copy of Esquire at that time. At the present, a college freshman, I am eagerly drinking up its columns of verbal sophistication, fresh, unashamed moral concepts, and occasional misdirected masculine nothingness. Finishing it tomorrow, I believe, will prove sufficiently conducive for me to go out and join the ranks of the complete sinners, devoid of all virtues.

The thing in Esquire that reaches out from its thick bulkiness and strongly grasps my interest is not so much the sexy cartoons by Mahon and Bundy, the smarticles by Hartswick or Richard Knight, nor the fictional brainstorms of Gouverneur Morris and Hemingway, but the democratic *Sound and the Fury*. When I sighted *S. & F.* Petty's shapelies became garbed in heavy, black skirts with two petticoats underneath; Antheil's attack of Glandicitis became a simple naive game for kids of twelve to dabble with.

It is my belief, some time or another, every reader of Esquire (may I call him an Esquirian) reads over the postal woofings of his fellow Esquire addict guilty of the common reading peccability, and experiences a desire to himself send Esqueditor a slashing, mordant letter and see it columned out in 8-point under the *Sound and Fury* head.

Would I be branded a raving fool, "betraying a two-fold ignorance, an ignorance of both subject and object," (Esq. June—p. 5) were I to proffer to these readers a few hints—yes, a few requirements, on "How to Make *The Sound and the Fury*?" Good. Here are the rules to follow to make the *S. & F.*

(1) By far the most important requirement is to have your letter soaking with a profusion of cussing. Eskie's editor would shriek with horror and swoon in dumbfoundedness if at least every other sentence did not contain a forbidden word. Damn Esquire, damn Roosevelt, damn women, damn everything, damn it! Now as to the actual technique of this essential malediction Hell and Damn are your basic words. Make liberal use of them just as they are, but do not slight the variations. The most popular form of hell is the contraction, Helluva (spelled incorrectly, "Heluva"); don't fear an overusage of this one for it's always surefire. Now the best forms of damn are God-damned and God-damn-it. Here you must be careful of deviating from decorous cussing. Watch this common error. Never use God-damned other than as an adjectival phrase. (God-damned Esquire, God-damned shame, etc.). And only when you desire to express cussedness, unconnectedly, do you use the elliptical form, "God-damn-it." When something in Esquire so burns you up that your hair fairly sizzles, (like women's No-No Pantie ads and over-egoism by the Eskie Ed in *Backstage With Esquire*) then resort to super-profanity with the simply dilly combinations of both basic forms, "That's a Helluva-God-damned note." But one very important precaution. Never, never delve into the "Son-of-a- ———" family and its lowly members. Employ only high class profanity in your letter, taintless and of purest verbal delicacy.

(2) About Esquire, say nothing nice. Raise merry hell with everything in awful Eskie. (When you do this, the editor knows you're simply nuts about the rag—which you inevitably are, and of course this tickles him tremendously, and zip goes your cute little letter to the composing room—Whee!) Cite that you hear that their circulation is dropping monthly. Among a burst of juvenile Goody-goodies, pull out your Thesaurus and slay them with one like this: "Should you be of the opinion that your monthly literary dishevelment for the cultural diversion of American masculinity in any way consummates this objective, then you are being seriously deluded by the self evaluation of the tripe therein contained." Right then and there, the editor will know he's found in you another Kipling. Hemingway and Seldes will start for the nearest breadlines. Esquire will hungrily snatch up such talents as yours.

(3) Be undaunted in your use of words, particularly, of those you fear might affect sensitive morals of Esquire readers. Eskie editors gloat gleefully at any mention or allusion of anything pertaining to sex. Be unhesitant in the use of dubious words like Petty, feminine hygiene, nymphomania, and Eskimo Pie.

(4) And finally—never pretend that you give a hoot whether they print your letter or not. As a matter of fact you'd rather not have your name or even initials appear among the uncouth Esquire writings. Why hell! You've had a letter printed in *Shady Stories* magazine and almost rated *Radio Guide*. So go plumb-to-hell, Esquire, if you don't want to print this; consider yourself privileged to even have it written to you. (But don't forget the P.S. "If you do use this, please spell my name Smythe, not Smith"!)

(5) Oh yes! What to write about. Something the Esquire editor knows nothing about. In other words, write about anything at all.

Sincerely,

Du Bois, Pa. Fred Newmeyer, Jr.

EVERYONE BUT DR. CLARKSON

The June issue of Esquire contains an article by Dr. Eric Clarkson entitled *The Talking Encyclopedia*. In this article you state that Samuel F. B. Morse founded Vassar College with an eye to keeping girls out of a busy man's way. This was a very clever sentence but amusing to me, the daughter of John H. Raymond, who was President of Vassar at the opening of the college. Mr. Morse was one of the first trustees but the founder, as I thought everyone knew, was Matthew Vassar.

Sincerely yours,

Cornelia M. Raymond

Publicity Secretary, Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Continued on page 176

What goes into America's finest whiskey?

WHISKEY—*straight* whiskey—and nothing but straight whiskey!

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Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.
Also Paul Jones Four Star Dry Gin (90 proof) distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

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A little gift that flatters BIG business and professional men—the NORMA 4-in-1 Pencil. Writes Red, Blue, Green, Black, at will. Makes his o.k.'s, memos, etc., stand out! Fascinating mechanically. Beautiful finish. Weighs only 1 oz. At Jewelers, Stationers, Department Stores. 14 kt Gold Filled $12.00. Sterling $8.50. 10 kt Rolled Gold Plate $5.00. Chromium Plate or Silni (nickel silver) $3.50.

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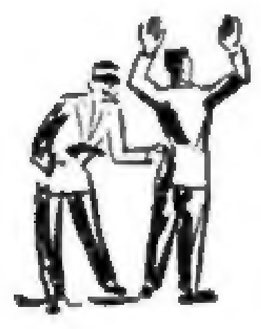
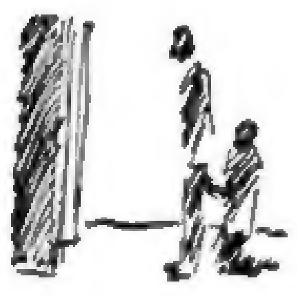
Voigtlander F/4.5 BRILLIANT CAMERA with Compur Rapid Shutter gets *action* in a flash. Nine shutter speeds from 1 second to 1-500 of a second. Perfect for vacations. Takes pictures 2¼ x 2¼ on No. 120 film. Price $29.50. Ever-ready case, $3.25. Willoughbys, 110 West 32nd St., New York.



CRIME PREVENTION

Law enforcement agencies recommend tear gas instead of firearms. Recently perfected and offered for the first time is a highly effective, compact tear gas machine gun. Can be kept and used safely anywhere. $15. Complete details by writing DUNCAN CHEMICAL CO., 112 E. 32nd St., N. Y. C.



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The precise care we employ in minute details assures that scrupulous perfection which is always the hallmark of fine made-to-measure clothes. Prices start at $115.

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Personally selected by Mr. Johnston on his trip to the Orient, these necklaces, of exceptionally beautiful color, represent the finest cultured pearls in the world. Sent on approval, in any of the following price units—

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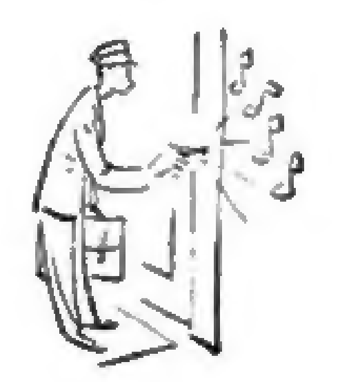
FOR MEN EXCLUSIVELY . . . the new OGILVIE METHOD Salon at 50 East 42d Street, New York . . . the same equipment and personnel that have made OGILVIE world-acknowledged scalp specialists. Free consultation, or write for *free* booklet on OGILVIE PREPARATIONS for home treatment. There is an OGILVIE Preparation for every kind of scalp or hair trouble on sale at better Department and Drug Stores. Let OGILVIE show you the way

The well-known organization of former organ pumpers may someday find themselves in competition with an organization of old-fashioned, ice cream freezer turners, now that you can make ice cream at home with a small freezer attached to which is a motor-turned paddle. The freezer fits into the ice cube section of a refrigerator and the motor stops automatically when the ice cream is done. A flat cord does not interfere with the closing of the refrigerator door.

Party-throwers who approach a nervous breakdown in attempting to seat their guests to best advantage about the table, will find a contribution to their mental well-being in a very practical table arranger.

At this time of the year, the golf club committees are tearing their hair out in an effort to select prizes for the various tournaments that will please all concerned. The cup trophy seems to be in ill repute not only with the winners but with the wives who have to keep them clean. A leading purveyor of appropriate articles for this purpose offers to recognized golf clubs a large assortment from which to choose and a discount of 20%. Several of the items we've mentioned in this column should prove acceptable prizes, and we'd be glad to help out further, if you've a mind to let us.



A new annunciator replaces the strident ringing of the ordinary doorbell with the soothing tones of the scale. You can use four notes running up the scale for the front door, and four notes running down the scale for the service entrance. It's also equipped with a four note keyboard so that you can work out your own combinations for dinner announcing or any other announcing you care to go in for. You'd better make sure the servants aren't tone deaf.

We have had brought to our attention another mechanical contrivance for golf practice on the home grounds. It not only indicates the distance of your drive, but also whether you have sliced or hooked. As far as we're concerned, it might be enlightening, but we doubt if even this could help our game.

A graceful serving container for beer cans, designed in traditional tankard style, dissipates any aesthetic objections to the dispensing of beer from cans. You simply slip the can into the container, push down the lid, and pour.

Professional golfers, who cast no eleemosynary eye on the ball, are constantly interested in anything that may add yardage on their shots. Research on their part has developed a ball with new markings, based on aërodynamic principles, that promises less wind resistance than the old mesh or dimpled design.

Tear gas guns for the home are the latest protection for the wife and kiddies. They are a boon to the man who does not want firearms around the place but who does want something that will incapacitate an intruder without permanently damaging him.

In case you would like to get hold of a W. S. Hart film, or any of the old favorites, there is a film library which will rent them out to you for use on your home motion picture machine. The nucleus of this film library consists of 10,000 feet of negatives dating from 1893 to 1900.

If you expect to keep your cruiser in the water after the first chilly days, there's available a very practical yacht fireplace with soapstone walls and fire box to absorb and retain the heat. You can burn coal, coke or charcoal. The best type of yacht craftsmanship won't be offended by its introduction.

DANCING SCHOOLS

Arthur Murray's amazing new studio method—so successful in teaching thousands of New Yorkers to become good dancers—now available also in *book form!* A whole family can learn the latest steps, become popular partners, in 5 hours. Send for your copy today. Only $2. Arthur Murray, Studio 203, 7 East 43rd St., New York, N. Y.

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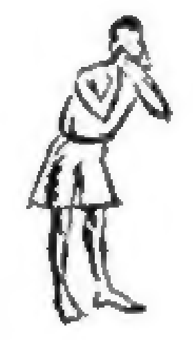

SHAVING ACCESSORIES

We wonder if Esquire readers will gamble one buck ($1) on a sure thing. Those who do will receive 40 double edge DUROL blades with the GUARANTEE of 10 velvet-smooth shaves from each, or their $1 refunded immediately. Address DUROL BLADES, 245 Broadway, New York.

SPORTS ACCESSORIES

SLIPPY GRIP? BLISTERS? To keep firm grip on clubs, rackets, oars, tools, etc., use TAK, the double purpose hand conditioner. Prevents blisters, callouses. Send $1.00 for "foursome set" *and* 25c can LEXOL to The Martin Dennis Company, 855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

SWEDISH MASSAGE

Directly opposite the Grand Central Terminal—Kungsholm Ltd. offers Swedish Massage for men only in Suite 1416 of the Lincoln Bldg., 60 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C. Entirely in the European manner with forty minutes of massage after light bath, salt sea rub and shower. Ten massages $30. Single massage $5. For appointment Mu. 6-1547.

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THE OUTDOOR, TILED SWIMMING POOL ON A NEW GRACE "SANTA" LINER, PHOTOGRAPHED AT NIGHT

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND *California* (OR MEXICO CITY)

En route visit Colombia, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, Costa Rica (westbound) and Havana (eastbound). New GRACE "Santas" sail every two weeks—all outside rooms with private baths; outdoor, built-in tiled swimming pools; dining rooms with roll-back domes which open to the sky; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons; pre-release talkies, club-bars and gymnasiums. Rail-Water Circle Tours, from your hometown to either coast by rail, GRACE LINE thru Panama Canal to opposite coast, home by rail.

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En route visit Panama and its fascinating bazaars; Buenaventura, Colombia's Pacific gateway; Guayaquil, Ecuador, whence come the finest Panama hats; and Havana. In Peru, visit Lima, "City of the Kings," the pre-Inca ruins of Pachacamac and lovely Chosica in the mighty Andes. Chile cruises continue south to Valparaiso, Santiago and Vina del Mar, one of the gayest resorts in South America. Also 39-day cruises to Cuzco, Peru. Cruises connect at all South American ports with Pan American-GRACE Airways.

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RADIOBAR—For America's Most Popular HOME BAR see Page 157 this issue for complete details, models, prices, etc. or write direct for new, descriptive folder to: Radiobar Company of America, 60 Warren St., New York or 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

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MAKE MOVIES WITH SOUND!
RCA 16 mm. Sound on Film Camera now only $210. for News Reporter Model; was $350. Studio Attachment and external microphone now $150; was $250. 16 mm. Sound on Film Projectors from $360. Write for brochure with full details to Bass, exclusive world distributor. BASS CAMERA COMPANY, Dept. ES, 179 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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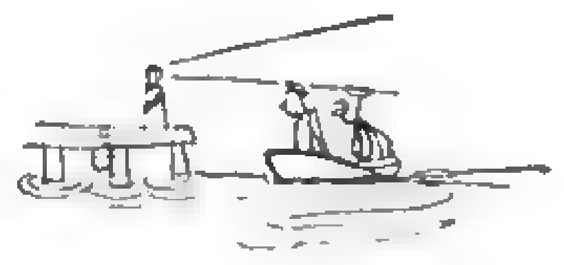
Indications are apparent that this country may one day become a land of nomads. The land cruiser, prosaically called a trailer, is reaching new heights of popularity. Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, our demon stream-line designer, tried his hand at one of these a year or so ago and produced his conception of the coming land cruiser equipped with all the conveniences of home except the interest on the mortgage. This may all be somewhat irrelevant, but it gives us an opportunity to tell you of a new radio that is particularly suited for use on land or water cruises. It requires only a storage battery, eliminating all the odds and ends that heretofore called for the services of nothing short of an electrical engineer in the hooking-up process. They come in two sizes, the larger one being complete with short and long wave bands so that you won't miss a thing, no matter where you may be. For those who take to the woods or commune with nature far from the source of electric power, this radio may be equipped with a miniature wind-mill generator that will keep the storage battery charged. If you purchase the wind-mill along with the radio, you get it at an extremely low cost, almost a third of its separate price.

An important producer of electrical equipment is now turning out an electric outboard motor. It's light and silent, and with a couple of storage batteries aboard a small rowboat, you can run all day without discharging the batteries. This is the answer for those who can't abide the usual put-put-put outboard, regardless of its efficiency.

You might like to mark your dock or roadway with a device that requires neither expert installation nor maintenance. If the idea appeals to you, you can procure a miniature light-house, a couple of feet high, containing a blinker light that will run 140 days from the one battery with which it is equipped.

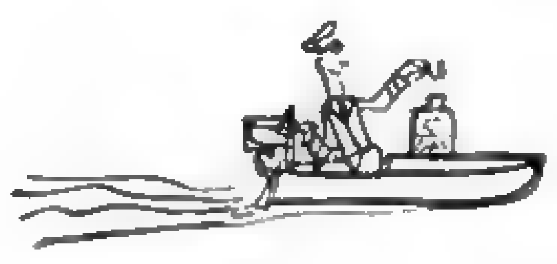


Another modern convenience for those whose summer homes or camps are not equipped with electric power is a kerosene-burning refrigerator. It's commodious, makes fourteen ice cubes, and is remarkably reasonable in price.

From Mexico comes a collection of unusual hand-made glass. Although it is moderately priced, this collection took several years to produce. The pieces are highly artistic and do not, for a pleasant change, smack too much of the overworked peasant type of thing.

The oil lamp has been modernized for wire-less summer camps and cottages. These lamps are made in smartly designed period type fixtures for table, wall or hanging, and by the use of a device similar to the old Welsbach mantle, they produce the lighting equivalent of ten of the flat wick lamps. You can even get a floor lamp, and they come complete with appropriately decorated shades.

The underwriters have just passed on a safety fuel can that eliminates the danger of ignition or explosion. The "outboardsmen" who want to carry an extra supply of gasoline can now do so with peace of mind. They're made in various sizes up to five gallons.



A new, vapor-proof searchlight is an excellent accessory for yachtsmen and campers. It's attractively put together in an aluminum case with brass fittings and it throws a beam as far as 500 feet. A focusing device makes it particularly efficient.

For buffet suppers, there are metal trays that hold paper plates partitioned off in the proper cafeteria manner. If you'd go very "snooty", you can get paper napkins with your name or initials printed on them.

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SPECIALIZE
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The Airflow Chrysler brings true living-room comfort to motoring for the first time in history. Seats as deep and broad and soft as divans. Room to stretch out and relax. Room to ride without crushing or crowding. Room to enter or leave the car in grace and comfort. You cannot imagine how much these extra inches of space can mean until you get into an Airflow and ride!

BECAUSE no car can match its ride.

Chrysler pioneered the idea that the riding qualities of a car depend upon the distribution of weight. The principle is carried farther in the Airflow Chrysler than in any other car. You ride between the axles . . . cradled near the center of balance. Spring action is slowed into long, easy glides. Other cars do not—cannot—approach this riding ease because it is part and parcel of Airflow design . . . and made possible only by this design.

BECAUSE it's the safest car on the road.

In an Airflow Chrysler you ride *inside* the frame. You have, surrounding you, *both* a strong safety-steel body and a rigid framework of steel girders that run from end to end of the car. Steel is welded to steel in one inseparable unit. And added to this priceless protection is the safeguard of Chrysler's famous hydraulic brakes . . . the original hydraulics . . . time-tested for twelve years . . . perfected by a background of experience no other manufacturer can match. There are also Lifeguard tubes to end blow-out worries.

AIRFLOW
Chrysler
TOMORROW'S CAR TODAY

BECAUSE it will be modern for a long, long time.

A safer car . . . a more comfortable car . . . a more efficient and economical car . . . these are the basic principles of Airflow design. And these are the principles which are dictating the whole trend in motor cars today. All cars must some day give you what the Airflow Chrysler offers you today. That means that the Airflow you buy will give you tomorrow's advantages today . . . and that it will remain modern and up-to-date in value while other cars are catching up.

From the standpoint of pleasure . . . of comfort . . . and sound investment, you owe it to yourself to investigate the Airflow Chrysler before you buy any other car. Make an engagement with your Chrysler dealer today.

☆ CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase, $760 and up.

☆ DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase, $925 and up.

☆ AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. All models, $1345.

☆ AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. All models, $1475.

☆ AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 137-inch wheelbase, $2475 and up.

Automatic Overdrive is standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan. Available through all Chrysler Dealers.

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Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for free catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Contains over 400 bargains in English Saddlery. I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe" Wiesenfeld Co., Dept. E, 112 W. North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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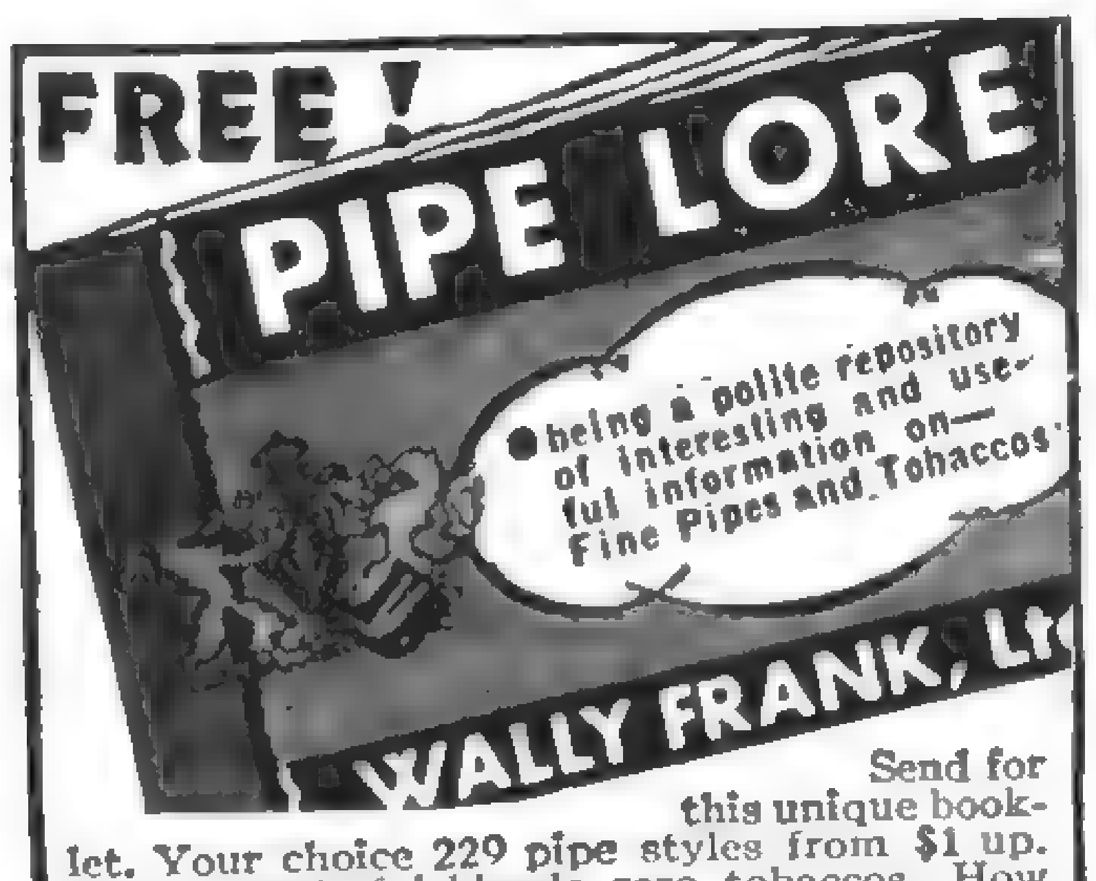
SEASICK REMEDY
Guarantees A Perfect Voyage
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY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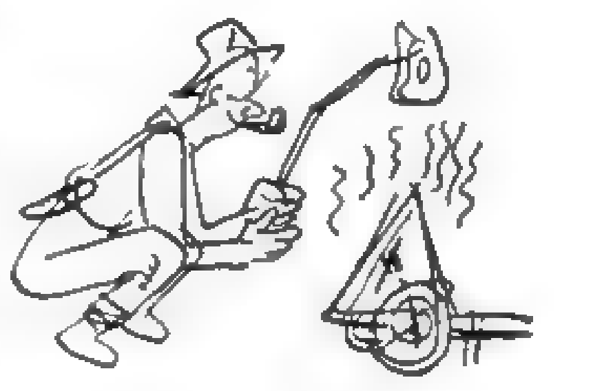
You may be a camper that really enjoys "roughing it", and you may resent suggestions for making the roughing less rough. But here are a couple of good ideas that won't make camping objectionably easier. There's a mosquito smoke-smudge that will burn for an hour and a half and will keep pests at a distance, and a new ointment that takes care of poison ivy in a miraculously short time.

Summer equestrians with humane instincts should provide themselves with fly whisks. They're crop-like affairs made with sticks of ash or other wood, and have colorful horsehair "swishers" attached. Fly whisks are much used in Africa and the East, not only when horseback riding, but for personal protection as well.

We recall the self-adjusting Morris chairs that were pretty "hot stuff" just before the War, and if your memory serves you'll have a pretty good idea of a new steamer chair that adjusts itself to the position of the body with little effort on the part of the "sittee".

Portable grills facilitate backyard barbecueing, which is increasing in popularity. They should add considerably to the enjoyment of all concerned, including the self-appointed chef. There's a cone-shaped grill that takes charcoal and has a kerosene wick at the bottom to start her up quickly. You may secure with this a metal compartment and a pair of wheels, giving it a wheelbarrow effect. The compartment is handy for carrying extra charcoal, utensils and food. Of course, if you prefer to build your own out of stone, there are all kinds of excellent and inexpensive grills for the purpose.



Some time back, while the mercury was flirting with the zero mark, we reported a new process for air-conditioning cotton fabrics. We can report now that these fabrics are obtainable in shirts, pajamas and underwear. This processing sets up microscopic porosity in the fabric which should take your mind off the humidity.

The "gamesters" are at it again. These "G" men have some good ideas for midsummer entertainment. A timely game that will prove of particular interest to amateur politicians is based on the elements of a Presidential election. The object is to elect yourself President by securing the majority of electoral votes. The gameboard is a map of the United States on which the State electoral votes are indicated. Colored pins are placed to indicate the States won by the player during the procedure of the game. If you're a fervid partisan, you ought to get a kick out of this diversion. Another interesting board game is one that combines the elements of poker, rummy and a few other straight gambling games. A third innovation is a combination magic lantern and gambling wheel, the running of the wheel being projected on the ceiling or wall, while the action of the game takes place on a roulette cloth on the reverse side of which is a horse race game.

The fisherman whose blood pressure rises at the sight of any bit of angling equipment will be interested in a new, spiral wind reel. It incorporates in its construction a spiral shaft over which the line runs. This shaft has an oscillating rotary motion forward and back and the line follows the low point of the spiral back and forth across the spool, insuring a level wind. We can't see how a fish could possibly resist this.

Do you remember those little hand fans the old gals used to use, the kind that worked with a spring, rack and gear? Well, they've been overtaken by modernism and make their appearance as little hand fans that work by a miniature motor and battery and look somewhat like a flash light.

Look, America! $36.75

WOLLENSAK'S NEW AMERICAN-MADE PRISM BINOCULAR

The constant outdoor companion for sports, travel, motoring, boating. Handsome black morocco-grained vulcanite, full size, weighs only 18 oz. Big 30 mm lenses reveal details crystal clear.

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With leather case, 2 straps, at your dealer's. Or send $36.75 to us (or C.O.D.). *Money-back guarantee.* Just try one—today. Wollensak Optical Co., 845 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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NEW BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL $7.50

Powerful - Accurate - Economical Practical - Adjustable Shooting Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - cal 177 or 22 and BB - for Target and Small Game - the Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistol On The Market. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $750 - Single Shot BB Air Rifle $600 - 6 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $750 - at Dealer or Direct - Safe Full Details - Targets - Free - Write Today Benjamin Air Rifle Co, 699 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

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Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. Write for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

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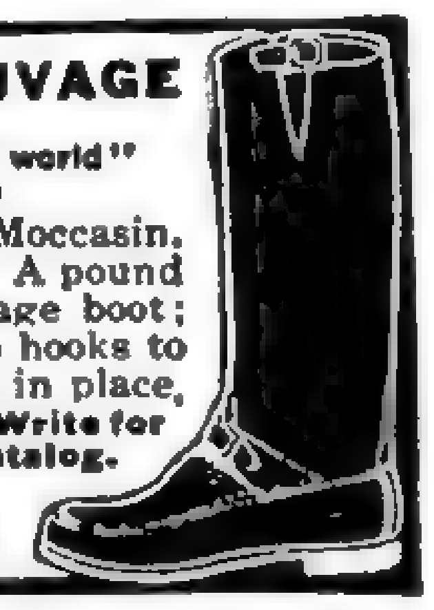

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is here

REVERE

Slip in a Can of Beer

Press Down the Lid

. . . Pour

"WHEN, f' gossakes," you wanted to know, "will somebody dope out something to serve canned beer in?"

Well, Revere has done it! Tapster is simple, gadgetless, positive in action . . . a clean, workmanlike job in solid nickel-silver with a solid brass lid and handle, a stainless steel opener blade. Nothing to rust. Nothing to wear out. Built to take it, Tapster is good for a lifetime. Ask your dealer for 'em *today*. Tapster will knock your gang for a loop.

P.S. Tapster is so *new* your dealer may not have it yet . . . That's why we put in the coupon. Do your stuff, and use Tapster first.

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And His Orchestra
DINNER-DANCING
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At Supper also
RAPHAEL
Concertina Virtuoso
BASIL FOMEEN
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STARLIGHT ROOF
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For comfortable living or pleasant wining and dining remember our first floor (lounge, dining room and bar) is AIR-COOLED.
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PARK AVENUE
Hotel
CORNER 38th STREET

COOL PARCHED PALATES
Dispel heat waves as smart hosts do with Smirnoff Vodka . . . the genial soft-blending mixer. Let cool-contentment reign among guests. Serve, for icy freshness, the
VODKA COLLINS
Juice of half a lemon, ½ tablespoon powdered sugar, 1 jigger Smirnoff Vodka, shake in tumbler, fill with club soda. Add ice. Decorate with mint if desired.
VODKA FIZZ
1 jigger Smirnoff Vodka, a few dashes of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Fill glass with ice and club soda. Stir. Add white of egg, if desired.
Send for recipe booklet. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., 232 Madison Ave. N. Y. C.
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VODKA
NEW YORK
PARIS • NICE
Est. Moscow 1818

NO IMPORT DUTY
NOW MADE IN AMERICA, FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMULA, OF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, JUST AS SMIRNOFF MADE IT FOR THE LAST THREE CZARS.
BLUE LABEL
100 proof
WHITE LABEL
80 proof

L'Avignon, at 70 East Fifty-fifth Street is exceptional among the East Fifty group of eating places. The seventy-five cent luncheon and the dollar dinner are better than many we have had at more than twice the tariff. "Little Gus" and Louis Beretta, remembered from most of the best places in town, are the proprietors. The decor is the tourist idea of French but not offensive . . . Where Barney once boomed, now Bali blooms. The old place at 161 East Fifty-fourth Street is perked up with a grass ceil and some stylized goona goonas on the walls. But the food, under Theodore, of the Ritz for sixteen years, is excellent and the crowd gay with its picture in the graphics next morning.

If we've mentioned Spring Lake before don't jump on us; it is worth noting several times. The perfect bathing is topped off by a visit to the Grill of the Monmouth Hotel where all the pretties for miles around go to dance. Saturday nights are especially entrancing . . . Nearby the Berkley-Carteret at Asbury, has its share of the better shore trade . . . Vivien Johnson, in this district, is still one of the color spots. The bar is long and cool . . . The Ross-Fenton Farm is too well known to say much about it . . . A unique place of moderate cost is Alice's on the Highway outside of Sea Girt . . . The delightful old-fashioned inn at the crossroads at English Town supplies good food that is worth waiting for . . . The Colony Surf Club at Long Branch is noted for its Juleps . . . The Ritz-Carlton, Atlantic City, has added a "trickstician" to read your mind, if any, at the Merry-go-round bar . . . Nearer home, Luna Park, Coney Island, has gone sophisticated with a Tony Sarg "Montmartre Village" showing apache and American feather-dancing . . . Jack and Charlie at "21" have a custom of sending you upstairs, reserving the ground floor for Broadway "celebrities," summer trade being what it is. We suggest that they use the cellar for those pests who have so misread the cartoon about "Annie doesn't live here any more."

As the St. Regis Hotel goes up it gets better as to decorations. The badly placed King Cole picture in a sour room and the too, too Muscovite atmosphere of the Russe Room have given way to the nice pink baroque on the roof. We could do without the phony valence but the tablecloths and chairs are inspiring. And the entertainment and food are of the finest. One of the swank spots, as always in the hot city . . . The Rainbow Room seems to have survived its experiment into democracy. It's a sensible rule that is flexible as to dress, in this country. Those who like dressing, always do anyway and it is certainly tough to be kept out of a place you want to visit all on account of a shirt, especially since it's usually so hard to hold on to it. The perch among the clouds is still our favorite, having an aesthetic lift that could not be downed if we all went in our jeans . . . The Pennsylvania have prettied up their roof and do an enormous trade with their clientele. The band is good for dancing and the view is good . . . Eve Becke, continental favorite of musical comedy and radio, entertains in the Persian Room of the Plaza.

Sometimes we wonder why we run around the earth seeking beauty when there is so much at hand. We got maudlin about it the other night on the Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert, looking out over the greatest harbor in the world and at the silhouette of the magic city. With a mauve and orange sunset it is something. And strangely enough if you are not interested in scenery or dancing, the food is exceptional for hotels. We had a filet mignon washed down with a Pommard, 1925, that would do credit to some of the gourmets haunts. The Bossert can be reached easily via the West Side I.R.T. if you haven't a car.

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For the coolest spot on the hottest afternoon...the AIR-COOLED NETHERLAND CAFE-BAR. The only uptown Bar with an entrance directly on Fifth Avenue.
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Featuring Famous Swedish Hors d'Oeuvres
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EUROPEAN PLAN
Dancing daily • *Cocktail Hour,*
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The World's Most Famous Beer
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Send for booklet "Notes About a Brewery"

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The health of your hair depends on all three!

1. *daily*
cleansing
stimulates growth

2. *daily*
grooming
preserves natural oils

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shampoo
removes harmful impurities

PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE

The original and most famous preparation for the hair in the world. A cleanser that stimulates and refreshes. *To be used every day.*

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Originated by Pinaud. It imparts luster and preserves the natural oils . . . keeps the hair in place without the "slick" look.

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A superfoam liquid preparation that cleanses thoroughly, removes all impurities. An indispensable part of the perfect hair treatment.

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SHAMPOO
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Pinaud offers its Triple Action Home-Treatment for perfect hair health

JUST as you wash your face with soap and water, give your hair *daily* cleansing with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Follow by *daily* grooming with Pinaud's Brillantine for fine appearance. Wash your hair *once a week* with Pinaud's Shampoo. One product can't possibly perform all these essential functions. To cleanse and protect your scalp, to groom and preserve your hair, you require these three preparations, created by Pinaud experts, each with a distinct purpose. Sold by fine department and drug stores everywhere.

Use one or all—Gentlemen prefer all three

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Operates on either A C or D C

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Because of its round head, this master cutter gets into the seams and valleys of the face where hairs sprout, and lops them off evenly and painlessly. It also permits perfection shaving inside the nostrils and the ears.

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EVERY SHAVE A MASTER BARBER SHAVE WITH THE PACKARD *Lifetime* LEKTRO-SHAVER

A satin-smooth shave without water, brush, lather, razor or blades—because of the round-head $200,000 master cutter.

The man who owns a Packard will never have to endure the torture of knife-on-the-face shaving that ordinary shavers or old-fashioned razors inflict.

The round-head $200,000 master cutter, exclusive with Packard, has given this new shaver perfection of performance almost beyond belief.

So gentle is its action as it glides across the face that you scarcely believe you are shaving. There is absolutely no pulling of the hairs, no pinching of the skin, no rawness, irritation; every hair is lopped off evenly near the base. The tougher the beard, the better the Packard likes it.

Because of the round-head, the Packard reaches into the nostrils and ears, giving a painless, perfect shave where ordinary razors would be clumsy or dangerous.

And remember, the Packard doesn't clog and cleans itself as it goes.

You may have experimented with other shavers. You may even swear by your favorite old-fashioned razor. But once you try a Packard you will never return to either. A million fastidious people are shaving electrically every day. When are you going to start?

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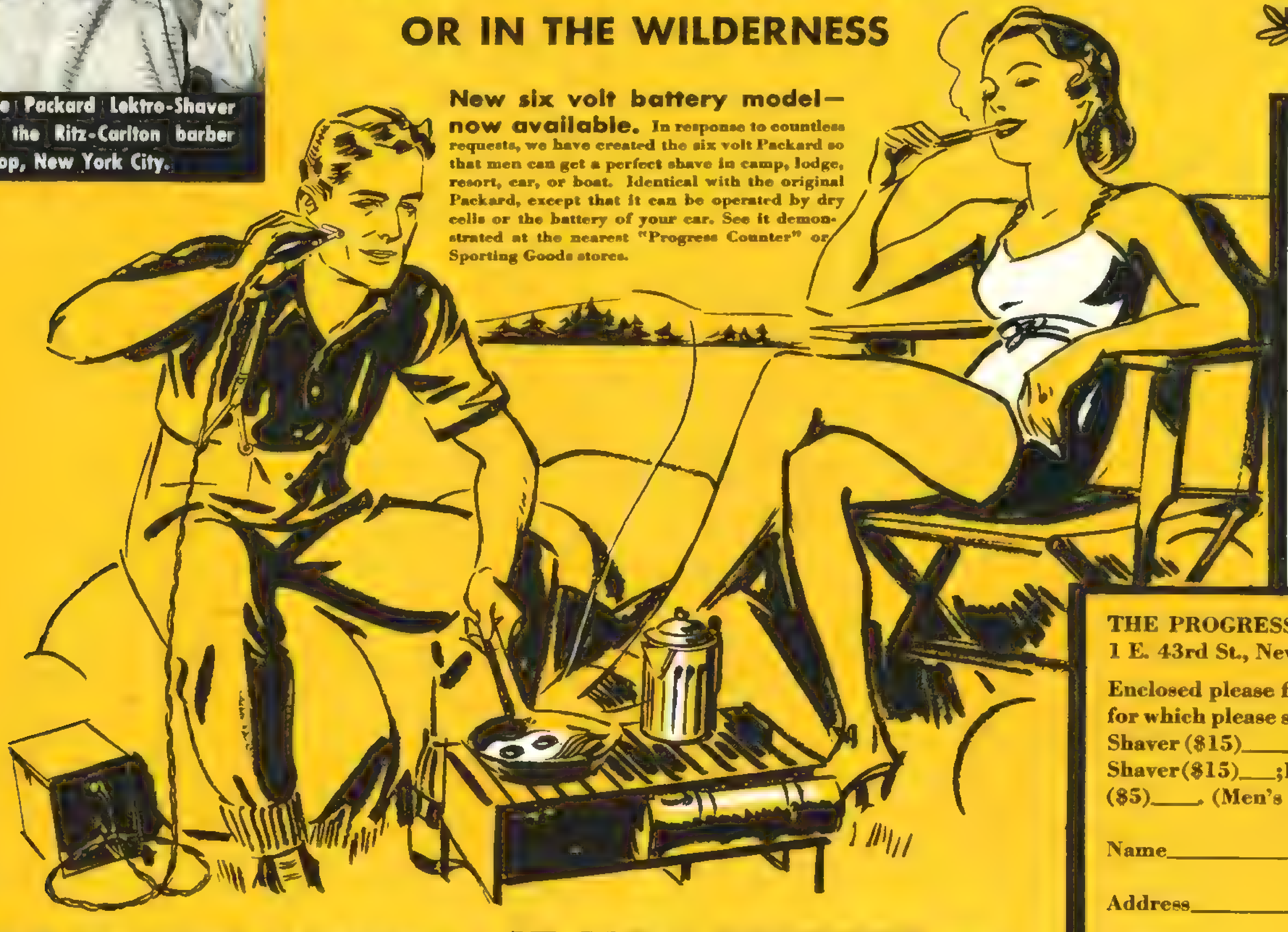
PERFECT SHAVING AT THE RITZ OR IN THE WILDERNESS

New six volt battery model—now available. In response to countless requests, we have created the six volt Packard so that men can get a perfect shave in camp, lodge, resort, car, or boat. Identical with the original Packard, except that it can be operated by dry cells or the battery of your car. See it demonstrated at the nearest "Progress Counter" or Sporting Goods stores.

"WAKE THE CHILDREN UP DEAR, I'M SEEING A MIRACLE!"



No wind can blow it out

THE LAPEL MODEL

Flameless

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CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Lights without flame and without flint, wick or wheel

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Enclosed please find check____money order____ for which please send me Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver ($15)____; Six Volt Battery Model Lektro-Shaver ($15)___;Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Lighter ($5)____. (Men's model___; Women's model___)

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PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

WHAT 10% KNOW

Only 10% of high-ball drinkers know the proper way to make a high-ball.

Is it possible, gentle reader, that you are among the uninformed 90%? If so, do you want the facts? Do you really want to know how to make a high-ball?

Have you some whisky?

Then order from your fancy dealer a supply of

BILLY BAXTER CLUB SODA

Now write for booklet Florence K, mailed by us without charge.

Booklet Florence K tells how to mix in the self-stirring way, tells why the spoon is the enemy of the high-ball; why you should use little bottles —why high carbonation improves whisky.

Telephone for Billy Baxter Club Soda at once, and write us today.

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LUNCHEON • TEA
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PAVILLON MARGUERY
"PROTECTED FROM THE SUN & RAIN"
PARK AVENUE at FORTY SEVENTH street

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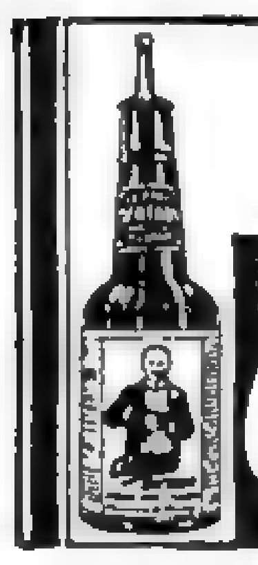

BEST for COCKTAILS
SINCE 1872
Abbott's AGED BITTERS

We would like a trip on "D'Artagnan", the yacht which is the pride of S. Gregory Taylor, if he runs it as delightfully as he does his Sky Gardens at the St. Moritz. There, about thirty-six stories above Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, you can cool off to the rhythms of Ron Perry's infectious music and dine very pleasantly indeed. There is always some kind of a show but it is hardly needed with the view.

The meal of the month was encountered on the Pierre roof, one of the handsomest of the town's aeries. For some time Julian Street, who knows as much about good food as any living American, has been urging us to try a banquet by Scotto, head chef of Pierre's. Scotto is the other pupil of Escoffier in this country and so close was he to the master that the latter came over for the opening of the hotel to start Scotto off on the right pan, so to speak. All that has been said about Scotto is true. Our test was made of the regular viands, starting with a delicious *quiche Lorraine,* followed by a clear soup, breast of guinea hen, potatoes soufflé, asparagus and to top it off a dessert that was fit for the gods—orange soufflé. With that we experienced one of the most enchanting white Burgundies to ever come our way, Pouilly-Fuisse, '28. That was followed by a Chambertin, '23. We dare you to dig up anything better. As if that were not enough we sipped a fifty year old Armagnac, with our coffee. Perhaps Pierre's popularity is somehow tied up with the modest Scotto.

The Architects who did such a swell job around the feet of the old Astor Hotel, got a little dizzy as they approached the roof. Here they let themselves go and threw in all the doo-dads and senseless ornamentation that they denied themselves elsewhere. The result is not so happy, especially as the architectonic set-up cried out for sheerness and simplicity. But the color is good and the intent noble. Also the treatment of the approaches is superb, with the brick walls painted white, and the shrubbery on the terrace. However the roof needs no architect, having Rudy Vallee, the undying master showman. He's been turning them away from the start. If anything can make old Broadway lift her sleazy head it's the Astor and its new finery. The food and view are excellent.

On a return visit to The Bat, 138 MacDougal Street, we found Felix smiling over the crowds that had come to sit at the Pirandello table. Felix has among his treasures autographed photographs of Toscanini, Gatti Cazazza and the mystic playwright but is too modest to put them on his walls. Personally we prefer the food anytime. Whether you try one of his famous veal chops Parmigian or clams and spaghetti, don't miss the wine of the house. It is from the Piedmont district and approaches the French vintages in delicacy. As it was fermenting in its native heath, wild strawberries were added. The result is something to remember. Ask for a bottle of Nebbiolo Canelli and you'll not regret it.

The Kit Kat Club suffered a slight set back during the fortnight because most of their entertainers got colds from the air-cooling system. So we came upon it, unfortunately, on a night when some of the entertainers had to dress. But those things pass and by now you'll probably find it as hot as any place in Harlem. If you don't know it as one of your favorite late spots, it is at 152 East 55th Street. It is about everything you used to get in the dark belt without going so far for it. The room is better than most places, which is comforting to the eye when the ear is so heavily taxed.

We're cutting some ice these nights!

Be sure to see the ice
Carnival in our air-cooled
SUMMER TERRACE,
Headed by BAPTIE & LAMB,
On a real ice rink.
CLYDE LUCAS music. And
RUSSELL PATTERSON'S
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HANG IT UP IN HOTEL..PULLMAN OR BACK SEAT OF YOUR SEDAN... SUIT COMES OUT WITHOUT A WRINKLE!

Samson
GLAD-ROBE Number 37
Full grain top cowhide cover, black or brown, all Glad-Robe features...... $25

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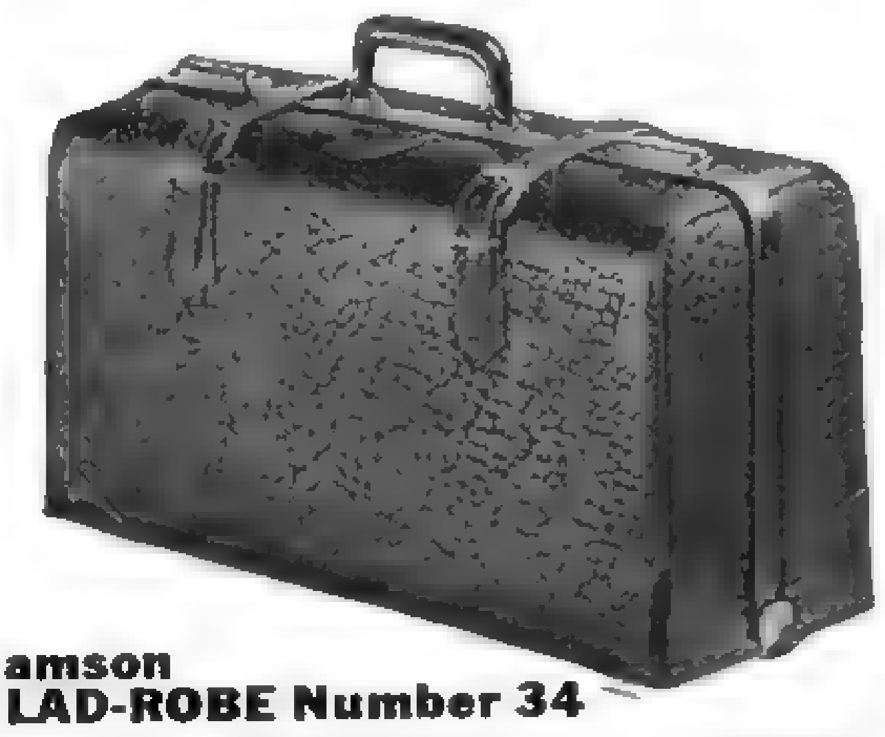
GLAD-ROBE Number 31
Handsome Fabritex cover in black or brown ... at all dealers' $10.00



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Top split cowhide cover, deeply embossed Buffalo grain. Black or brown $16.50

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Cover is full elk-hide buck—aristocrat of luggage leathers. Natural buff color.......... $37.50

"IT PAID FOR ITSELF WITH WHAT I SAVED ON PRESSING BILLS!"

"THIS new Samson Glad-Robe actually cut my pressing bills in half. It's not just a new suitcase—it's a new principle in packing clothes. You can pack your suit in it, with a full supply of shirts—socks—underwear—shoes. Yet when you open it up in the hotel your suit comes out looking as fresh and unwrinkled as it went in. *Save money?* Say—it's a wonder!"

When it's closed up you can't tell this amazing new Samson Glad-Robe from any other very handsome, expensive-looking Gladstone bag. It has all the looks and "snap" that make the Gladstone the most popular bag ever designed.

But it's different inside. For it is designed to open out and hang in the back seat of your car, in the Pullman or in your hotel room. No fear of road-dust or train-grime, when the Glad-Robe is hanging up, for the zip-slide fastened inner-shield keeps out dust.

Suits go in so that wrinkles can't form easily; hanging up takes out any wrinkles that start. Get out of a Pullman in a well-pressed suit for that early appointment. Or, drive up to your hotel, take your fresh suit from its hanger in the Glad-Robe and step out looking perfectly groomed in just a few minutes.

Don't confuse the Samson Glad-Robe with other "hang-up" bags, however. No other bag has the amazing Samson Life-Time Inner Frame. That's the feature that gives the Samson its "Gladstone" look and gives *complete* protection to the press in your clothes.

See the Samson Glad-Robe at any leading department store, men's shop or fine luggage outfitter. It costs no more than an ordinary Gladstone—prices range from $10 to $37.50. If your dealer does not as yet have the Samson, you may order direct—simply use the coupon attached. We pay the shipping charges.

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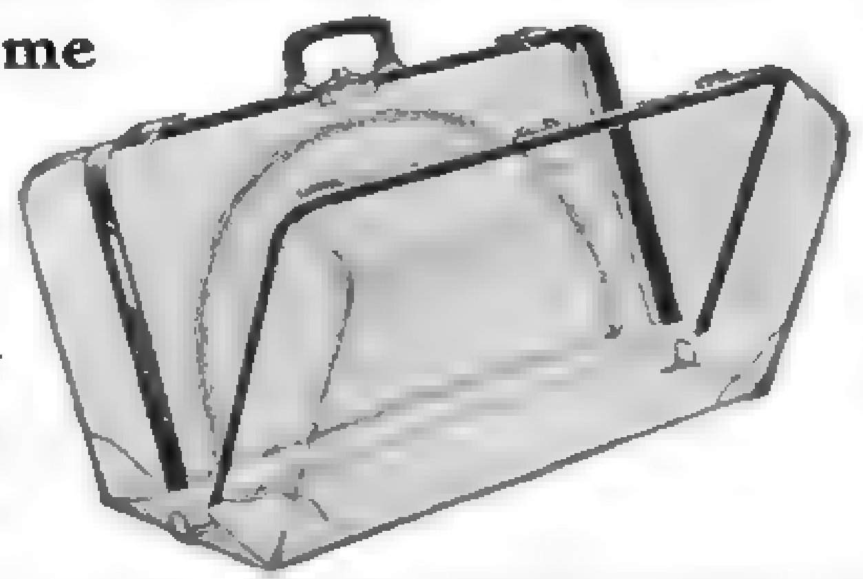
Be Sure to Get Samson Glad-Robe Gladstone With The Life-Time Inner Frame

It's the only bag with this patented extra durable frame of fine alloy steel that retains real Gladstone appearance.



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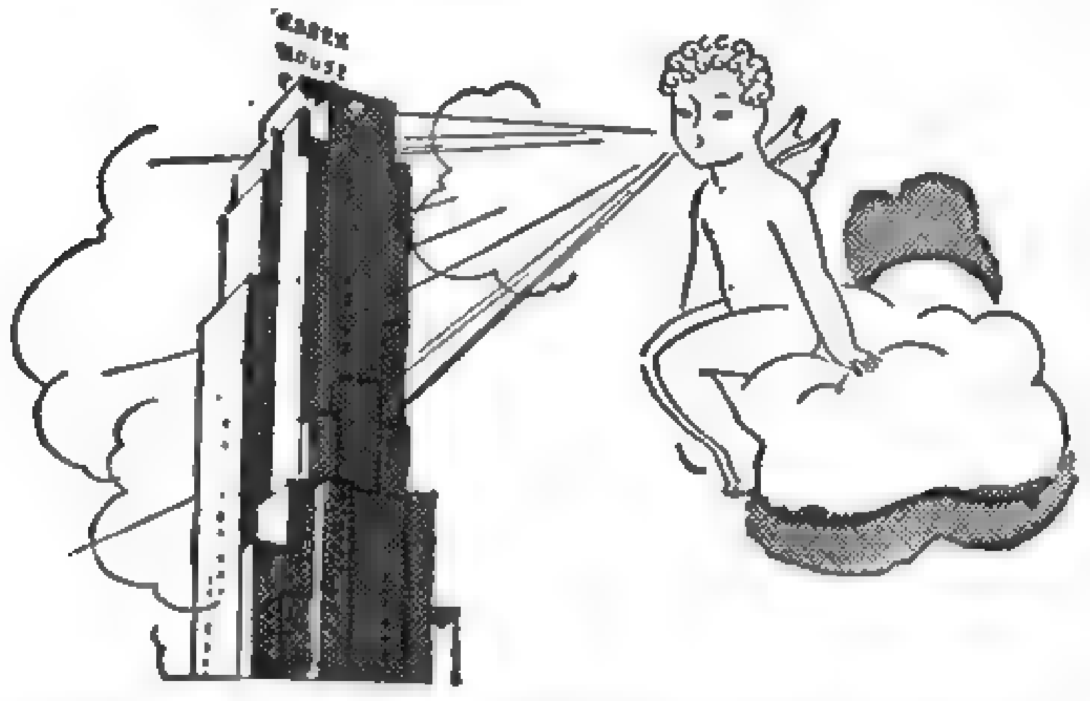
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Cool quiet comfort at Essex House



During the hot summer months visitors to New York find Essex House the ideal stopping place. Cooled by the fresh breezes from Central Park 'cross the way, Essex House guests enjoy pleasant days and comfortable nights. With every form of transportation at hand, smart shops, theatres and business offices are but a few minutes away. For a cool, quiet, comfortable visit, stop at Essex House.

Single rooms from $4 Double from $6

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OSCAR WINTRAB, MANAGING DIRECTOR
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Smart New York awaits the opening of the ESSEX PROMENADE and CASINO ON THE PARK

PRONOUNCE IT
HEI·NEK·EN'S
Imported
HOLLAND BEER
The silkiest, creamiest, aah-h-h

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BROOKLYN NEW YORK
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Summer Dining
ON THE SIDEWALK TERRACE
AVENUE VENETIAN ROOM
#1
BAR
ONE 5TH AVE AT EIGHTH ST

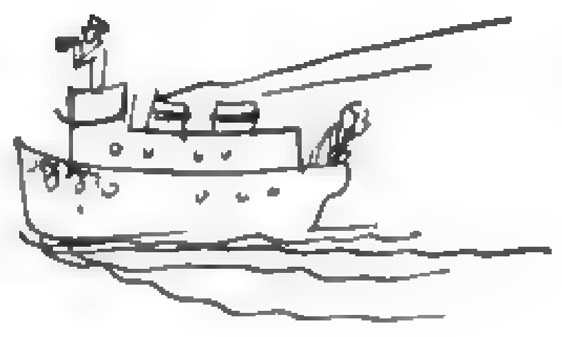
● COOL OFF
● While you watch the
● Hottest Show in Town!
● AIR COOLED • AIR CONDITIONED
● LEON & EDDIE'S
● 33 W 52 ST • NEW YORK
● LUNCH • DINNER • SUPPER • COCKTAILS

MIKE FRITZEL'S
★ CHEZ PAREE
America's Smartest Theater Restaurant
610 FAIRBANKS COURT · CHICAGO

The Pivanni Gardens, back of the Marguery at Forty-seventh Street and Park Avenue is a cool place for summer dining for epicures. The open spaces to the north give additional breezes and the gay awnings add to the festivities. Be sure to get in the good graces of M. Marchisio so that your food will receive his personal touch.

Another sacred cow needing the attention of Papa Moses who owns all our parks, is the fine old Claremont on Riverside Drive, back of Grant's Tomb. Beloved by all of the old-timers the place has a view that can be surpassed by only a few cafes in the world. When they talk about the Rhine or the Danube take them up to the Claremont and sip your drink as you look at the world's most beautiful bridge, or the traffic on the hazy river. Alas, the food is terrible, over-priced and badly served. Clean shirts on the waiters would be appreciated. We used to think, after a visit to Jones Beach, that here was the new Moses to lead us out of the wilderness of graft and incompetence. But the man evidently has two Achilles heels, lacking entire taste as to architects and cooks. However the Claremont view is worth the other agony.

In our youthful days, a trip down to the Highlands or up the Hudson was the great treat the yokel gave his girl friend. Since that dim past the sea trip to the Jersey Coast has been vastly improved. Good boats go very often from office-quitting time to midnight and you can have supper on board, or if you go later stay on for the return trip. Try it on a moonlight night after a hot day.



Another shore resort is the Monmouth Country Club where the public is now admitted. Guido Foragatti, who did so much for Mon Paris in New York has taken over the food and drink. The setting is ideal and the decorations something to remember. It is near Rumson, New Jersey. Broadway turns west at the George Washington Bridge and ends at Ben Marden's Riviera, atop the Palisades. The girls *are* "the loveliest in the world" as claimed. The marvelous Hartmans are there with the zippy floor show and two bands. And from the balcony there is the enchanting view which you can enjoy practically alone as the guests seem to prefer the other attractions. Should be on every visitor's list.

The Zum Brauhaus, 207 East 54th Street, is another goodly institution that weathered the days of our noble essay into self-regulation. It has so much atmosphere that every now and then something has to be done about it. Consequently a charming old nickle-in-the-slot piano and several stuffed bears and deer heads have been removed, to make way, of course, for more tables. But the waiters still rush around with six to ten heavy seidels on their hands and the long wooden benches are still carved with the initials of the love-sick swain and swainettes of the neighborhood. The food is heavy, plentiful and cheap. A small orchestra, direct descendant of the fancy-house piano, plays sentimental music and the guests nearest the bar join in on the old songs until the bouncer stops them. The tables being long and the space valuable, you can still see the top hat from Park Avenue rubbing his elbows with the janitor of his apartment. We must add that we prefer the regulation beer now served to the needled variety that was supposed to have been piped in from a brewery during the time the Hoover scouts kept tab on our habits.

ATOP
THE BILTMORE
New York's Coolest Roof
THE
MOONLIT TERRACE
RUSS MORGAN
and his famous NBC orchestra
"Music in the Morgan Manner"
Brilliant and Varied Entertainment

The refreshingly cool
Fountain Court
ON THE BILTMORE ROOF
FOR LUNCHEON
prix fixe and a la carte service

THE BILTMORE
MADISON AVENUE AT 43RD ST.
NEW YORK

Soar up 31 stories to the
SKY GARDENS
Enjoy the clear, cool air, taste the superlative food, thrill to the gay entertainment, and sway to swingy dance harmonies!
Dinner from $1.75
Supper
ST. MORITZ
On-the-Park
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Paris in New York
THE FAMOUS SIDEWALK CAFE
The BREVOORT
5th AVENUE AT 8th STREET

Vacation Time just flies at the HOTEL SAGAMORE

Gay doings all Summer at this luxurious resort hotel. Enjoy the planned sports program or loaf in the sun!
Nights of dancing—moonlight sailing—corn roasts at the water's edge.
Golf—Tennis—Badminton—Horse Shows—Motor Boat Races—Swimming—Canoeing—Sailing—Shuffleboard.

THE Place to stay during the Saratoga Races. One hour from the track by motor. Five hours from New York.

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THE SAGAMORE
Bolton Landing, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.
AN ABBOTT HOTEL DIRECTION KARL P. ABBOTT

YOU GET SO MUCH MORE
IN FIT, FREEDOM, AND COMFORT

with these vest backs that stretch to suit . . . .

Where good dressers get together, in hours of relaxation, you'll note that there is a new standard of quality. The modern, streamline idea is to make the vest back of "Lastex" fabric. Result, the vest fits smoothly all around, without benefit of strap or buckle. It is re-tailored to every breath and motion by the stretch. You don't see members of the "Lastex" Legion tugging at their vests. They've forgotten that old Spanish custom. The "Lastex" vest back is sponsored by John B. Ellison & Sons, of Philadelphia, famous for fine fabrics since 1823, who furnish "Lastex" materials to tailors. And by such well-known waistcoat makers as G. W. Heller, Currick & Leiken, John E. Gigler, all of New York, who supply "Lastex" dress vests to department and clothing stores. The next time you pick out a suit or dress vest, ask first if the vest back is made with The Miracle Yarn. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT . . . *Lastex*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Schima Kaufman, who wrote the article on Iturbi in the July issue, is a member of the Philadelphia Symphony, on whose recent cross-country tour he sent us this postcard: "Saw a living Esquire cartoon in an Indian souvenir shop in Phoenix today. An Indian couple, just married, buying Indian trinkets from a white woman!" This Kaufman is a very modest fellow, for a musician, so his next note surprised us, for it ran: "My piece on Iturbi looked swell in the advance copy which you sent me. It undoubtedly puts the July number on its feet." All came clear, however, in his third note, which explained that the second had been written under the influence of spending two days with Saroyan in Frisco!

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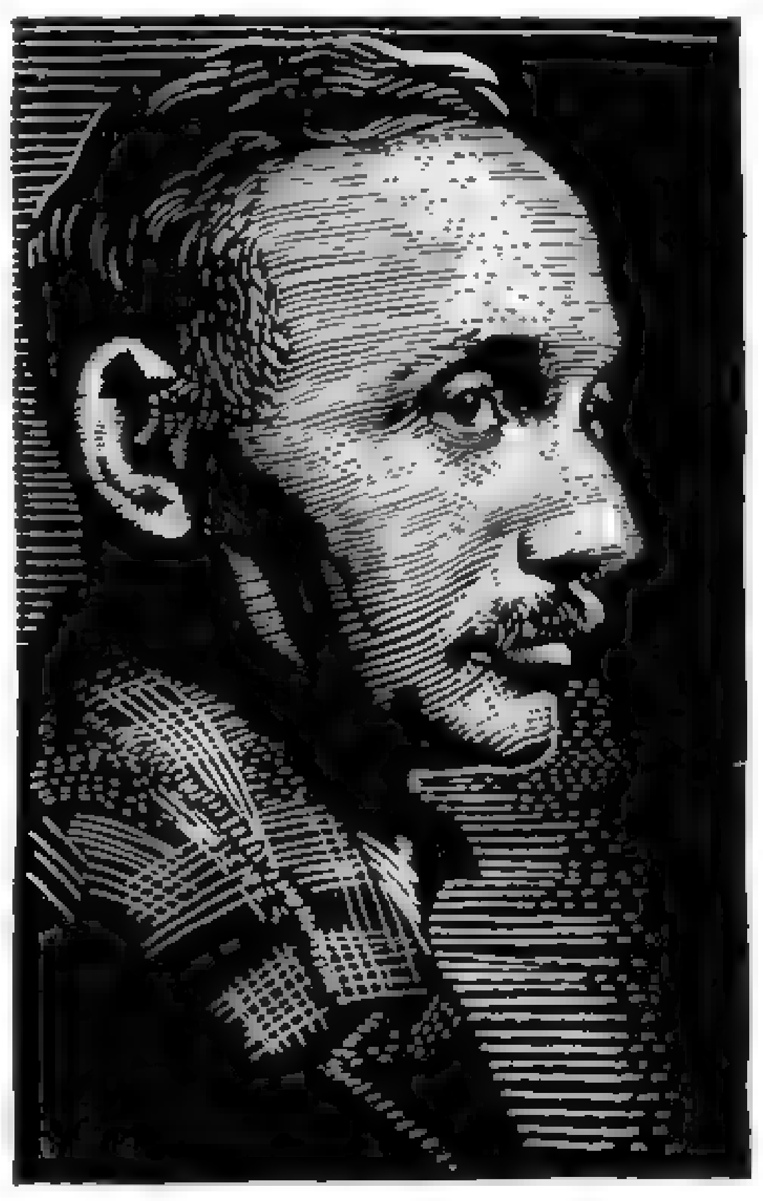

Manuel Komroff

Manuel Komroff (*A Day of Pleasure*, page 45) recently published a new novel, *Waterloo*, which is, as you might infer, about Napoleon.

•

From the redoubtable Saroyan himself comes a characteristic communication, provoked by our sending on this letter from a reader in Oshawa, Ontario:

"You know how a single little mosquito can destroy several hours of otherwise sound sleep? Well a little slip-up in a story leaves me with that same dissatisfied taste in my mouth. For instance in Esquire I find a tale written by one William Saroyan, entitled: *The Man in the Yellow Coupe.* It is a story genial to Esquire's fiction and quite well done.

"But I balked at Writer Saroyan's prose. He gives his juvenile hero Mike the desire to be strong and brawny. Says he: 'Mike couldn't wait to get huskier. He used to look at the pulp-paper magazines for the advertisements of guys like Lionel Strongfort, and Earl Liederman, and Charles Atlas, and them big guys.' So what? Well a few lines before that, Mr. Saroyan gives the impression that the story is based during a period when sixty miles an hour was rated as terrific speed. Although he didn't say so, I suppose the author intended the period to be previous to the war, 1913 or thereabout.

"The plot thickens. Check over both of the above facts and what have you? You discern Mike reading Charles Atlas ads back in the 1913 district. As a matter of fact, Atlas was only twenty years old at that time. A mere youth who would hardly be teaching physical culture at such a juicy age. Right? He didn't win his title, 'The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man' until 1922. Therefore Mike must have been a far-sighted boy if he was reading Atlas ads back in his time."

To which Saroyan says:

"By God, I've got a reader. In Oshawa, of all places, Ontario. Am I happy? Technically speaking, I reckon he's right. I ain't got no statistics on correspondence course giants or automobile speeds in 1913, and I don't intend to get any. The interesting thing to try to determine, for England, home, beauty, science, and art, is: what is the impulse behind such sincere and touching communications as this from readers of Esquire? Who cares how old anybody was in 1913, let alone Charles Atlas? (How old is Charlie these days, and how's he getting along with his perfect development?) And who do these boys write to about the stories in the Bible? And the ones in newspapers? Arnold, I think we've got something here. Revolution by letters to the editor. (That wouldn't be much of a revolution, would it?) Check over all seven of the above facts and what have you? Greetings from me to him."

•

Saroyan is not the first writer to ask us what imp animates the people who write letters to editors. We've never been able to give a good answer, because we have yet to write our first letter to an editor. But we know that the one thing for which we have ever truly felt homesickness, during times when we've been away, is the daily mail that drags across our desk all manner of strange stuff. Every day there are at least a dozen letters proudly pointing out the detection of this or that typographical error, another dozen querying the sources of various statements by authors (usually about equally divided between chronic quibblers and sincere seekers of information), twenty to thirty threatening cancellation of subscriptions, and about a hundred addressed to *The Sound and the Fury* and threatening everything from economic boycott to bodily harm. And after reading them every day for two and a half years the only true answer to give to that question concerning the kind of people who write letters to editors is to say that they are the same kind of people who vote for presidents. You know beforehand that nothing you print can be so good that somebody won't write in questioning your I. Q. for publishing it, nor so bad that somebody won't write in saying that it is the only redeeming feature of an otherwise insultingly inferior issue. You can have every last one of the 200,000 words in an average issue checked by all the partners of a whole firm of Philadelphia lawyers, and know beforehand that somebody will claim authorship of at least one story or one cartoon idea, and that somebody's lawyer will say that somebody has been damaged in the estimation of his fellow-citizens by something you let some author say on such and such a page. And the letters in this last category are by no means confined to cranks and crackpots, either.

Even a couple of broadminded fellows like Jack and Charlie, of New York's famous "21" Club, are not above suspecting us of slanderous intentions. Not that Jack and Charlie sued us, or even threatened to, but they did ask for a retraction on one of our cartoons because, in the words of their lawyer, they believed that it portrayed their establishment "in a disreputable and base light." We like both of them too well to be willing to dignify in print, even for the purpose of denial, the inference that some people allegedly read into the cartoon, simply because the street number on the building in the foreground happened to be "21." So we can only say again that none of our cartoons is intended to portray any person or any institution. But we can't refrain from adding that it does seem a lot to expect us to accept responsibility for any combination of numbers that might come into a cartoonist's head. There are a lot of cities in the world, and only one of them is New York, and there are a lot of street numbers in every city and even without a statistician at our elbow we can estimate that there are several million places at number 21 on several million streets, so Jack and Charlie, famous as they are and as their place is, seem to us to be taking in a lot of territory in their claim. Anyway, we didn't mean them and we didn't mean their place, and we're very sorry if anybody jumped to conclusions. We didn't, and we never do, mean anybody in particular in any cartoon. In cartoons as in fiction, a good character is not meant to be recognized as anyone in particular but as everyone in general.

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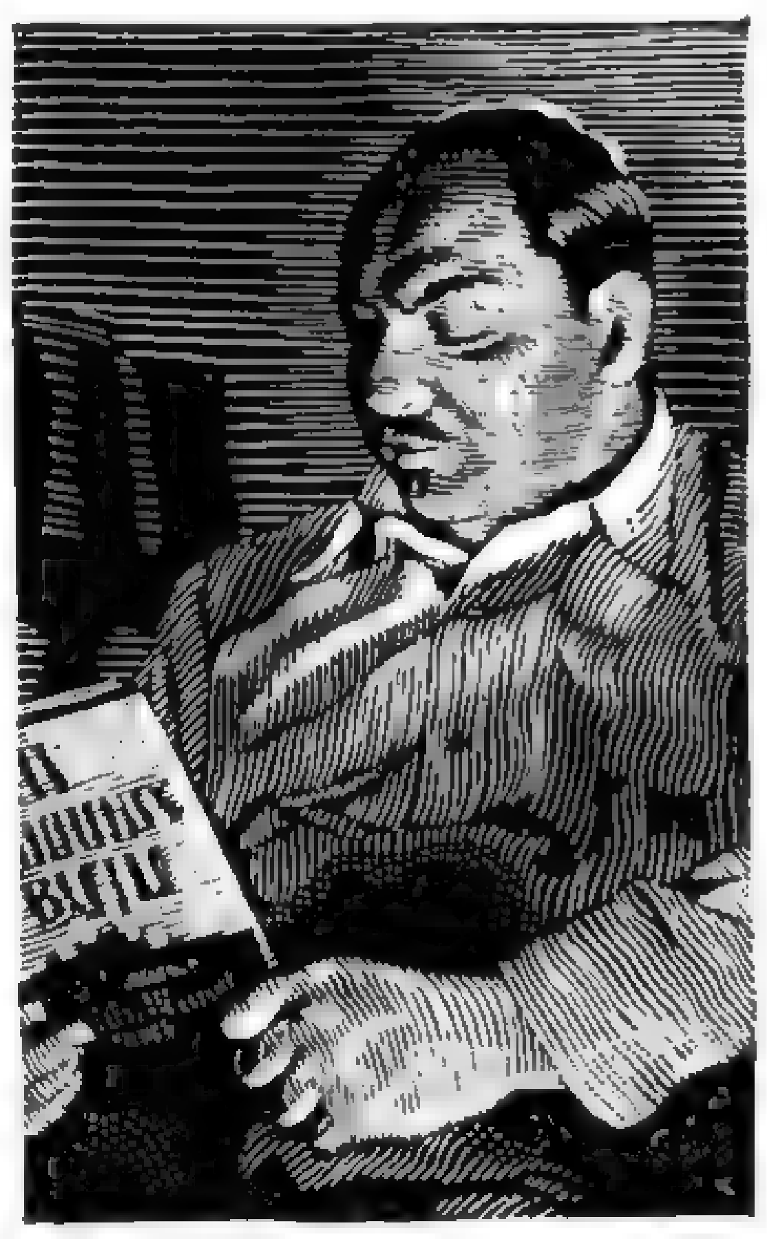

Louis Paul

Louis Paul, Esquire's favorite son since he brought home the O. Henry Memorial Award for 1935, has a second novel, *A Horse in Arizona*, coming out July 22nd, published by Doubleday Doran. His current story, *The Wrong World*, in on page 53.

•

Edwin Baird (*Lawyers Laugh Last*, page 64) made his debut in American letters by selling a story (1500 words, $15) to the Frank A. Munsey Company. He was a reporter on the Chicago *Journal* and the Chicago *American* for a time, and was city editor of the old Chicago *Daily Press* until that paper folded up. He started free-lancing after that, contributing to magazines printed on paper so rough he boasts that he ran splinters in his thumb as he turned the pages, and to others on stock so slick that he used them for a shaving mirror. He founded and edited, successively, *Detective Tales, Weird Tales, Real Detective* and *Real America.* And while he was resting, he wrote several novels which he says have been screened for the movies, translated for the Swedes and finally sold as boilerplate to the hicktown weeklies in the Bible Belt.

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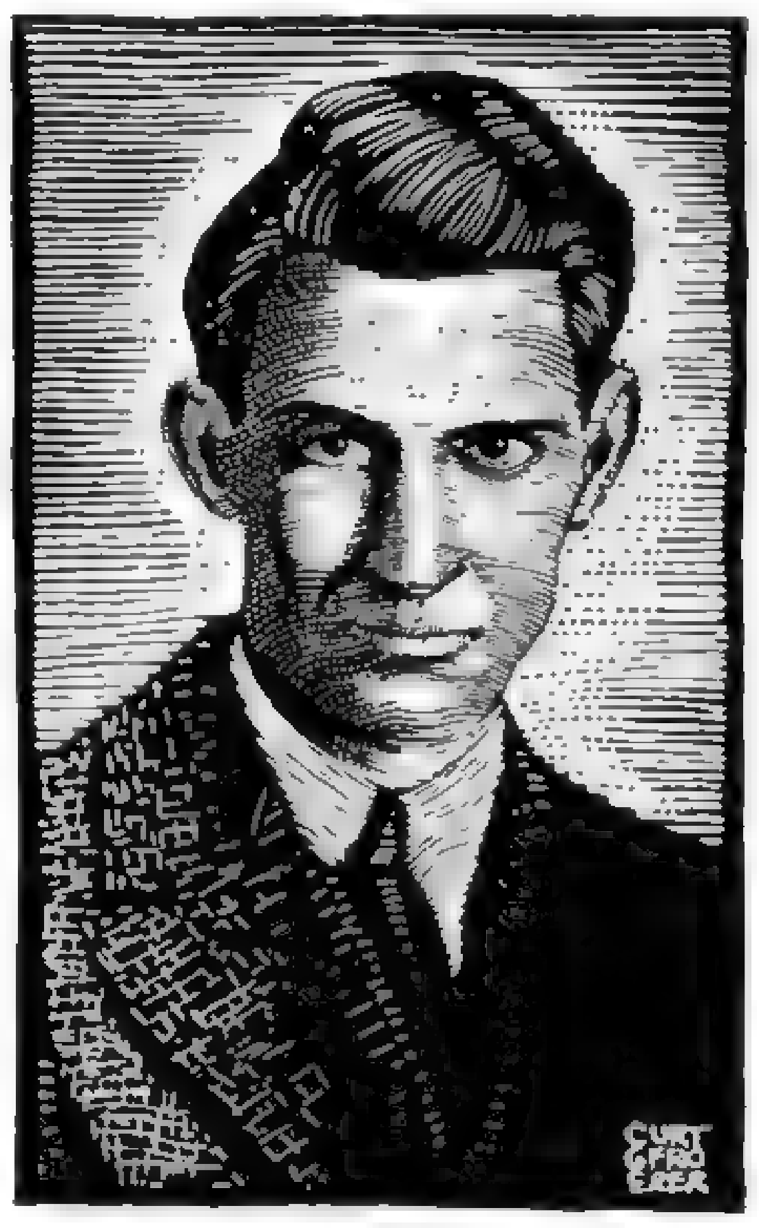

Lon Manar

Discovery of the Month is Lon Manar, who contributed *John's Mother*, on page 85. He says the story isn't as autobiographical as it sounds, thank God. He is twenty-four years old; was graduated from the University of Oklahoma in 1933, and works for the *Guthrie Daily Leader* in Guthrie, Oklahoma.

•

Harry M. Forwood, who wrote *Better Try the Neck*, page 81, admits that he isn't a hunter, but says the article is straight stuff which he got during a seven-month stay in the Montana wilds. He is an ex-newspaperman, having been a reporter for the Denver *Post* and the Cincinnati *Post.* Now he's a studio publicity man for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

•

Harcourt Brace after several postponements has finally announced that August sixth is the publication date of the new Dos Passos novel, *The Big Money.* This book has been in preparation for years. Sections of it have appeared in Esquire, as far back as the very first issue, in the Fall of 1933, which carried one of its chapters under the title *Back Home in 1919.* That issue, of course, is a collector's item in its own right, but all the other issues that have carried Dos Passos' contributions will be collector's items in time, as the American public will someday surely catch up with those of other countries in according Dos Passos the widespread recognition deserved by a star of first magnitude. *The Big Money* ends the long three-decker novel that was begun with *The 42nd Parallel* and continued with *1919.* That means it's a masterpiece. Dos Passos' novels have never sold one-tenth as widely in this country as they should have sold, nor have they sold a fifth as well here as they have abroad.

Maybe *The Big Money* won't be the best seller that it ought to be. In that case, we hope that Harcourt Brace will later issue the whole huge book in a one-volume edition as three novels in one. Maybe the way to get Americans to buy literature is in bulk and at a bargain.

We're seldom right in these matters, though, and this is once we hope we're wrong—we hope *The Big Money* will will make a bum out of the sales record of *Anthony Adverse.*

There isn't a Dos Passos contribution in this issue but there will be next month, along with illustrations in full color by George Grosz.

•

Joseph Fulling Fishman (*Sleuths of the Stir*, page 57) was for eleven years the only Inspector of Prisons for the United States Government, and traveled approximately 100,000 miles a year throughout the United States, Alaska, and Porto Rico, investigating the administration of jails, penitentiaries, houses of correction, reform schools, and reformatories. During that time he collected material for *Crucibles of Crime*, a book on the condition of county jails which he wrote on collaboration with Vee Terrys Perlman.

In 1925 he became Associate Consultant in Delinquency and Penology of the Russell Sage Foundation, resigning that position to become Deputy Commissioner of Correction of New York City in 1928. In 1932 he was awarded a fellowship by the Guggenheim Foundation to make studies in the field of penology abroad.

•

William Walden, who wrote *With Malicious Intent*, page 128, is twenty-two years old. He is a graduate of Brooklyn College, and complains that apparently no one has ever heard of it but the people who go there. His favorite sport is wrestling and he says he has two delicately cauliflowered ears to testify to his active participation.

Continued on page 24

Seagram's... the Sterling Mark on Whiskies

Seagram's "V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whiskey
6 Years Old... 90 Proof

Seagram's 7 Crown
A SUPERB BLEND
Thirty-seven and one-half per cent 5 year old, straight whiskey, aged in charred oak casks... matchlessly blended with Sixty-two and one-half per cent grain neutral spirits. Bottled under this formula since May, 1936. 90 Proof.

The will to produce the super-fine has characterized the name Seagram through three quarters of a century. There is a fine Seagram whiskey of a special character for every whiskey drink. And for your gin drinks, you will find Seagram's Gins especially smooth... they are *"Soft-Stilled."*

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure*

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"Soft-Stilled"

Seagram's KING ARTHUR
Distilled London Dry Gin
100% Distilled from
American Grain... 90 Proof

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Burton Rascoe's piece this month is so good that it seems semi-libelous to label it "books" and run it in the routine way as a department, where many people may pass over it on the assumption that it is no more than a pedestrian parade of mere book-reviews. All we can do to offset that is to hint that it is as provocative an essay as we've ever printed, and thus suggest that it is well worth the walk all the way back to page 100 where you'll find it.

•

Among the many queries we get on various article subjects every day was one a while ago from a guy who wanted to know whether we'd be interested in an article on softball. He said it was sweeping the country. We didn't know then (alas, we do now) what softball might be, but we hated to lose out on anything that was sweeping the country so we said sure. (That in itself is news, as we usually say no to virtually all article queries.) Well, the fellow apparently worked pretty hard on the assignment, because he finally sent us several pages, all blank except for the beginning sentence on each page which was in every instance a variorum wording of the same idea, that "softball is sweeping the country," together with a note saying that he was sorry but that the article didn't seem to shape up. Later we learned that softball is only indoor, played on sand lots. Maybe it's sweeping the country; we wouldn't know about that. But we do know that it's swept our office building. This is written just before a crucial game with the Pepsodents. Our side is somewhat demoralized by the persistence of the rumor that the Pepsodents intend to use Amos 'n' Andy as their battery. Esq. has yet to win a game, after four heroic attempts. Our office boys are our real stars, but their effectiveness has so far been hampered by the presence on the team of various enthusiastic but inept executives. The editor, after hanging precariously onto a position on the regular line-up in right field (where it was assumed he could do the least harm) for the first four games, has finally, and apparently permanently, been assigned to the bench where he now sits, disconsolate and wistful, alongside of the others who have not made the team. They include the publisher.

•

Charles L. Palmer is a discovery of ours too, but he didn't tell us so immediately because he felt sort of crummy about having waited so long to start writing. *Transcontinental Troop Train* on page 124 marks his second appearance in Esquire.

Charles L. Palmer

•

Holger Lundbergh (*An Old Japanese Custom*, page 75) was born thirty-eight years ago in Stockholm, Sweden. He was educated in Sweden, spent four years in Italy and two in Japan. Sixteen years ago he came to the United States for a six month's visit. After see-sawing back and forth between New York and Stockholm for awhile, he finally decided he was here to stay. He has worked as a paint salesman, a movie extra and a machine operator in a match factory. He is associate director of the American Swedish News Exchange in New York and contributes verse to F. P. A. and articles to various magazines and newspapers here and in Sweden.

John O'Hara, (*Little 'Chita*, page 41) says: "I was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania and I went to several unimportant prep schools. I worked on small town and New York newspapers. I am thirty-one years old, have been married once. I am the author of two novels, *Appointment in Samarra* and *Butterfield-8* and a book of short stories, *The Doctor's Son.* I like golf, good bands, Mrs. Roosevelt (very much), Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Fitzgerald, Jean Arthur, good clothes and good cars. I am an honorary deputy sheriff of Warren County, Pennsylvania and an honorary patrolman and member of the Mayor's Advisory Board of Pottsville, Pennsylvania."

•

Oliver La Farge (*The Natives Are Friendly*, page 76) is the author of *Laughing Boy, Sparks Fly Upward, Long Tenant*, and, his latest, *All the Young Men.*

Oliver La Farge

•

Sam Rowland (*Debunking Swing*, page 79) is Sales and Advertising Manager for the Slingerland Banjo and Drum Company, Chicago. Man and boy, he's covered every phase of music from jazz to symphony. He played drums through high school and college (Wabash and Indiana Phi Kappa Psi and Tau Kappa Alpha) and wound up as house drummer in the Mayan Theatre, Los Angeles. During the days of silent pictures he had a band, doing supper club and movie studio work.

•

James Merriam Moore, author of *The Field of the Dark Pines*, page 71, is a lieutenant colonel in the army. He graduated from Harvard in 1911, studied law for a year, fenced on the 1912 Olympic team at Stockholm and decided to skip law and join the army. His subsequent service included duty with the air corps, the artillery, and chemical (gas) service; the command of various small infantry units; and work on the general staff. He has contributed articles to various military magazines, *Outlook*, the *Atlantic* and *Forum.*

•

Barrington Hall (*Kept Women in China*, page 54) says: "I have been writing and traveling about in a little boat for ten years, ever since being expelled (for practicing black magic) from a place called The Berkshire School. At present I am in Woodstock, Virginia, collecting material for a book about practical jokes and I would be very glad to hear from anyone who knows of any particularly practical ones."

•

Peter Cary (*Bouncing the Ladies*, page 47) submitted the following biography: "Born in Chicago. Moved to Greenwich Village at the age of four. Got lost the day I arrived. Cop found me. We met my father, but I denied that I had ever seen him before. Cop refused to turn me over to him. Have been lost ever since. Once for a year in France. For two years at Alexander Meiklejohn's Experimental College. For one day at the Yale School of Architecture. For six months with a Brooklyn brewery. And now trying to write."

•

Frank C. Hanighen (*Ireland's Unhappy Warrior*, page 44) is the author of *Merchants of Death*, an exposé of the international armament racket, which is said to have brought about a committee of investigation in Washington, and *The Secret War for Oil* which provoked a libel suit from the British Controlled Oilfields.

•

Howard Caldwell of Indianapolis makes a print-worthy point, as follows:

"In the June Esquire Mr. Burton Rascoe in commenting on T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* makes the conjecture that Lawrence's experience at the hands of the Turkish bey may have been imaginary, as in the case of the spinster in the E. M. Forster novel, *Passage to India.* This is an interesting idea and in regard to the so-called Lawrence mystery one person's guess is likely to be about as good as another's. Perhaps the psychologists will some day offer to explain him, although they will probably be no nearer the truth than any one else. However that may be, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of this episode. We have the word of people who knew Lawrence well that he bore to the grave the marks of the torture inflicted on him that night at Deraa. Robert Graves in his biography quotes Sergeant Pugh of Lawrence's Flight at Cranwell as follows:

"'In his book, *Seven Pillars*, he mentions a fact about his capture by a Turkish officer and his treatment under his captor's hands. A bayonet had been forced after two attempts between his ribs—those scars are on his body still and are very noticeable at once when he is stripped.'

"Of course, these people may also have been suffering from hallucination, but that explanation partakes too much of *folie de doute*, which is itself pathological.

"After all, treatment such as Lawrence received at the hands of the Turkish bey, horrible as it seems to us, was by no means uncommon in the old Turkish army, as Lawrence himself and others who know something of conditions in the pre-war Middle East have written. All this may seem like a great deal to do about nothing, but I dare say that if Mr. Rascoe or any one else had an experience such as Lawrence's they would object to having it thought imaginary.

"We also hear much about Lawrence's horror of women. A reading of his book certainly does give this impression. But that he was really a misogynist his friends emphatically deny. He may not have liked women as women, but he seems rather to have considered them for what they were as individuals, regardless of sex. Many women, Gertrude Bell (it was she who persuaded him to publish his book), Lady Astor, and others were among his friends. Sir Ronald Storrs, however, does remark that he had a 'pleasant, unconcealed contempt for what he vaguely and often ill-informedly considered smart women.'

"Lawrence may or may not be a subject of interest any longer, but in any attempt to understand or arrive at true estimation of his life and character it is necessary to beware of conjectures that have no basis in fact."

•

Walter Scott Meriwether of Charleston, Mississippi, who will be remembered by the addicts for his strange fact-story of a year and a half ago, re the disappearance of the inventor Andrews, passes on to us this puzzler: "A man was here to see me today who said he was a regular contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*, writing under the pen name of Almate Jenks, and that he had been commissioned by you to come down here and write a story about me, my newspaper and navy career. As I do not regard myself as being of sufficient importance, I at once became suspicious. He manifested considerable curiosity in regard to the vast number of letters I had received following the publication of my story in your magazine, but beyond showing him the packed drawer in which they had been filed, I gave him no information. He arrived in an expensive car, driven by a chauffeur, said he was on his way to Arkansas to write a story of the labor troubles there for *The Saturday Evening Post*, and would return here within a few days. Will you kindly tell me what you know about him?"

Well, we can't profess to have kept very close track of *The Saturday Evening Post's* contributors since the days when we peddled copies, along with *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, around our neighborhood on a bicycle, so Almate may be a right guy for all that we know to the contrary. The fact that he has an expensive car, driven by a chauffeur, tends to lend plausibility to the idea that he is a regular contributor to the most opulent of all the slick weeklies, but it practically precludes the possibility that he is a contributor, regular or guerilla, to Esquire. Our richest contributor, or at any rate the one we have done the most to enrich, is Ernest Hemingway and the last time we saw him in a car it was a Ford roadster, and not only did he have no chauffeur but, as we recall, he had no shoes on.

•

Hemingway, by the way, this month knocks hell out of Esquire' previous record for length of any single contribution in any one issue. His story, which leads off this month's lineup, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, is almost 9,000 words long, or nearly a third again as long as any previous Esquire feature that we can think of offhand. Next to the last chapter of *Death in the Afternoon* this story seems to us to be a more potent distillate of experience, per hundred words, than anything he has ever written. We really labeled it very badly, in calling it a long story. It's a virtual collection of stories.

•

Parke Cummings modestly describes himself as a writer of fillers. *The Very Latest*, page 51, is a masterly defense of the procrastinators who still wonder whether the bicycle will ever replace the horse.

Parke Cummings

ENGINEERS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WITH HAIRY EARS

- The hardboiled engineers around most industrial concerns greet the approach of a designer about the way a dancing master would be greeted in a lumber camp. Nor can you blame them, either, when you think how often these men have had to stand the gaff when a designer's pretty pictures have failed to turn into practical products. There's been so many a slip 'twixt the designer's ruling pen and the engineer's slide rule that it's natural for these practical men to stiffen at the mere mention of calling in a designer.

- Well, here at General Design we have the hairy ears of engineers ourselves. We talk the engineer's language, approach problems of design from the engineer's viewpoint. Recently we had to rush a new refrigerator design through to meet a very tight production schedule. We did it in three days, and when we handed over the design to the waiting engineers, like the baton in a relay race, they took over with cheers instead of the customary boos. That's because production-practicability is always our first consideration, our point of departure, and not the last minute afterthought with which we come down to earth out of the ivory tower. Matter of fact, we haven't much sympathy with the art-for-art's-sake boys who are the camp followers of the army of modern functional design. Paper designs, like paper profits, don't mean a thing until they're converted into reality.

- While we're on this hard-headed note of commercialism, let's leave you with a thought for today. You've thought of design services as an added cost, haven't you? Most practical men do. But have you thought of the possibility that design might be a means of cutting costs? Well, you ought to. You may have one or more products that could be improved by design simplification. And simplification means reduced production costs, every time. Maybe it's costing you money *not* to consult us! Anyway, it will cost you nothing to find out. Address

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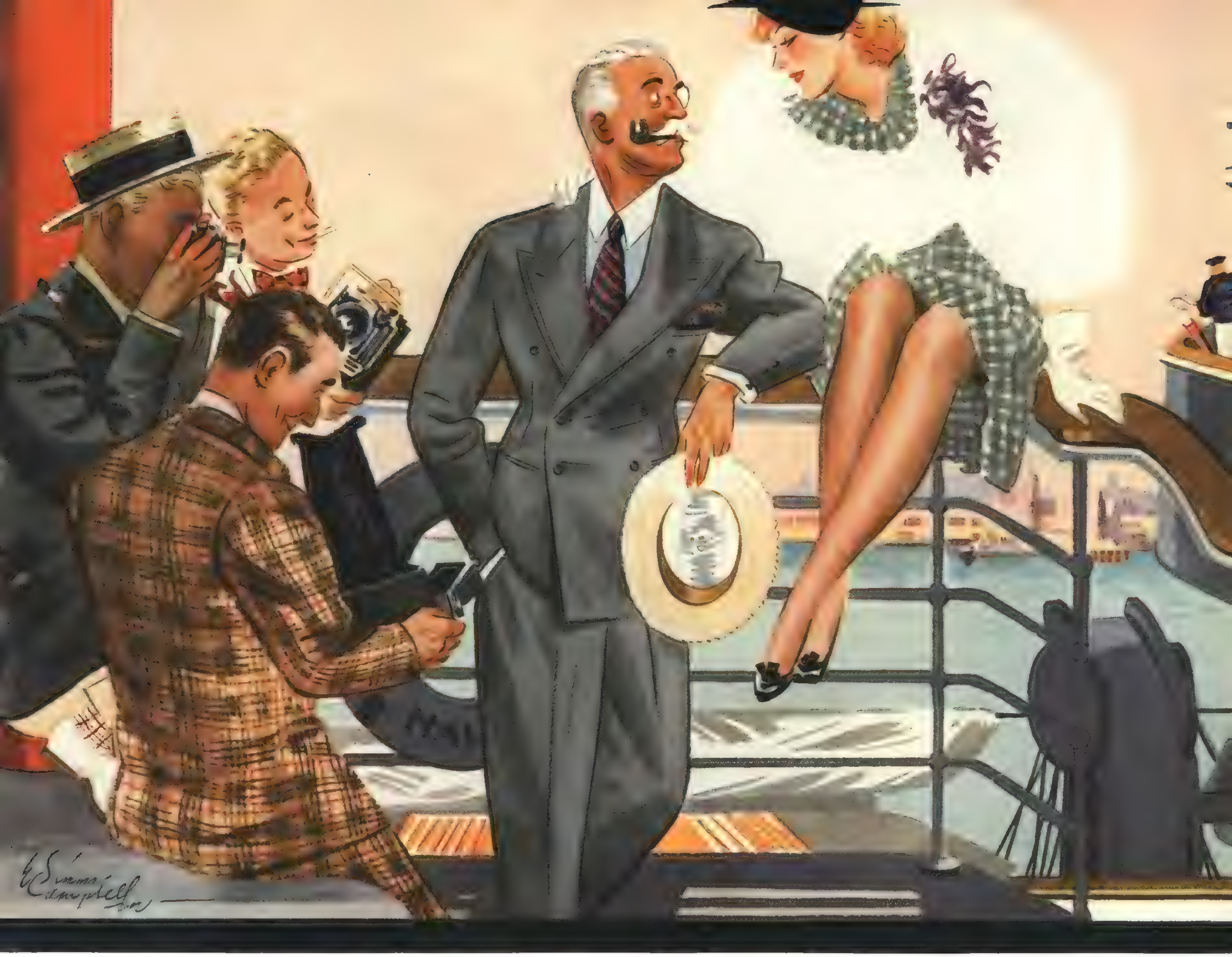
366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS · ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN
UNDER PERSONAL DIRECTION OF C. McSTAY JACKSON



"These Americans are certainly giving my new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit a great send-off!"

If you are the least bit skeptical you may feel that the enthusiasm of the photographers is not confined to the Colonel's new Hart Schaffner & Marx suit. Perhaps there is an element of knee-reaction that the Colonel has overlooked.

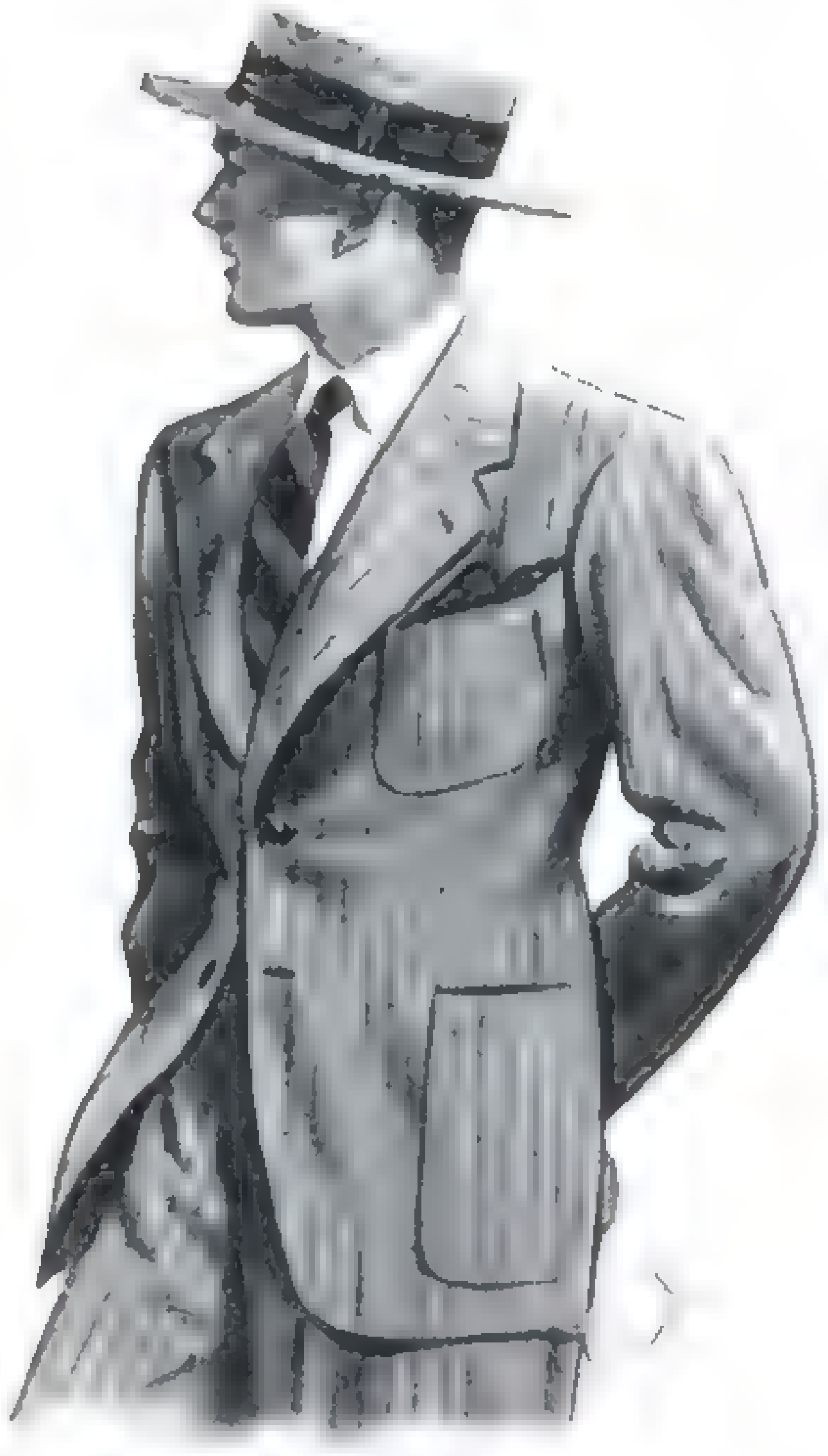
However, you'll have to admit that the Colonel's taste in clothes is equally as good as his taste along other lines and that even with the extraordinary counter-attraction his Hart Schaffner & Marx suit adds a gracious note to the picture.

That's the advantage of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. They always belong in the picture and they constantly provide a certain distinction that is made possible only by skillful designing and fine needling.

If you are interested in being photographed under equally happy surroundings, all you have to do is to provide the steamship and the girl. Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer will gladly supply the clothes.

DIXIE WEAVES

by Hart Schaffner & Marx! The smartest, coolest summer clothing in existence! Tailored of a zephyr-light, fine *all-wool* fabric, Dixie Weaves assure you the appearance of a year-round suit plus the maximum cool-comfort that only all-wool can give. You can wear a Dixie Weave all day long and it will be just as fresh and crisp in the evening as it was at breakfast. No tremendous laundry bills for this summer clothing! (Notice the smartness of this striped single breasted; Dixies are available in all shades and patterns and the ever popular white.)



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR ... A BIG THING TO FIND

The Snows of Kilimanjaro

A Long Story

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called by the Masai "Ngàje Ngài," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.

"The marvellous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

"They've been there since the day the truck broke down," he said. "Today's the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That's funny now."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"I'm only talking," he said. "It's much easier if I talk. But I don't want to bother you."

"You know it doesn't bother me," she said. "It's that I've gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes."

"Or until the plane doesn't come."

"Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do."

"You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You're a good shot now. I taught you to shoot didn't I?"

"Please don't talk that way. Couldn't I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"Anything in the book bag that we haven't read."

"I can't listen to it," he said. "Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes the time pass."

"I don't quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let's not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come."

"I don't want to move," the man said. "There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you."

"That's cowardly."

"Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What's the use of slanging me?"

"You're not going to die."

"Don't be silly. I'm dying now. Ask those bastards." He looked over to where the huge, filthy birds sat, their naked heads sunk in the hunched feathers. A fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly toward the others.

"They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can't die if you don't give up."

"Where did you read that? You're such a bloody fool."

"You might think about someone else."

"For Christ's sake," he said, "That's been my trade." He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and, close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flighted in the mornings.

"Wouldn't you like me to read?" she asked. She was sitting on a canvas chair beside his cot. "There's a breeze coming up."

"No thanks."

"Maybe the truck will come."

"I don't give a damn about the truck."

"I do."

"You give a damn about so many things that I don't."

"Not so many, Harry."

"What about a drink?"

"It's supposed to be bad for you. It said in Black's to avoid all alcohol. You shouldn't drink."

"Molo!" he shouted.

"Yes Bwana."

"Bring whiskey-soda."

"Yes Bwana."

"You shouldn't," she said. "That's what I mean by giving up. It says it's bad for you. I know it's bad for you."

"No," he said. "It's good for me."

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity. For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it.

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now.

"I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him holding the glass and biting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."

"Your bloody money," he said.

"That's not fair," she said. "It was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I've done what you wanted to do. But I wish we'd never come here."

"You said you loved it."

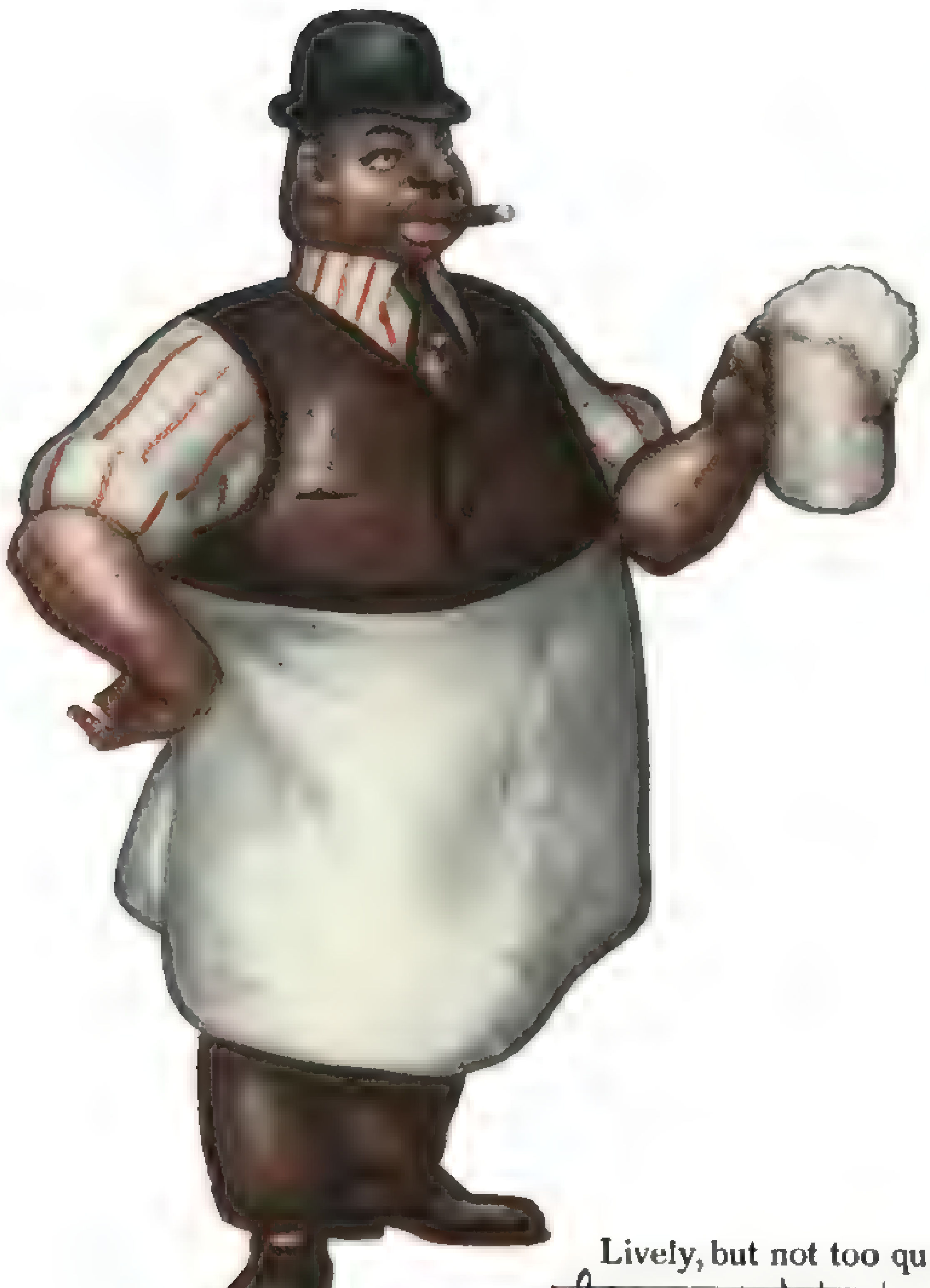
"I did when you were all right. But now I hate it. I don't see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?"

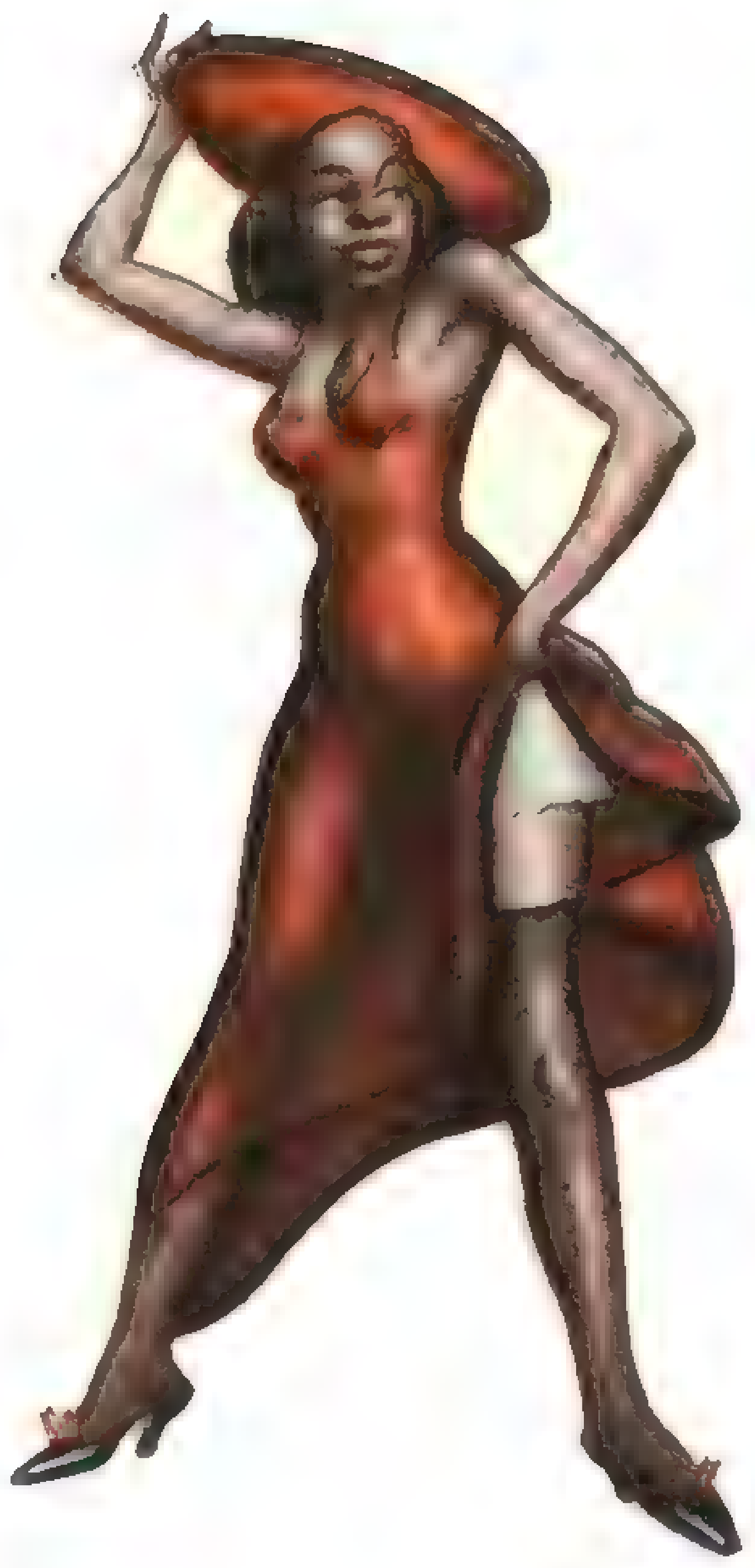
"I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn't pay any attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene." He looked at her, "What else?"

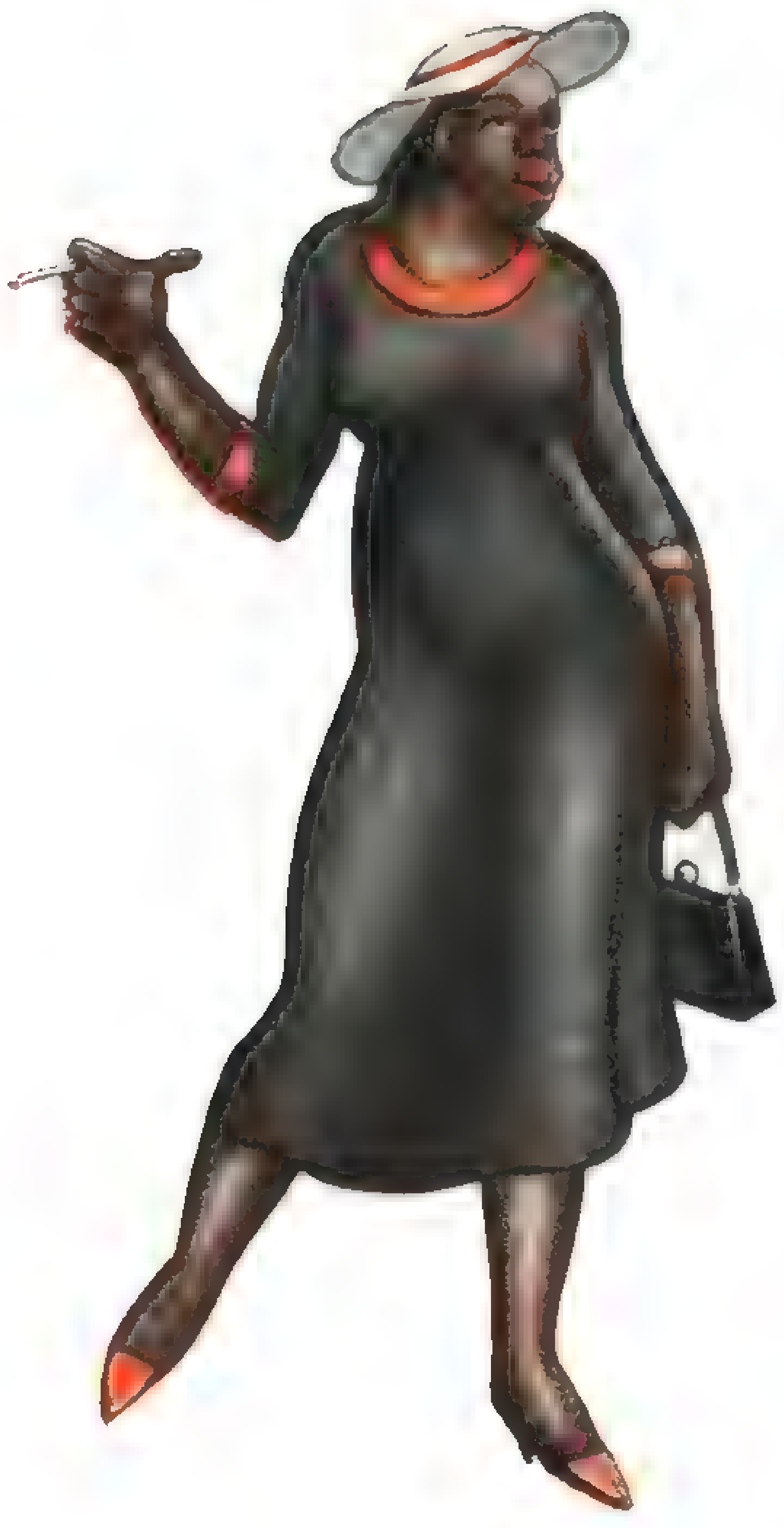
"I don't mean that."

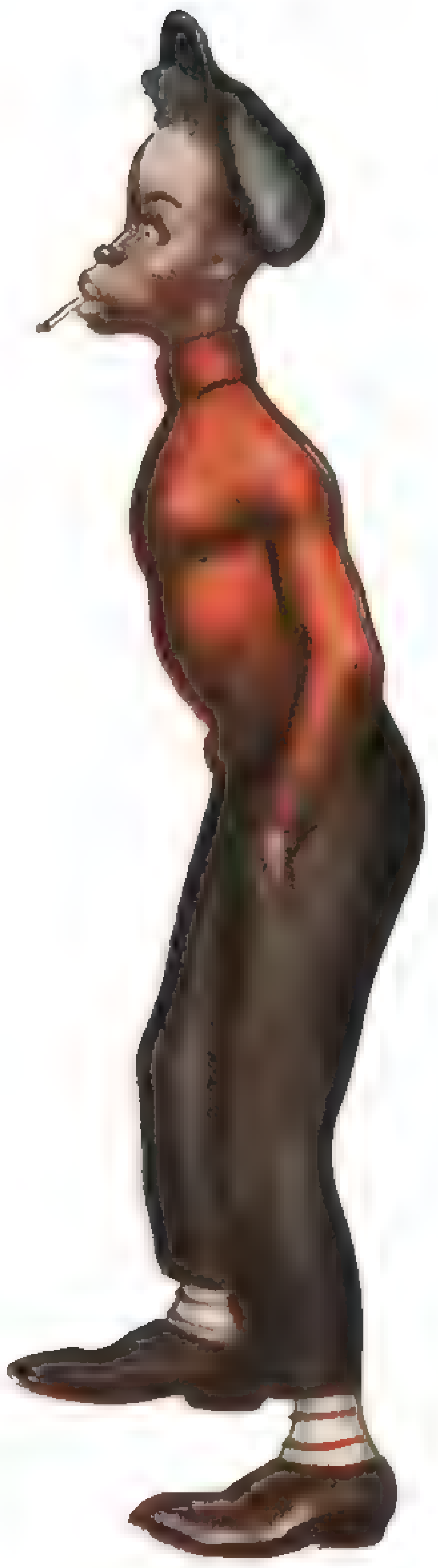
"If we would have hired a good mechanic instead of a half baked kikuyu driver, he

Continued on page 194





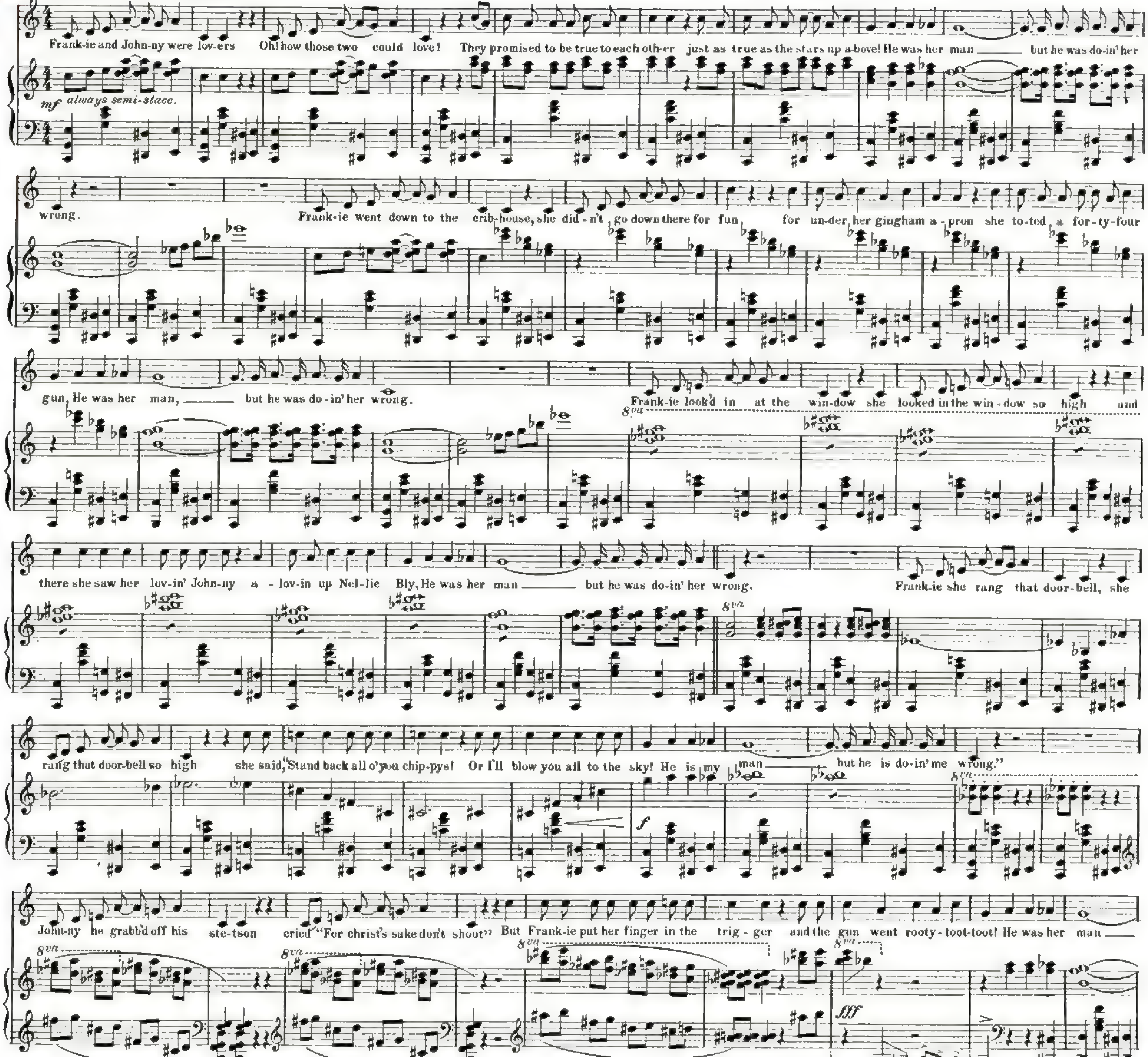


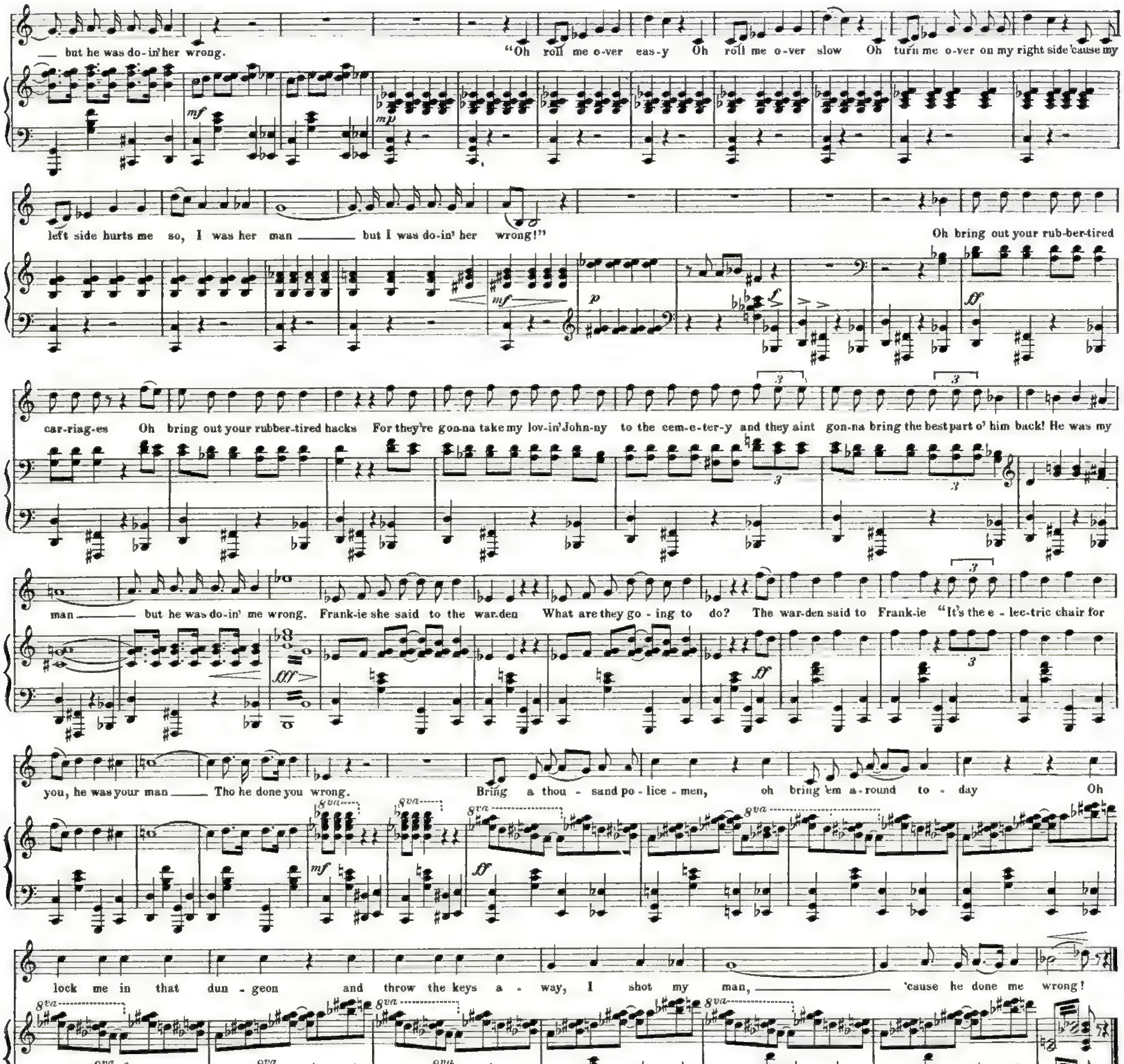


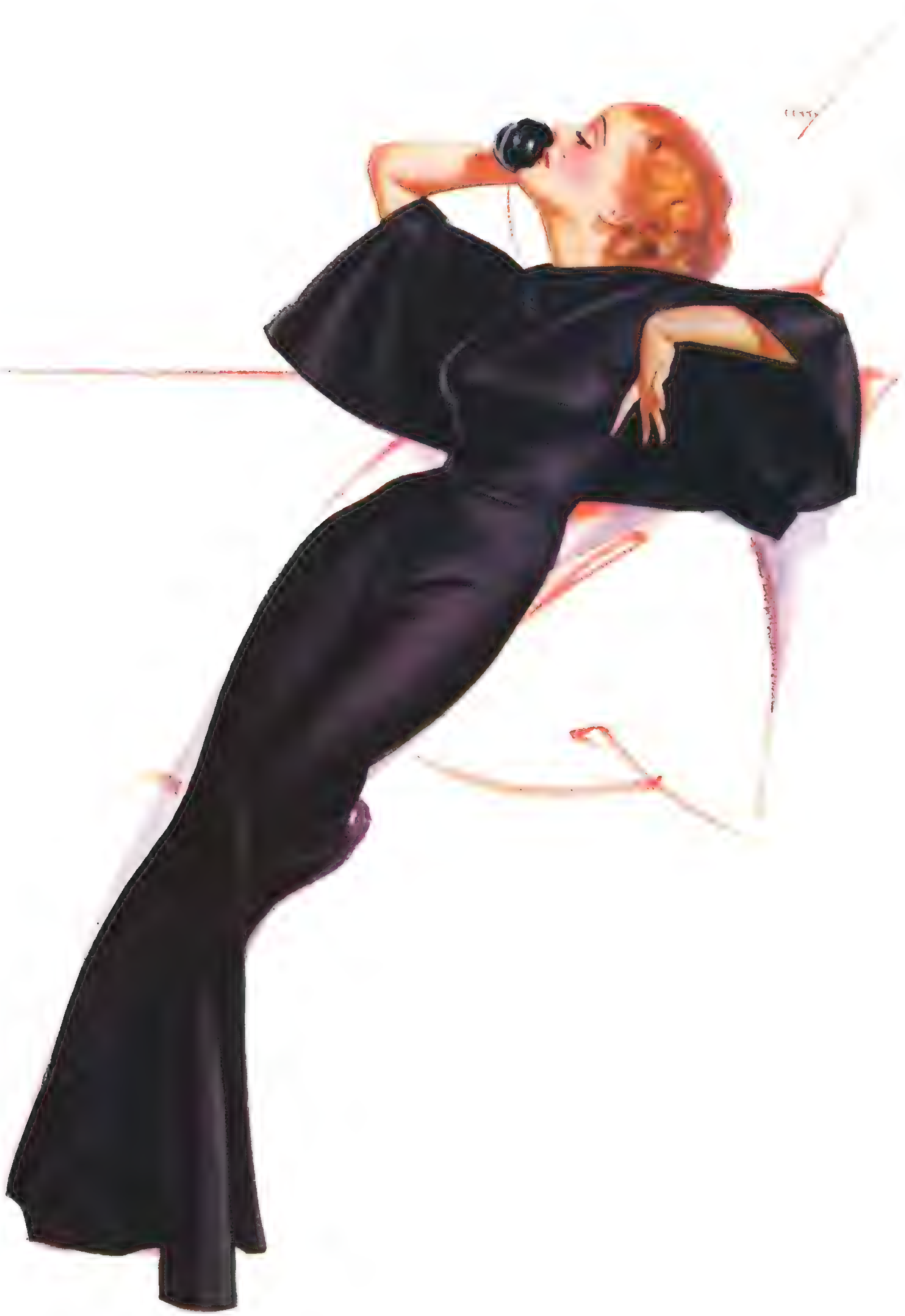
Antheil's Frankie and Johnny

An original version

Tempera Paintings by Eric Lundgren


Lively, but not too quickly
GEORGE ANTHEIL
Frank-ie and John-ny were lov-ers Oh! how those two could love! They promised to be true to each oth-er just as true as the stars up a-bove! He was her man but he was do-in' her wrong.
mf always semi-stacc.
Frank-ie went down to the crib-house, she did-n't go down there for fun for un-der her gingham a-pron she to-ted a for-ty-four gun, He was her man, but he was do-in' her wrong.
8va
Frank-ie look'd in at the win-dow she looked in the win-dow so high and there she saw her lov-in' John-ny a-lov-in up Nel-lie Bly, He was her man but he was do-in' her wrong.
Frank-ie she rang that door-bell, she rang that door-bell so high she said, "Stand back all o' you chip-pys! Or I'll blow you all to the sky! He is my man but he is do-in' me wrong."
f
John-ny he grabb'd off his ste-tson cried "For christ's sake don't shoot" But Frank-ie put her finger in the trig-ger and the gun went rooty-toot-toot! He was her man
fff
(Knuckles on both sides of piano rack) — (down)


— but he was do-in' her wrong. "Oh roll me o-ver eas-y Oh roll me o-ver slow Oh turn me o-ver on my right side 'cause my
left side hurts me so, I was her man — but I was do-in' her wrong!" Oh bring out your rub-ber-tired
car-riag-es Oh bring out your rubber-tired hacks For they're gon-na take my lov-in' John-ny to the cem-e-ter-y and they aint gon-na bring the best part o' him back! He was my
man — but he was do-in' me wrong. Frank-ie she said to the war-den What are they go-ing to do? The war-den said to Frank-ie "It's the e-lec-tric chair for
you, he was your man — Tho he done you wrong. Bring a thou-sand po-lice-men, oh bring 'em a-round to-day Oh
lock me in that dun-geon and throw the keys a-way, I shot my man, — 'cause he done me wrong!



"Will you surely help me be a good girl next time?"

Last Land of Liberty

How our freedom which is so familiar as to be forgotten might be destroyed overnight

by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Americans take their liberties lightly. They have always had them. They were born to them.

Other human beings have to fight for human rights; they bleed for human freedom. Not the Americans. The right to be tried by one's peers was settled in the days of King John and the Barons. The abolition of Star Chamber proceedings goes back to English history and was inherited by the Pilgrim fathers. In fact, the Bill of Rights incorporated in the Constitution was good English tradition when the Constitution was being written. Not of course in just those words—but the ideas which matter more than the words were there.

JOIN
STRIKE

Liberty is not a slogan for agitators nor a phrase for politicians. It is a way of life for civilized man. It involves a recognition of limitations upon government in the interest of the individual man.

And liberty to mean anything factually must be specific. It must be so completely and specifically incorporated in the tradition and the law of a country that no one can mistake its meaning.

For instance, let me cite two examples: one, the free man enjoying liberties in a free country; the other, what would happen to the same man under the same circumstances in a country like Germany or Italy or Soviet Russia in an enslaved society.

I was once engaged to lecture in Springfield, Illinois. Some correspondence passed. A lecture contract was signed. I bought my ticket at the railroad station. I took two valises, one containing my clothes, the other books and papers, among them being some special material prepared by a committee which is antagonistic to the present Federal Government in certain particulars.

I traveled on a train. I sat in a club car. There I met a man whom I had not seen for some years. We had both been to China. We discussed Far Eastern politics. We disagreed with the Government concerning the Philippines. We discussed domestic politics. We made reference to individuals, including high officials. Our references were not always complimentary.

Later, my friend went to bed and I read for a while in the club car. One of the books I had was Leonard Ayres' *The Economics of Recovery*, a book which I feel is sound but which views unfavorably the current political solution of national economic problems. No one seemed to care what I read. No one asked me about it except one fellow who was drunk.

"Why do you read that?" he asked.

"I'm interested in banking," I replied to get rid of him.

"Won't you have a drink with me?" he asked.

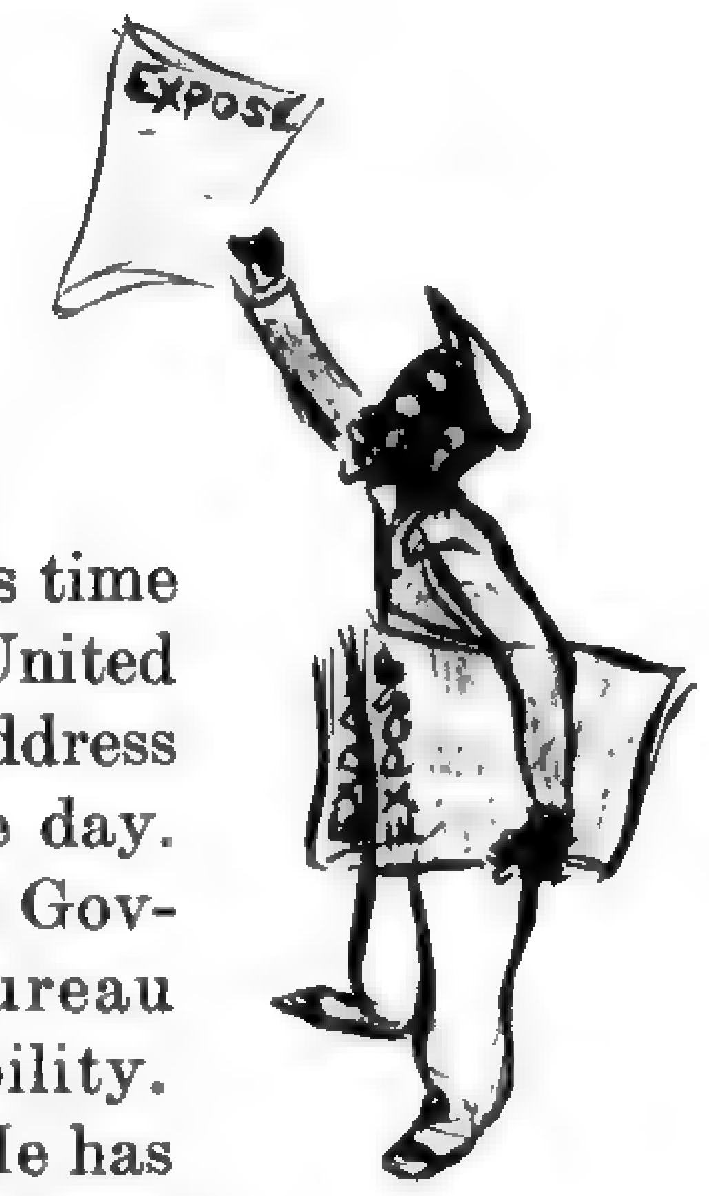
Beyond that no one disturbed me and in time I went to bed.

The next morning I had a few hours between trains. I arrived in one station and was to leave from another. So I gave my bags to the Parmalee agent. They were unlocked. He gave me two receipts and I went off to visit friends in Chicago. In time, I went to the second station, got my bags, boarded the train to Springfield, and read all the way. Upon arrival in Springfield I went to a hotel, turned on the radio, took a bath and went to deliver my lecture. The next day, after visiting the Lincoln Memorial, I returned to Chicago.

A usual story. Too usual. You substitute your car and step on it. The only person who stops you is a rare traffic cop and he usually lets you go after a dull argument or a cheerful laugh. Perhaps the greatest virtue of liberty is that it forces government to mind its own business. And if the government forgets itself and tries to mind yours, you take it into the courts where it is duly chastised while everyone laughs. In a liberty-loving country, everyone enjoys the chastisement of government. It is all part of the tradition.

Now take my story in an enslaved country. I will recite all the same facts but they will no longer be American facts. They will fit Germany or Italy or any country where human beings are ground under the heel of dictatorship. For the pronoun "I," let me substitute "Mr. X," for my choler would rise, if even in imagination I found myself in such a situation.

The fair ladies of the city of Springfield (but this time Springfield is not in the United States) want Mr. X to address them on a question of the day.



His manager goes to the Government propaganda bureau and discusses the possibility. They look up his record. He has most of the time favored the government's ideology, but sometimes he has slipped. He was not so sure of his "ideologies." In fact, he was a bit weak about them.

Well, they would consent to the lecture but they warned him that he must be careful about his ideological expletives. He must err neither to the right nor to the left.

So Mr. X goes to the police and gets himself fixed up for a card permitting him to travel between New York and Springfield. The police want to know why he wants to go to Springfield. Well, he wants to lecture. What does he want to lecture about. He takes the lecture out of his pocket. It has already been approved by the bureau of the government which approves such things. But that has nothing to do with the police. They know their duties. So they read his lecture. They don't like paragraphs 3 and 16. They take them out and substitute their own paragraphs 3 and 16. He is lucky. For so gross an error, he might be sent to a concentration camp.

O. K. He is permitted to travel. On the train he does not read anything except such literature as can be bought on a newsstand. That has all been properly censored and is safe. He carries no books, papers, documents of his own. It is too dangerous. He avoids conversation except on the weather, a pornographic joke or two, but he must be careful about that too, because he might be misunderstood.

He looks keenly at the Pullman porter to see whether he can recognize in him a police spy. Maybe this pretty young lady who seems to want to be friends is a spy. It is better to avoid all acquaintances. That traveling salesman jokes too much; he likes to talk about mustaches. It is wiser not to become involved in his conversation. A slip of the tongue and God knows what can happen.

Better go to sleep. The next morning there are some hours between trains. Well, I'll hold onto my bag and sit in the station.

Continued in center of page 172

Now It Can Be Sold

The ghost story behind the Harris biography of Shaw, offered to the latter as a little birthday token

by FRANK SCULLY

ARTICLE

Whether William Shakespeare, or, as the Frères Warners' research specialists hint, Max Reinhardt thought up *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and whether, further, Alvin B. Harmon or, as the letter-writers to Esquire insist, Ambrose Bierce authored *The Perlu* may still be unsolved literary mysteries, but the question as to who wrote Frank Harris's biography of George Bernard Shaw isn't a mystery. At least it isn't to me. It isn't to me because I did.

As a special birthday present to the Master, who hates birthday presents even more than he hates birthdays, I'm giving him the inside story for his eightieth birthday, which takes place on July 26. With a little teamwork on Jim Farley's part we ought to get the news on the Master's desk in London right on time, since the August Esquire hits the newsstands on July 15.

If this little gift proves the blow that killed father, Shaw will have what he always wanted—the chance to die laughing—and since all funerals are funny to him, his own should rock the earth like the belly-laughter of the gods.

If you will look at the dedication page you'll read:

"I dedicate this book to Frank Scully who goaded me into undertaking it and then wouldn't let me have a minute's peace until it was completed."

I could of course have had Harris saying "goaded me into *writing* it" instead of "undertaking it" but since he didn't *write* it why should I have put myself behind the eight ball as completely as that? I didn't want to put anybody there but Shaw and the army of suckers who pay $4 for four-bits worth of fun. You'll notice also that Harris isn't made to say "Until I completed it." He's made to say "Until it *was* completed!" That was my other amusing out.

Many may wonder how a wraith-writer could have the temerity to bat for a name-writer on such an important book. They can understand a writer's ghosting for well-known persons who have never written anything before, but sitting in for authors whose style is familiar strikes them as asking for critical brickbats in carload lots.

But, as a matter of unromantic fact, the name-writers are the easiest to ghost. If their style is familiar to others, why would it be unfamiliar to the ghost? Burlesquing a well-known author is high art; playing straight for him is no trick at all. Or if it is a trick it's the least of the problems to be solved in such a collaboration.

In Harris's case it was easy because his mind was dead years before his body died and his conscience died even before his mind. Moreover, I had a previous workout with him which went over so well that a major effort didn't take courage: all it took was industry. In 1929 I took a fragment of his that had been lying around for years under the arty title of *On the Trail.* I stuck a beginning, middle and end to it, borrowed from the less sexy part of his life (which few bothered to read) telescoped what really happened in three years into one, dropped all dates so we couldn't be hooked by any Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle, and re-titled the horse-opera *My Reminiscenses as a Cowboy.* I figured that the juxtaposition of Harris and Cowboy would make the book a literary pushover. It wasn't quite that, but it sold 30,000 copies and got a lot of critical praise. Nobody spotted the filchings from his *Life and Loves,* least of all some glaring discrepancies between Harris's round house style of pitching and my snap throws, so we moved on to greater glory unafraid.

With that cultured oat opera behind us I knew we couldn't fail altogether with Shaw. Even a bad book would sell some, and a good one—a strongly negative one I believed—would find a big reading public. Harris at first wasn't much interested, believing Shaw of insufficient stature to carry a whole biography and being somewhat hazy about life and letters anyway.

By drawing a picture of how simple the job would be, I half convinced him to try. We would take an old pen portrait he had made of Shaw back in 1918, which had appeared in Volume II of *Contemporary Portraits.* This book Harris had published himself, and as it had come out when everybody was spewing war-stuff, I felt sure few people had read it, and that even fewer had remembered it.

I showed him how he could expand these 15,000 words into 60,000 or 70,000 without much effort on his part and pounded home the belief, that even a bad Shaw would sell better than a good book about, let us say, Anatole France, such being the public taste of the moment. So I goaded Harris into doing the biog. (Incidentally I was nursing a two-year-old grudge against Shaw, but that's another story.)

Shaw, it will be remembered, told Harris he didn't want him to write the book; that Nellie, Harris's wife, would do it better; that Harris had made Shakespeare a cross between Jesus and a sailor and what he would have made of Shaw, God only knew.

But I kept goading Harris on, writing letters to Shaw for Harris to sign and saying that whether Shaw liked it or not, the book was going to be written. Shaw finally capitulated, figuring that if he couldn't stop the fight, he could at least coöperate, come to an understanding and possibly make it "one of those things" as the palookas say when framing a fight. But it never was my intention to pull our punches. Nothing short of a knockout would have satisfied me.

In the middle of all this we got the most famous of Shaw letters, the one which turned out to be his unabashed sex credo. It was written in pencil with no prim secretary between him and his honest beliefs about this thing called love. With that in the bag, the book was as good as made.

Once this letter came in I figured the book could not fail, and I flagged M. Lincoln Schuster, president of Simon and Schuster, in Paris, as he headed for Berlin, and had him come direct to Nice. Before he arrived I knocked out a 12-page intro and collected a few letters. I also had typed out that old pen portrait from *Contemporary Portraits,* as a clean ms. is always more imposing than a battered old book when you're trotting out blue-prints with which to clinch your sales-talk.

There had been in-and-out offers going on between times but things were at a standstill when I brought Max Schuster to Nice. After looking over the various exhibits and having one delightful afternoon with Frank Harris (who picked up marvellously for the occasion, like the dying embers of a once great fire), Max Schuster cabled his partner Dick Simon endorsing the project. He hooked in Gollancz of London for part of the advance, which was $7500, and they agreed on a simultaneous publication for New York and London.

Max Schuster asked Harris when he thought he could have the ms. ready and Harris said, "In a month. It's more than half ready now."

I nearly fell off my chair at this bit of Erin-go-brag. Max Schuster told him not to rush matters, but to give himself plenty of time. Everything settled, M. Lincoln Schuster then went off by way of Geneva and the Black Forest to see his firm's authors in Central Europe.

I thought Harris should settle down to work with me in Nice, but Frank began to complain about the heat, and suggested that we all go to Vittel. He had never been there, or if he had, he had forgotten all about it. But he had a White Russian secretary who had been there the previous summer and had sold the Harrises the idea of going.

I didn't relish the trip, as I was still on a hospital status with five suppurating sinuses after an amputation of my right leg. I finally acquiesced, though.

We signed a contract, which I drew up. Harris said he couldn't possibly pay me the 30 per cent I didn't get on the cowboy book, as this time he would have to pay Ross, his New York lawyer, 10 per cent. He said he couldn't pay me more than 20 per cent.

I pointed out that in that case I would be paying his lawyer. We argued a bit and finally I agreed to the arrangement, only to discover when I got home that we had signed a contract that gave me *80* per cent and Harris *20*!

As things turned out, this would have been an equitable division, but I didn't know that at the time, and the next day I rewrote the contract, without consulting him, giving him the major share of the royalties, and he gladly signed it.

We then packed our trunks for the Vosges Mountains, loaded down with all stuff ever written on Shaw. The Scullys went by train to Vittel, the impoverished Harrises by *taxi*! It's a 15-hour trip by train and must have cost them a fortune by taxi.

We entered the hotel that Harris's secretary had picked for us and discovered it was on the wrong side of the tracks. Not only on the wrong side but twenty feet from where all the manure and other freight cars backed and pulled all day long, starting from 6 a.m. The hotel also supported the most ear-splitting gong for calling its absent-minded *pensionnaires* to meals I ever heard outside of a firehouse.

The Harrises arrived in pouring rain, and had scarcely sat down two minutes when Frank was ordering cognac and soda to allay his ague.

The *femmes de chambres* not being fast enough in their service got their *derrières* pinched, and were urged to hurry. For the next five days Harris shivered, and pinched all bottoms within reach. Finding brandy and overcoats no protection from the frigid rain, he decided to return by train to Nice. But I wouldn't go back. "I'll stay and work here, and meet you in Nice in six weeks," I said.

So we all went to a movie and the next day the Harrises went back to Nice. His presence at the movie was all he contributed in Vittel to the Shaw book.

It worked out for the best. It rained almost continuously in Vittel for six weeks, so there was nothing to do but write and take the cure.

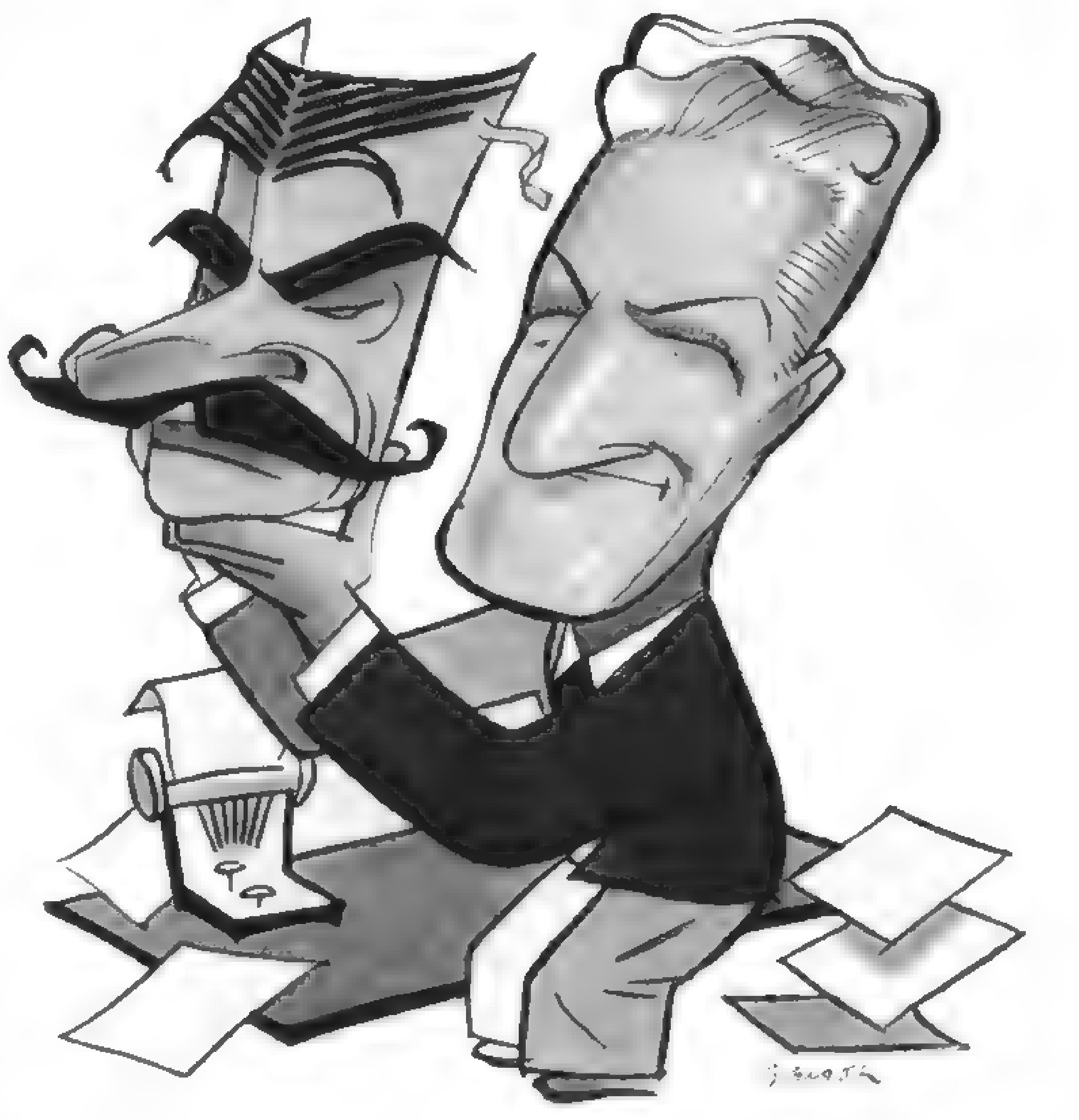
As the cure consisted of three slices of water for breakfast, and no breakfast, that left practically ten hours a day for literary labors.

Reports from Nice indicated that our collaboration was going to be a one-man job. Harris kept sitting at home reading sixty-five pages of badly typed script which he had filched from a dozen sources. His memory was so completely shot to pieces he didn't know from what sources he had lifted the stuff. And each time he read the fragment it was all new to him.

An advance royalty check for $2500 arrived by cable from New York. It came to Vittel and I had it forwarded on to Harris in Nice. According to our contract I was to be paid 20 per cent of that immediately.

Instead of $500, a thousand francs, or about $39, did arrive, with the explanation that only $2000 had come through, as Arthur Ross, the lawyer, had extracted $500 for past debts before cabling the money from New York. Already, I observed, I was being rouléd at both ends.

My contract with Harris read that I should be paid directly from the publishers, but everybody was so absent-minded they forgot to insert that clause in the contract.



I must have been absent-minded too, as I had no ambulance-chaser of my own on the case.

I seemed to have been more interested in art than in money in those days, for I worked feverishly, sending Harris chapters instead of hounding him for my dough. It was my idea that I would write a dozen chapters and meet Harris's book at about Chapter XIII after which the two horses could be teamed for a blanket finish. With two different leads we could sell the first serial rights separate from the book rights, and give each editor new stuff.

Still, I couldn't have been quite bright at the time, or I would have realized that Harris's mind was so far gone he couldn't have coöperated as astutely as all that. I don't know what he ever did with my stuff except to read it and then mislay it, for he never incorporated it in his manuscript. I kept writing him to re-dictate it in his own idiom as the stuff came in, but he couldn't even remember long enough to do that.

While Harris's loss of memory was generally regarded as a tragedy it had its compensations. He would meet people who had written terrible things about him. They'd be all a-jitter, but he, having forgotten the original quarrel that estranged them, would invite them to dinner, weigh them down with free gifts of his books, and then go back to fingering the sixty-five pages of his Shaw biography. Each time he did it, it was all new to him.

But I had other things to do. After six weeks in Vittel I went on to Paris to the American Hospital, down now to *three* wounds. There they urged an operation to cut off a small spur of bone which had grown into the infected tissue and had re-infected the bone. After cutting it off, they would hit the bone with six or eight X-ray shots to kill the cells and thus prevent re-growth of the spur.

It all sounded very logical, but I was fed up with logic operations, and even a minor one held not the slightest thrill for me. Moreover the hospital, though beautifully situated and with equipment second to none in the world, was more like a country club than a serious chop house.

So instead of taking their advice about the operation the Scully branch of Frank Harris Inc. took to the roof garden, and worked and rested for three weeks. But our idyllic afternoons on the roof of the American Hospital were disturbed by continual pleas from Harris wanting to know when we were coming back to Nice, though Vittel had taught us that the further away from Frank Harris we were the more work we would get done on his book.

But the ways of Providence remain mysterious, and after three weeks the last of the wounds healed without any further surgical interference. So we set out for Nice by automobile with the maddest driver on the whole Côte d'Azur.

On this occasion he had cause for his hurry, as he had given somebody a rubber check in Paris. The check was on a bank in Nice, and he hadn't sufficient funds in Nice to cover it. Check-kiting being a serious offence in France, he was rushing to Nice to cover the check before the mails found him out.

We drove madly through the rain and one point between Lyon and Grenoble managed to shake off our trunk which was riding on behind. A car coming from the opposite direction hit the trunk before we could stop and retrieve our treasure. The trunk contained all documents, manuscripts and sourcebooks I had collected for the Shaw biography.

Right there I decided that if the book survived this blow, nothing any critic would say afterwards about it could kill it completely.

Despite his airy belief that he could have finished the book within six weeks of the Schusterian conversation, the publishers had sensibly allowed Harris eight months. Half the time had elapsed and he hadn't written a paragraph beyond that original sixty-five page fragment, and had mislaid all of mine.

To my horror I learned on reaching Nice that he had sent off his sixty-five page fragment—in all, possibly, thirty thousand words—in appalling disorder, and not five of them written since the contract. This he labelled his first installment and got $1000 more.

He informed the publishers that he couldn't write any more. Couldn't they, he wanted to know, pay him the balance of the advance and let it go at that?

The conditions of the contract were that

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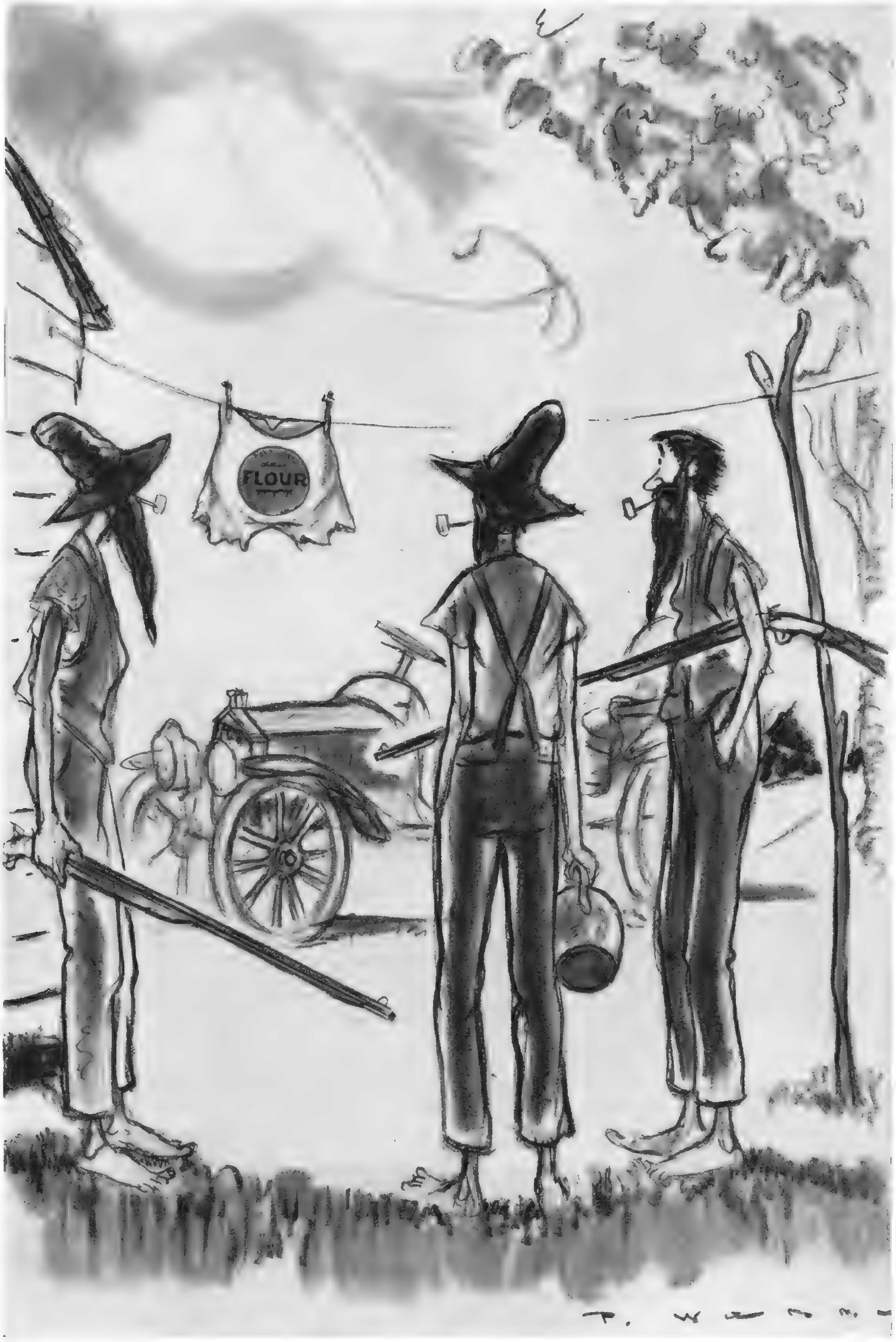


"Cousin Emmy Lou mus' be visitin' us ag'in—nobody else would be so damn fussy"

Afternoon of an Author

First timid seeds toward the reforestation of a soil that suffered from forced growth

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• ARTICLE •

When he woke up he felt better than he had for many weeks, a fact that became plain to him negatively—he did not feel ill. He leaned for a moment against the door frame between his bedroom and bath till he could be sure he was not dizzy. Not a bit, not even when he stooped for a slipper under the bed.

It was a bright April morning, he had no idea what time because his clock was long unwound but as he went back through the apartment to the kitchen he saw that his daughter had breakfasted and departed and that the mail was in, so it was after nine.

"I think I'll go out today," he said to the maid.

"Do you good—it's a lovely day." She was from New Orleans, with the features and coloring of an Arab.

"I want two eggs like yesterday and toast, orange juice and tea."

He lingered for a moment in his daughter's end of the apartment and read his mail. It was an annoying mail with nothing cheerful in it—mostly bills and advertisements with the diurnal Oklahoma school boy and his gaping autograph album. Sam Goldwyn might do a ballet picture with Spessiwitza and might not—it would all have to wait till Mr. Goldwyn got back from Europe when he might have half a dozen new ideas. Paramount wanted a release on a poem that had appeared in one of the author's books, as they didn't know whether it was an original or quoted. Maybe they were going to get a title from it. Anyhow he had no more equity in that property—he had sold the silent rights many years ago and the sound rights last year.

"Never any luck with movies," he said to himself. "Stick to your last, boy."

He looked out the window during breakfast at the students changing classes on the college campus across the way.

"Twenty years ago I was changing classes," he said to the maid. She laughed her debutante's laugh.

"I'll need a check," she said, "if you're going out."

"Oh, I'm not going out yet. I've got two or three hours' work. I meant late this afternoon."

"Going for a drive?"

"I wouldn't drive that old junk—I'd sell it for fifty dollars. I'm going on the top of a bus."

After breakfast he lay down for fifteen minutes. Then he went into the study and began to work.

The problem was a magazine story that had become so thin in the middle that it was about to blow away. The plot was like climbing endless stairs, he had no element of surprise in reserve, and the characters who started so bravely day-before-yesterday couldn't have qualified for a newspaper serial.

"Yes, I certainly need to get out," he thought, "I'd like to drive down the Shenandoah Valley, or go to Norfolk on the boat."

But both of these ideas were impractical—they took time and energy and he had not much of either—what there was must be conserved for work. He went through the manuscript underlining good phrases in red crayon and after tucking these into a file slowly tore up the rest of the story and dropped it in the waste-basket. Then he walked the room and smoked, occasionally talking to himself.

"Wee-l, let's see—"

"Nau-ow, the next thing—would be—"

"Now let's see, now—"

After awhile he sat down thinking: "I'm just stale—I shouldn't have touched a pencil for two days."

He looked through the heading "Story Ideas" in his notebook until the maid came to tell him his secretary was on the phone—part time secretary since he had been ill.

"Not a thing," he said. "I just tore up everything I'd written. It wasn't worth a damn. I'm going out this afternoon."

"Good for you. It's a fine day."

"Better come up tomorrow afternoon—there's a lot of mail and bills."

He shaved, and then as a precaution rested five minutes before he dressed. It was exciting to be going out—he hoped the elevator boys wouldn't say they were glad to see him up and he decided to go down the back elevator where they did not know him. He put on his best suit with the coat and trousers that didn't match. He had bought only two suits in six years but they were the very best suits—the coat alone of this one had cost a hundred and ten dollars. As he must have a destination—it wasn't good to go places without a destination—he put a tube of shampoo ointment in his pocket for his barber to use, and also a small phial of luminol.

"The perfect neurotic," he said, regarding himself in the mirror. "By-product of an idea, slag of a dream."

II

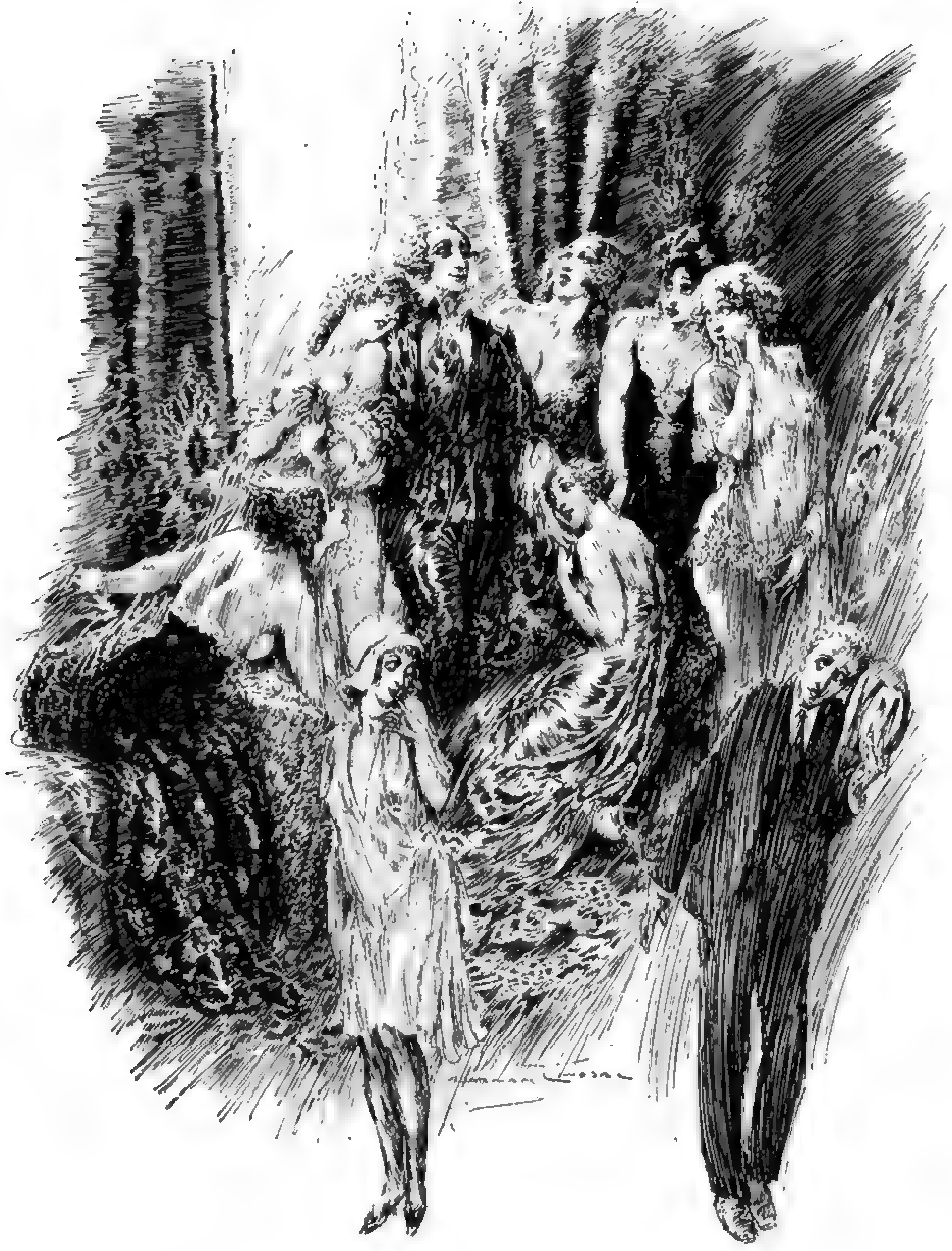
He went into the kitchen and said goodbye to the maid as if he were going to Little America. Once in the war he had commandeered an engine on sheer bluff and had it driven from New York to Washington to keep from being A.W.O.L. Now he stood carefully on the street corner waiting for the light to change, while young people hurried past him with a fine disregard for traffic. On the bus corner under the trees it was green and cool and he thought of Stonewall Jackson's last words: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Those Civil War leaders seemed to have realized very suddenly how tired they were—Lee shrivelling into another man, Grant with his desperate memoir-writing at the end.

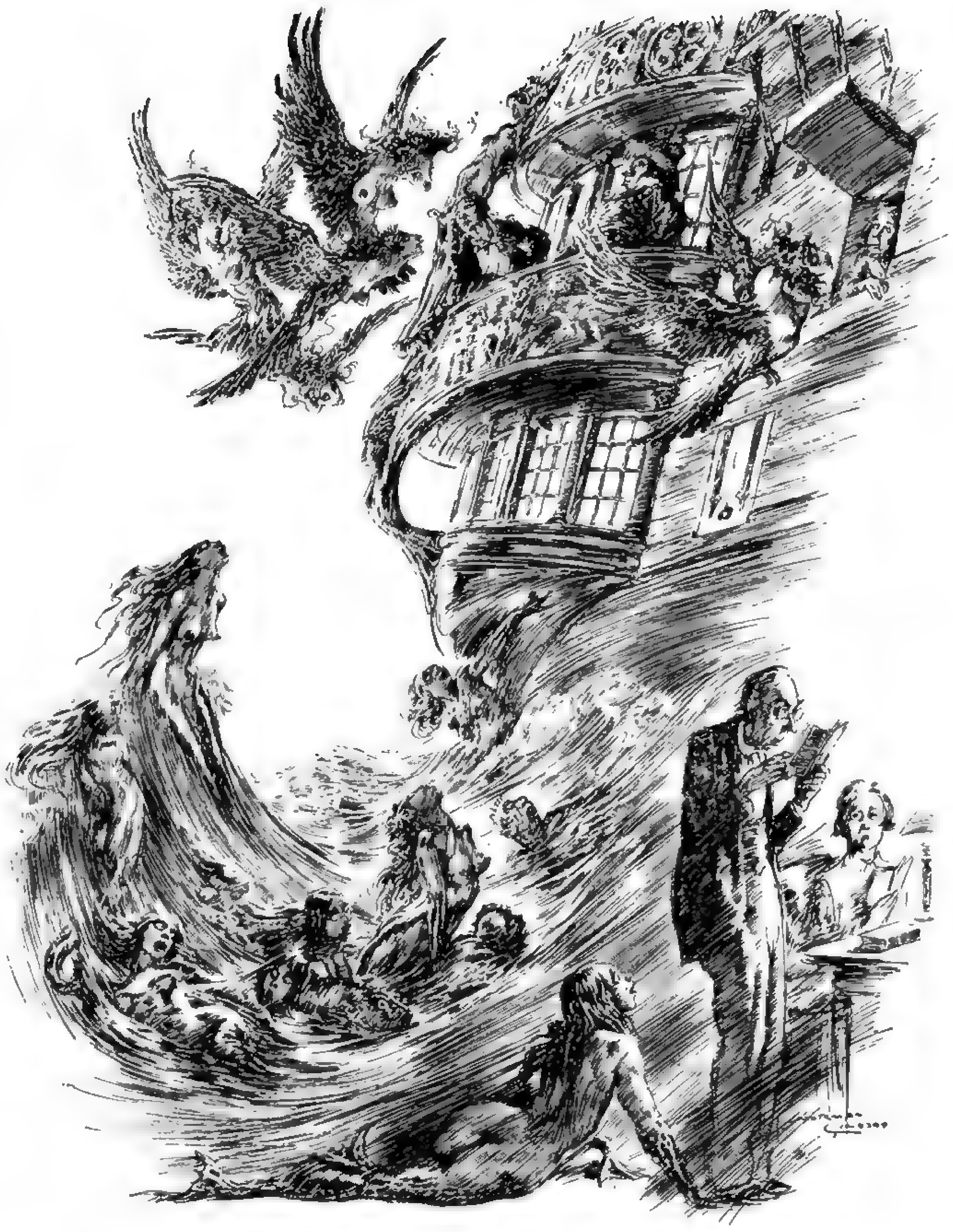
The bus was all he expected—only one other man on the roof and the green branches ticking against each window through whole blocks. They would probably have to trim those branches and it seemed a pity. There was so much to look at—he tried to define the color of one line of houses and could only think of an old opera cloak of his mother's that was full of tints and yet was of no tint—a mere reflector of light. Somewhere church bells were playing *Venite Adoremus* and he wondered why, because Christmas was eight months off. He didn't like bells but it had been very moving when they played *Maryland, My Maryland* at the governor's funeral.

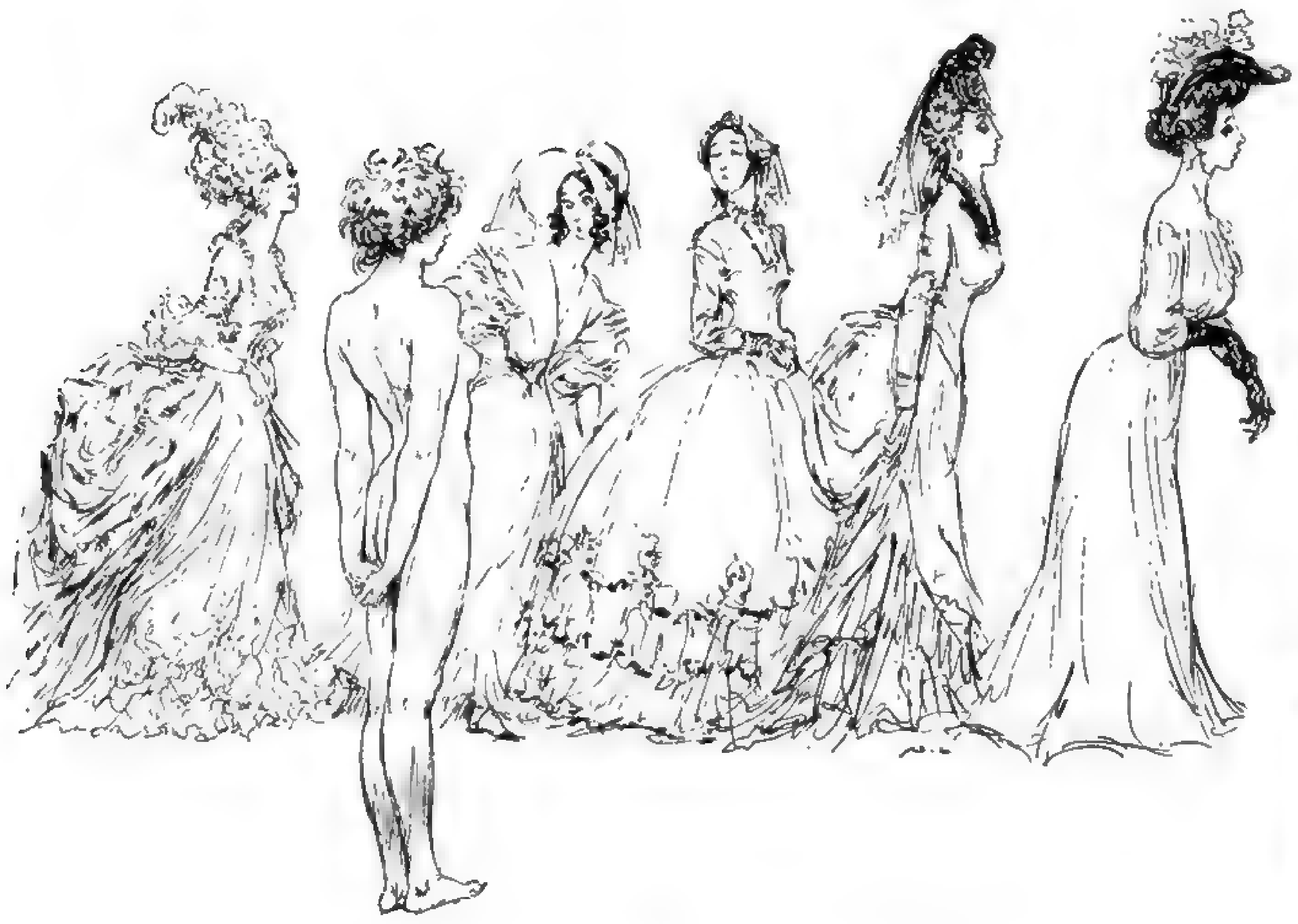
On the college football field men were working with rollers and a title occurred to him: "Turf-keeper" or else "The Grass Grows," something about a man working on turf for years and bringing up his son to go to college and play football there. Then the son dying in youth and the man's going to work in the cemetery and putting turf over his son instead of under his feet. It would be the kind of piece that is often placed in anthologies, but not his sort of thing—it was sheer swollen antithesis, as formalized as a popular magazine story and easier to write. Many people, however, would consider it excellent because it was melancholy, had digging in it and was simple to understand.

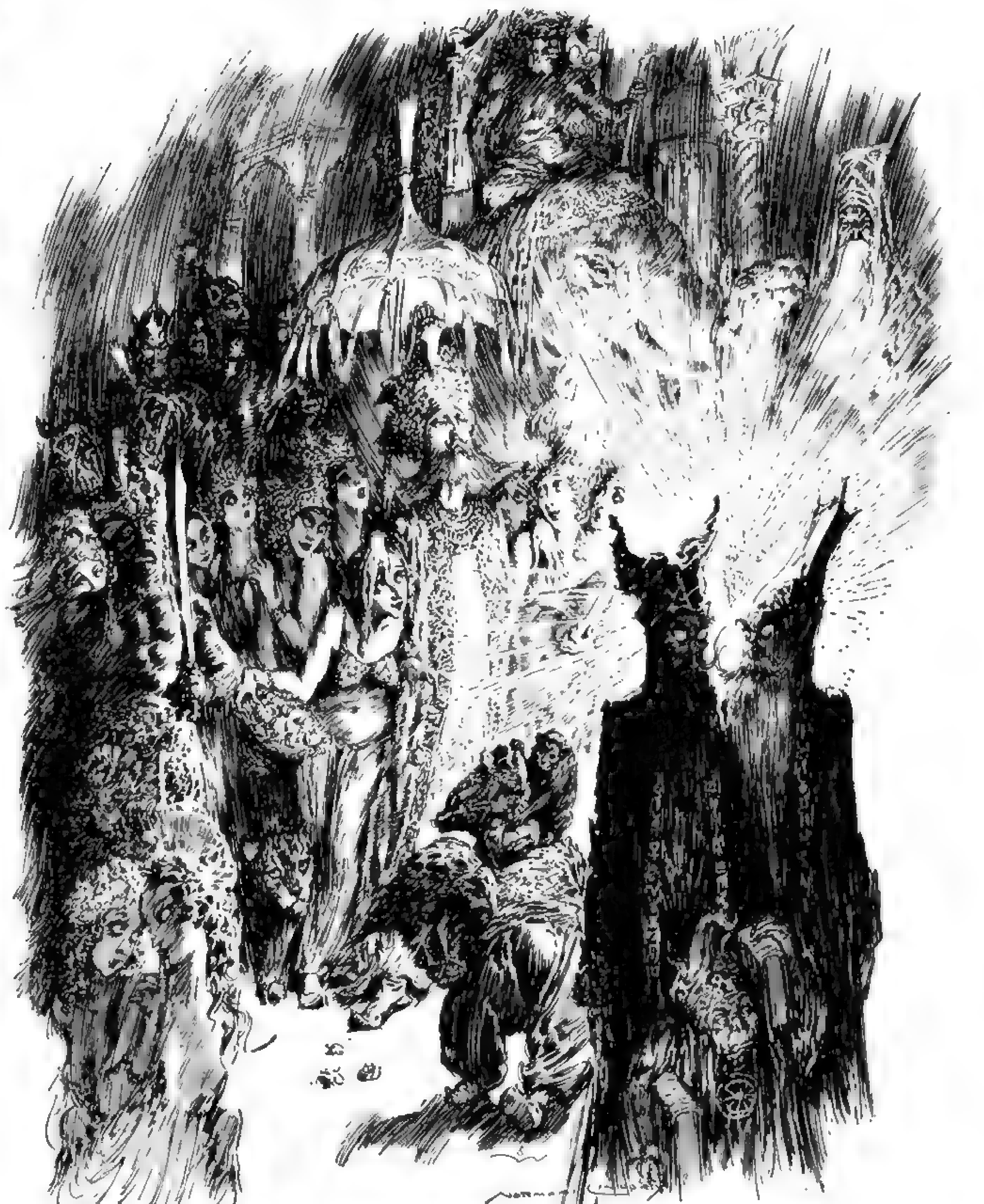
The bus went past a pale Athenian railroad station brought to life by the blue

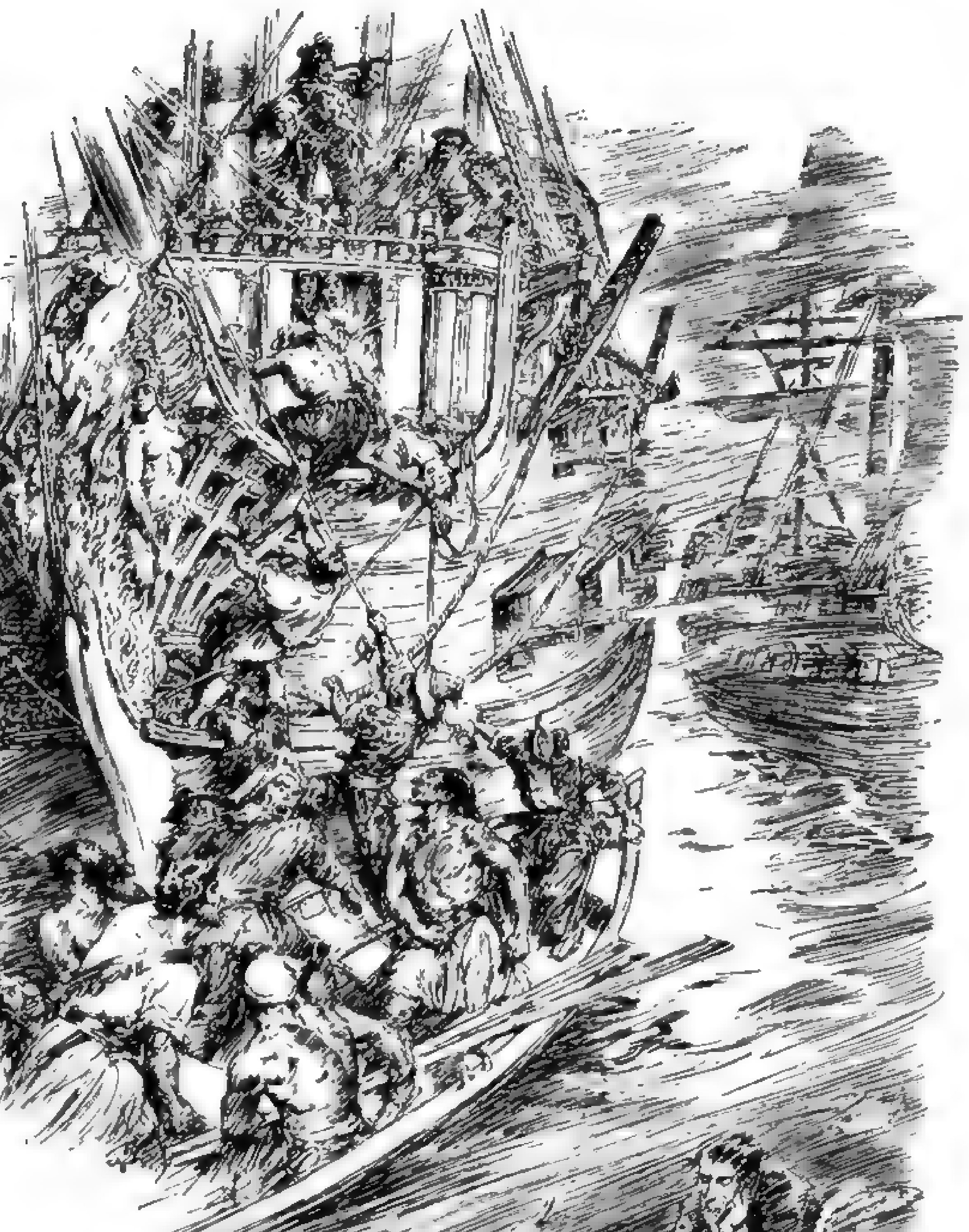
Continued at top of page 170











Our Other Faces

A group of pen drawings

by NORMAN LINDSAY

The secret places of the heart form the locale of these drawings which translate into agile line the stifled ardors and arrogances of the timid lover, the day-dreaming and adventurous aspirations of the eternal homebody. Norman Lindsay is an English born Australian in his late fifties, who looks a lot like Carl Sandburg, who has been famous since the nineties, whose work has been collected by the discriminating for the last thirty years but has never yet percolated down to the level of mass popularity. These drawings are part of an extensive collection in the possession of the Argus Bookshop, Chicago.

The Mysterious Miss Lulu

A guy gets to wondering what kind of a girl he might have been and the answer is a wow

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

• FICTION •

Maybe at that mid-town Manhattan caravansary I did find the golden-headed damoisel, parked so lonesome and forlornly at the bar, attractive; and maybe when Lorna went out for a moment to make a telephone call or something I did sort of gravitate towards said blonde; and maybe it did develop that she joined our party; and maybe I had indulged rather extensively in the cup that cheers; maybe the evening did end up with my not seeing quite eye to eye with the uniformed minions of the law on certain matters, with the result that I, and Lorna thru no fault of hers, did have lodgings provided for the remainder of the night in the municipal hoosegow, but I couldn't see why that should cause Lorna to class me as a case of arrested development and a menace to society, and break off our engagement. She said that it wasn't just that evening that brought about her momentous decision, but my whole way of life, which she characterized as definitely anti-social.

Well, I admitted that I wouldn't qualify for many Boy Scout medals, and perhaps was on terms of almost conjugal intimacy with the bottle, but that wasn't the result of weakness or the moronism that she hinted, but simply living my life according to my own lights, which seemed to me based on reason and the fundamental laws. Lorna dropped a quip about my trouble being that I was inclined to follow the modern schools of thought in thinking deeply instead of clearly, but I let it pass. She said I had no sense of values as far as money was concerned, and I let it be known that I considered money but the merest triviality, a murky matter, which if so allowed, clouds up the fair warm skies of life. As for lonesome blondes at bars, I tried to explain to her that it isn't as if a man deliberately makes up his mind to hie himself over and mingle with them; it's purely instinctive, like a parched camel pointing his nose towards an oasis. And anyway, this convention of having to be introduced to someone, or spend a couple of weeks down a manhole with them before swapping names and numbers was utter stupidity. If you saw someone you thought you'd like to know, or even if you hadn't seen them, but only knew that they existed, why not contact and have them over for a drink. Even if you did get your jaw punched once in a while, it would probably be more than compensated for by the number of damned congenial folk you get to know. Furthermore, the average of success would probably run pretty high that way, for you wouldn't have to depend for your acquaintance upon the stupid friends of stupid friends, but could more or less pick and choose. We don't live very long, anyway, so why not harvest the crop of *joie de vivre* before the drought sets in? The usual local rules and regulations, conceptions of morality, and contemporary customs were made for the droves and herds who couldn't think for themselves, and a little extra-curricular hoopla is quite in order for the children of the gods—to which every man his own. As for mixing it up now and then with the boys in blue: well, a lad born with red hair, a normal pulse and a healthy respect for a little good, clean fun can't be held at fault if occasionally he does come up under a night stick. All this I tried to put over with Lorna, but she didn't exactly burst with enthusiasm.

We parted in the corridor of the court house after paying our fines. I was annoyed with Lorna; and that afternoon I did what I frequently do when annoyed with people—I stayed home and read poetry. I came across one in particular that caught my fancy. Most of the modern languages—the more popular ones—I can cope with fairly well, but this one was written by an anonymous Assyrian, so my translation is probably a little free. It runs thus:

"I was born a million men;
Each moment passed killed one of them.
A boundless paupers' field am I—
Row on endless row there lie
A host of men entombed within—
Ghosts of me—that might have been."

Of course, that's a rather common sentiment—that if you'd turned to the right instead of to the left one time, or missed a train instead of catching it, or ordered the raspberry tart instead of the pineapple layer cake, the whole course of your life would have been altered. But that's what started me thinking that afternoon, probably because of Lorna's disapproval of me as I was. Yes, I admitted, I might have been a different man under altered conditions. Were you to go back to your birth and start there, anything could happen. You could go back even further than that. Then the idea came to me. If you go back far enough, there is a certain point along the road of one's personal destiny, a point just after the babe-to-be begins to worm its way into its mother's affections, when a mere spin of the wheel of fortune determines whether it will wind up male or female. That was an interesting thought. I might, under altered circumstances, even have been a woman. Well, the woman uppermost in my mind at the moment was Lorna, so it was only natural that I hook up the two of them. If I had been a woman, I thought, I wouldn't be an old kill-joy like Lorna. I'd harvest my *joie de vivre;* I wouldn't be tied down by a lot of stupid customs and conventions, and pass my days in mournful dignity and conservatism. I'd be damned good company, a right gay wench, and let the devil take the hindermost.

With this thought meandering about the brain, the doorbell shrilled. I hastened to open up, thinking it would be Lorna with olive branch and dove. It wasn't. As I flung aside the door and spread the arms in welcome, I saw that it most definitely was not Lorna, but a young lady perhaps even more attractive, if such were possible. She was, in any event, quite different. Lorna's tall and dark, and belongs to that type of American female which combines the best qualities of an oriental princess with those of an efficient stenographer. This one, however, burst upon my startled eyes combining the best features of Venus de Milo and a merry-go-round. Just below medium height, she stood, dressed in a gay green suit, feminized by the appropriate doo-dads at strategical points. An impudent, feisty sort of a hat thumbed its nose at me from atop a mass of almost crimson hair. Her blue eyes opened wide and friendly, and her smile was the very essence of "Well, boys, here I am." She looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't just place her and admitted so.

"You've never had the pleasure," she allowed, "but I think we could get along." The last with an angelic leer that would have sprung the plates of a sturdy battleship.

"I'm sure we could," I said. "Won't

Continued on page 186

An American Tory

History has dealt ironically with the great naturalist who left us a gentleman's flower

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHENEVER I see the formal, fragrant, waxy flower of fashion, boutonnière of society weddings, the gardenia, I think with a certain wry tenderness on the man for whom it was named, a forgotten, indeed an outcast American, Alexander Garden.

Time has many ways of erasing fame, even a fine scientific reputation and high social standing. One of the most effective methods of oblivion is to predestine its victim to embrace the wrong side in a matter of popular prejudice. It was by this means that Dr. Alexander Garden that original, delightful, inveterate naturalist who once ornamented polite society and the world of learning on this content, was swept into the waters of Nepenthe. For years I have been on the track of Garden without ever discovering more than a handful of biographical material upon this rollicking fine old gentleman. He was a connoisseur of high living as it was practised in the days of old Port, scarlet coats, choleric tempers and gold-headed canes, yet a man of pontifical learned dicta in the best Johnsonian style, and a beau in the manner of Nash. But, as I have said, he backed what seemed a favorite—and a dark-horse named Washington swept away his stakes, his all.

Alexander Garden was born about 1730 in Aberdeenshire (where the Scotch jokes originate), the son of a minister. He was graduated from Mareschal College, University of Aberdeen, and, a well-trained physician and botanist, he arrived, about 1750 in the King's loyal province of South Carolina, to practise medicine in the opulent but miasmic new city of Charleston.

Composed of English capitalists, but not many aristocrats, of French Huguenots in exile, and German Protestants fleeing the cruel bishop of Augsburg, and a few immigrants from the sugar-rum-and-slaves plutocracy of the West Indies, Charleston society had not yet acquired its present quota of ancestors, fallen grandeur and individual pronunciations of the English language. Camellias and azaleas had not yet been introduced to its gardens; cotton was still a crop of secondary importance. Rice and indigo were the chief articles of export.

To take the eye of the naturalist, come from gray Scotland, there were endless miles of yellow savannah where along the crooked tidal creeks long-legged water birds minced in the black mud for strange, New World fare. There were cypress swamps sorrowed over with waving Spanish moss, and in the treetops white egrets sailed angelically among the black, satanic swoopings of the buzzards. In the sizzling pine woods, where the sun dazzled in the star-like centers of the long-leaf clusters, grew formal, garden-like magnolias, gigantic centenarian live oaks formed open groves, and from the wet grassland stood up the palmettoes in their untidy, gouty grandeur. In the city, during the summer months, tropical black vultures brooded on the rooftops upon the hot, formal city of tragic destiny. Garden's Carolina was also the faunal province of the diamond-backed rattler, the electric eel, the alligator, and the malarial mosquito.

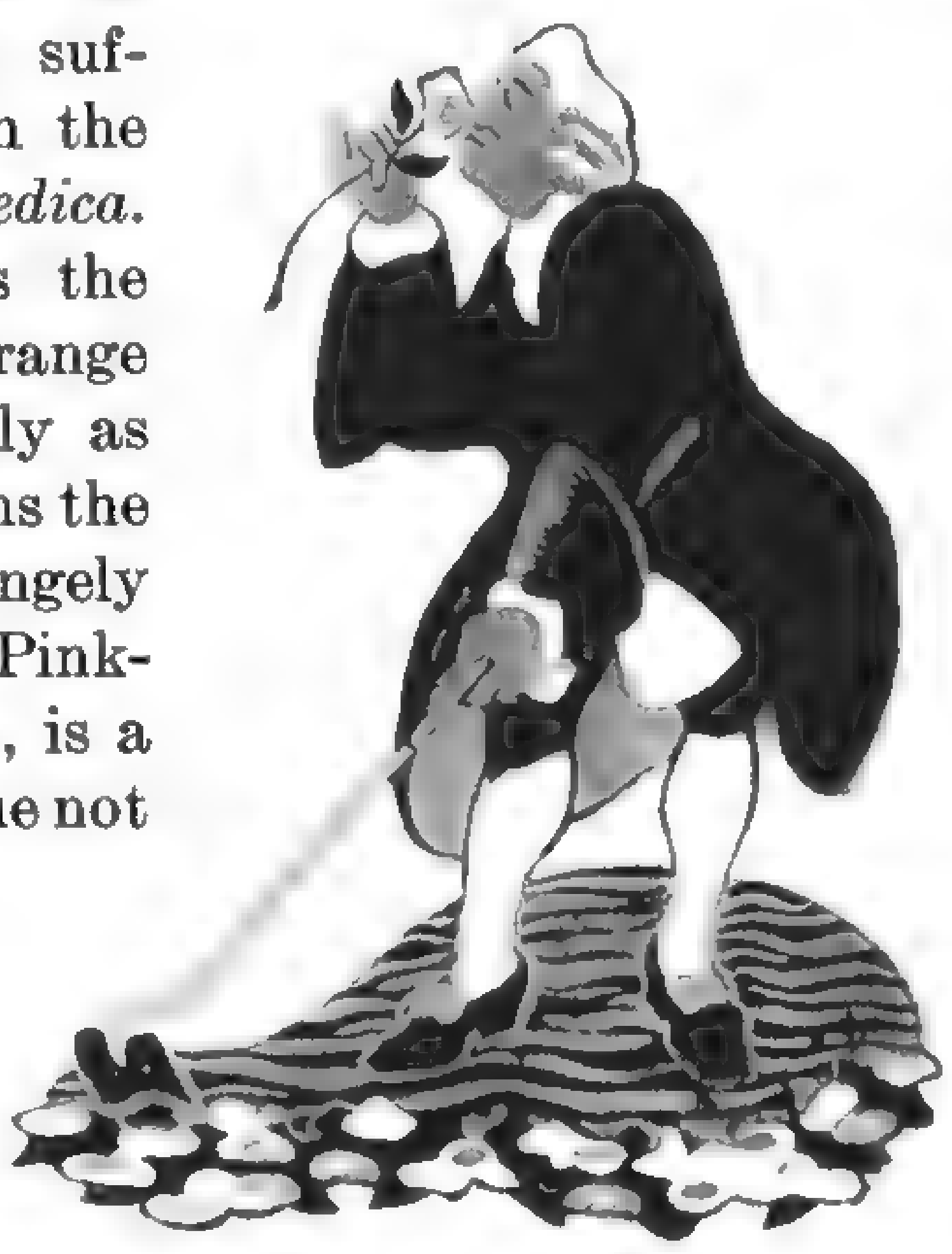
It was in this new fauna and flora, as yet practically unknown to the world of science, where nearly every species lay new and unnamed for some well-versed collector to discover, that the young physician, to combat the ills wherewith his patients suffered, sought for help in the spontaneous *materia medica.* His first discovery was the Indian pinkroot, a strange plant of the same family as the jessamine that wreaths the spring woods with strangely tropical golden flowers. Pinkroot, to mince no words, is a vermifuge, and to continue not mincing them, it was much needed then in our subtropics, and still frequently is. Pinkroot is *Spigelia marilandica* of the pharmacopeia.

Entering into practise in rich Prince William Parish, Garden erelong had a fashionable clientele and is said to have charged high fees. He introduced to the colony the administration of mercury and antimony as specifics against what (mincing words a trifle) was then called a "nervous intermittent fever." In the great small-pox epidemic Garden did notable work, practising the white magic vaccination upon the terrified blacks.

Garden's health was never good. His heredity and the foggy climate of his childhood had predisposed him to "a weakness in his chest." He went north for refreshment in 1754, to visit the urbane and wealthy Cadwallader Colden, philosopher and botanist of New York (and later governor of that state) and in his library encountered a startling new book, issued only the year before. This was Linnaeus' new "sexual system" for identifying the species of flowers by their reproductive organs. This put the amiable science of botany quite outside the pale for females, except as secret reading matter for aged virgins. But Colden was a radical, and on the lips of his young daughter Jane might be heard such words as anther-sacs and stigmas.

Garden, returning by way of Philadelphia, where he visited honest Friend Bartram (who bore the title of Botanist to the King) came on home to Charleston with a fresh enthusiasm for his subject. Linnaeus seemed to him as to all the world of science, to have opened the door to discovery in a simple way, and to have led natural history out of the schoolroom into the field.

So Garden accompanied Governor Glen up to the "Saluda Country" on an expedition to treat with the Cherokee. And though the naturalist was unable to penetrate the mountains, he brought from their foothills the first the world knew of the marvelous southern Appalachian flora—rhododendrons, azaleas, laurel, dogwood and redbud. It is a commentary on the British eighteenth-century view of Nature that to Garden the Appalachians seemed stupendous, forbidding and awesome.



Garden began to correspond with the naturalist John Ellis at the British Museum. Ellis referred Garden to Linnaeus himself, and in 1755 Garden wrote him his first letter. Linnaeus was deluged with boresome letter writers, and did not respond until Garden had written him thrice (always in high-stepping Latin, be it understood).

So began that fascinating series of letters from the hot wilderness where fate had placed Garden, to the great systematizer, off there in cold Upsala, in Sweden. Garden deluged Ellis and Linnaeus with specimens; he was indeed their only important collector from that part of the world, and they owed him almost all they knew of it. Garden's animal specimens seem to have gone pickled in rum! A whole alligator was shipped to Sweden in these high spirits and from other gurgling kegs emerged such booty as snakes, turtles, eels, and lizards.

The Grand Masters of natural science were inclined from their heights of authority

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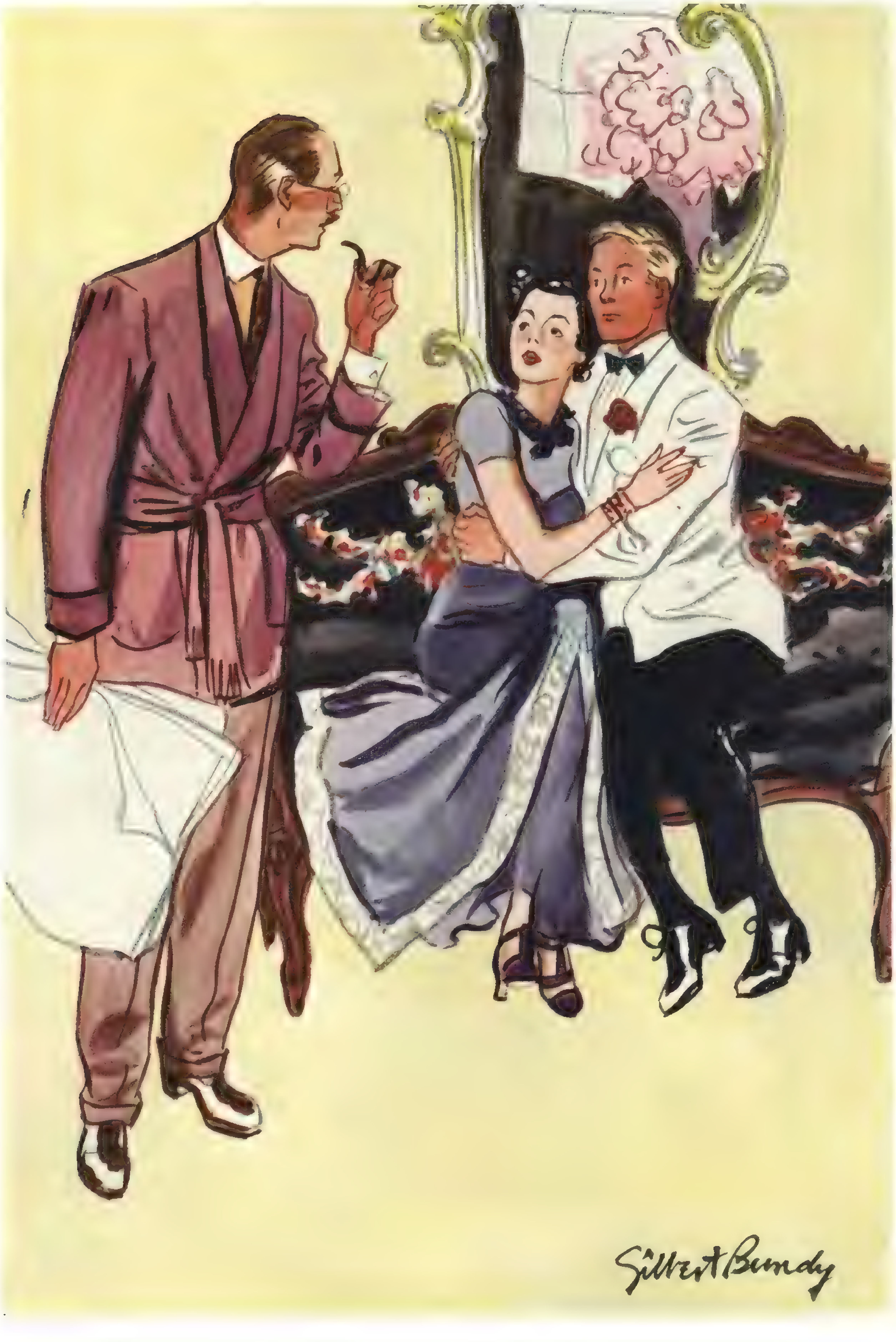
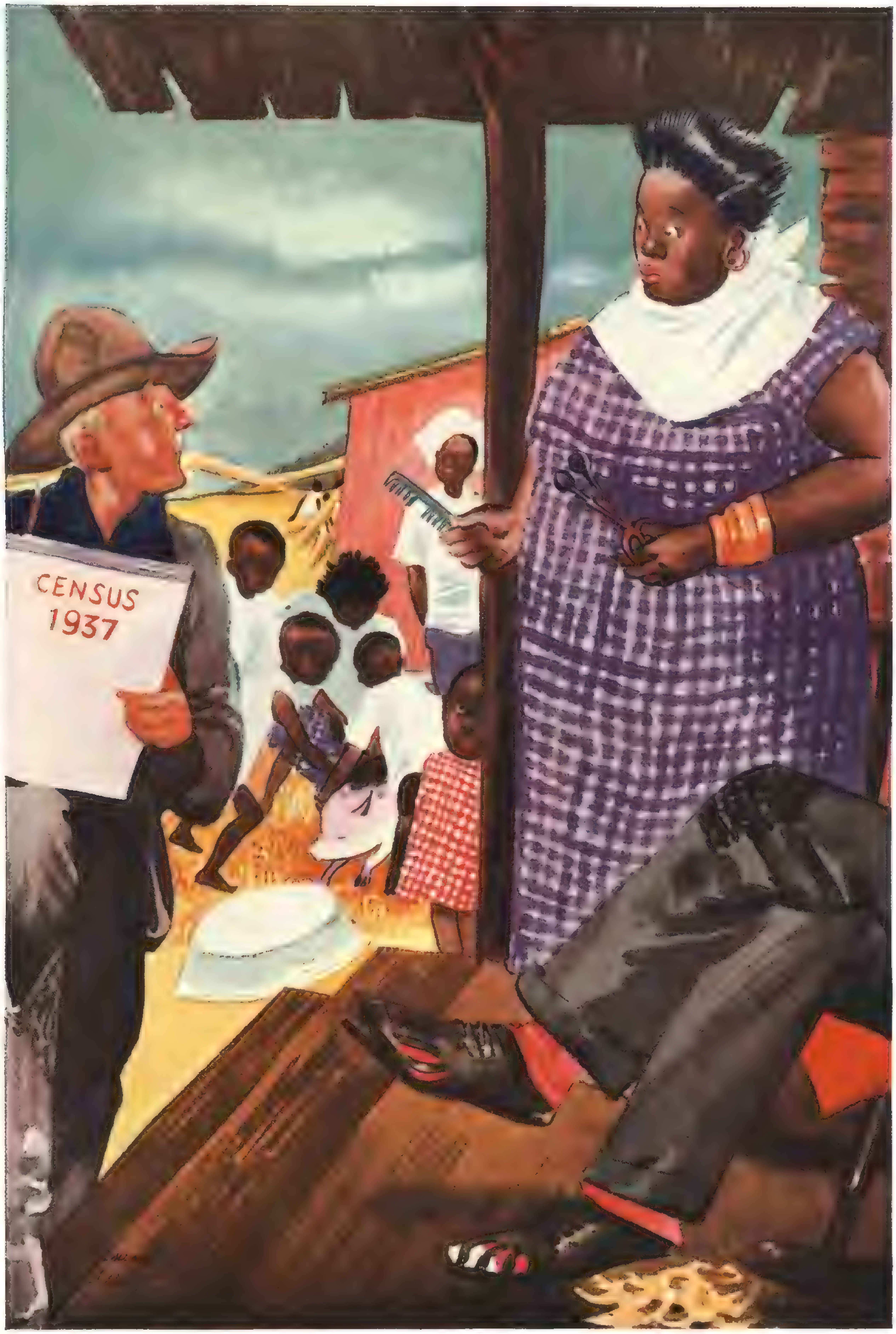

Gilbert Bundy

"Why waste the young man's time, Gladys?—You know I'll never give you a divorce"


CENSUS
1937

"Ah disremembahs—but ah'll ring de dinnah bell an' you count 'em as dey troops in"

Little 'Chita

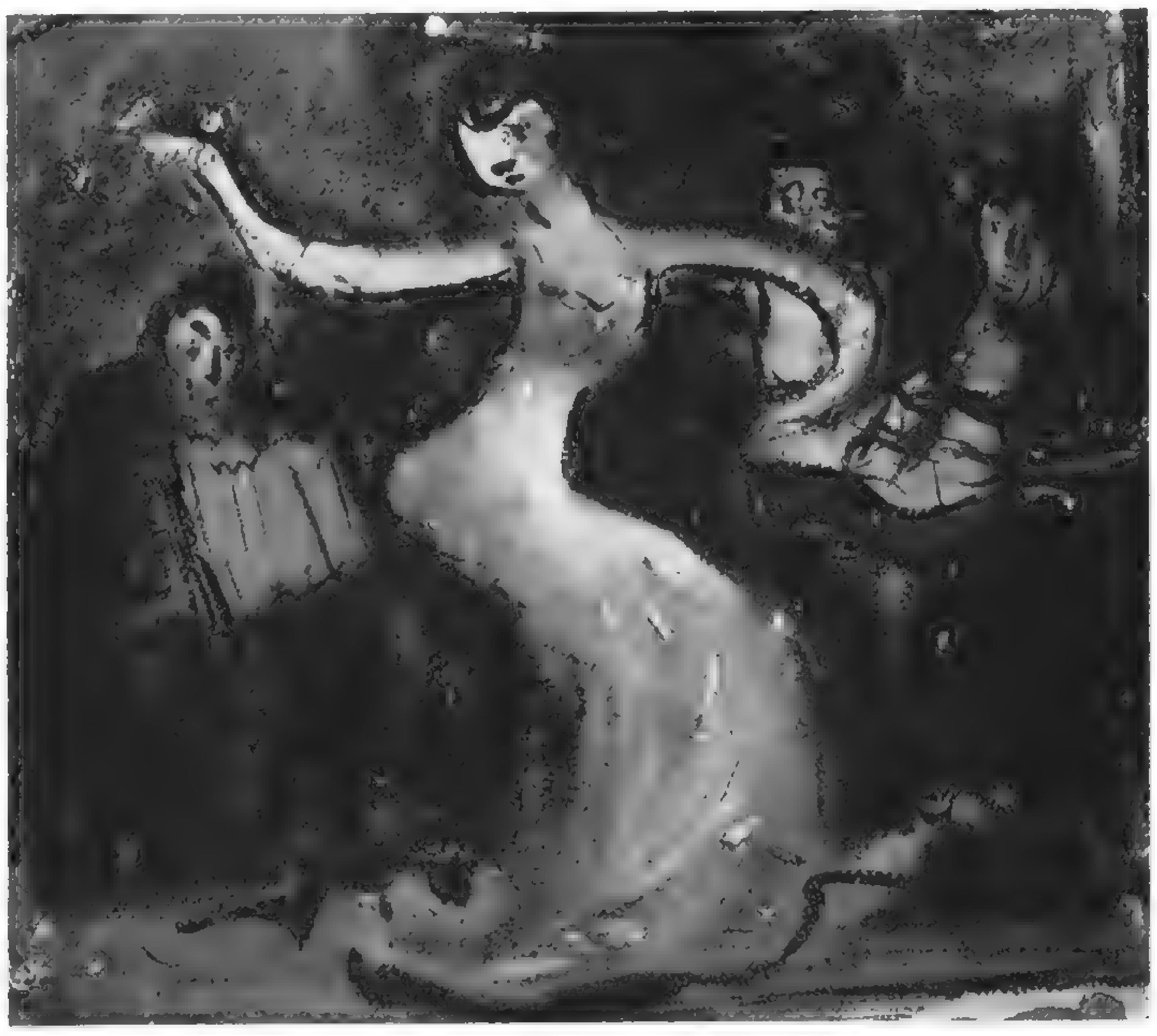
Interlude between a sentimental night club owner, a dancer, and six Cubans with ruffled sleeves

by JOHN O'HARA

• FICTION •

For the fifth time in an hour Shoemaker left his dinky, windowless little office, and went out and took a look at the house. All he needed was a quick look, but he took plenty of time; and he told himself that if he knew anything, there wasn't a hundred dollars in the house. Closer to fifty, if he knew anything. There were a few couples, and one party of four. The four were having a swell time, laughing and talking: two youngish fellows and two very pretty dolls. One of the dolls, Norma, he had loaned fifty bucks to when she needed it one time, and she often showed her gratitude by bringing in guys that would spend money. But tonight she was strictly on the cuff. The two guys with her, they were a detective from the West 100th Street station, and a newspaper guy, and they were also on the cuff. Shoemaker didn't mind what they ate and drank. A mere nothing. It was what might be spent at that very table that burned him; the very thought of it.

He thought of the nut: the rent, the two bands, the chef, the waiters and kitchen help, the light company and licenses—oh, what was the use thinking about it? Everything he touched and looked at was debt. Especially that rhumba band. That hurt. In fact, he told himself, he might as well be honest: the thing that was most on his mind was that rhumba band . . .



The American band got up and gave their places to the rhumba band, six Cubans with ruffled sleeves and collars on their shirts, who knocked little bits of wood together—one, two, one-two-three, one, two, one-two-three—and shook hollow balls that had loose rice inside and squeezed breath in and out of an accordion. They played their childish instruments the same way over and over again—and they were costing him his club. If he could fire them he might be able to pull through another week. He hated them, hated to brush up against them, hated their so-called music. And most of all, he hated little 'Chita.

Little 'Chita got up and sang a few bars of one of their lousy tunes, and the fellow Shoemaker knew as Mike, the leader and piano player, couldn't take his eyes off her. She held her scarf in back of her and ran it up and down her spine, and did a wiggle and a bump and sat down. Outside an ambulance from Polyclinic Hospital made its noisy way to some unfortunate person, but Shoemaker didn't feel as sorry for the unfortunate person, whoever it was, as he did for himself. The newspaper guy with Norma was applauding 'Chita. Norma turned and saw Shoemaker and came over as soon as she could excuse herself.

"How's it, Norma?" said Shoemaker. "Have a drink?"

"Where?" she said, and then immediately added: "Sure. What can I lose?"

She followed him into the little office. "I ain't seen you for a long time," he said. "How's it?"

"Oh, all right I guess. What's the use complaining? That never got anybody any place, complaining. You seem plenty worried, though. What's wrong, John? I see business is lousy, but Monday night."

"Been this way the last couple weeks. I only have Scotch in here, but if—"

"Scotch is my dish. I only have time for a quick powder," she said. She drank the Scotch straight and lit a cigarette before he could help her. He stood up and walked back and forth, throwing and catching the book of matches in his hand. "Tell Norma," she said. "You worried about Georgette?"

"In a way," he said. He stopped and looked at her.

"You been playing around," she said.

"Right, I been playing around."

"And she's crying for a divorce," said Norma.

"Not yet, but wait till she hears," he said.

"Well, they say honest confession is good for the soul. Who's the menace?"

"If I tell you it's only because I trust you and if I don't tell somebody I'll go nuts, so what I tell you is strictly Masonic, Norma? I forget anything I know about you, and you forget anything you know about me . . . About three weeks ago Georgette decided she wanted to go and visit her people in Providence, Rhode Island. She ain't seen them in over a year and it was between shows for Georgette, and the club here was doing all right, so I said all right and she went. Well, you know how I am."

"So does Georgette," said Norma.

"No. There you're wrong. For all she knows I never even look at another woman."

"That's what you think," said Norma. "No woman's that dumb. But anyway Georgette left town and you went and got yourself in some kind of a jam with a girl. Who was it?"

"You make it tough—"

"John, you don't have to square yourself with me," said Norma. "All you're doing now is excuse yourself. Tell me what's wrong and maybe I can do something. Maybe not, but maybe I can. Who is the dame?"

" 'Chita, the dancer with the rhumba band."

"That little—you mean you actually went for that?"

"Oh, you can't think up anything worse to call me that I didn't call myself. The worst of it is, the club's been doing terrible business these last couple weeks. This place hasn't been running long enough so I can put away any profit. I still owe money on the furniture and fixtures, and I have a payroll. In other words, if I don't show a profit every week I just go deeper in the red every week I don't show a profit. And for the last couple weeks I came out 'way behind every week. So one way I thought I would save money is fire the rhumba band. They just sit there and play those foolish instruments and nobody hardly ever gets up and dances when they play."

"What you want is to fire them so 'Chita will get out of the way before Georgette gets back."

"That's it, only I can't. You ought to see the way they look at me. They know.

Continued in center of page 168

Based on the Ball

At last it appears that those British keep the cup because their tennis balls don't bounce

by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

Gents, I give you the lawn tennis ball, one of the few perfectly made products of our capitalist civilization. Get behind the scenes, see the care which goes into it, the machinery used to manufacture and test it, and you realize that this white sphere which you play with and toss away at the end of a few sets, is as nearly perfect as anything our age has created.

In fact sporting goods manufacturers say the tennis ball has nearly reached the end of its development. They point to the specifications which fix the weight, size and bounce, they talk of improvement in basic materials, of rubber impervious to leakage, of better felt which gives a heavier cover and sturdier nap. But perfect though it is as a finished product, the modern tennis ball still lacks one thing. Uniformity. Those who know admit frankly that there is a tremendous variation today in every type of ball, and an even greater amount of difference between the ball used in this country and that played with abroad.

Several years ago in a beautiful country house in England I saw and handled what is claimed to be the first of all lawn tennis balls. It was made of plain rubber without any covering, used when the court had a waist like an hourglass and a net four feet high. It was evidently modelled after the ball used in court tennis, the ancient game played indoors in a few clubs in the United States and Europe. But as can be imagined, that smooth, uncovered ball did not cling to the lawn tennis racket, it did not fly true. Consequently Mr. John Heathcote who had been a champion at the former game and was a devotee of the sport outdoors on grass, decided it would be more fun if the ball were rougher and heavier. He appealed to his wife who sewed a covering on it. She managed this by stitching twin pieces of flannel to the pattern. The idea was passed along to the sporting goods manufacturers when the game became popular, and it became the regulation ball.

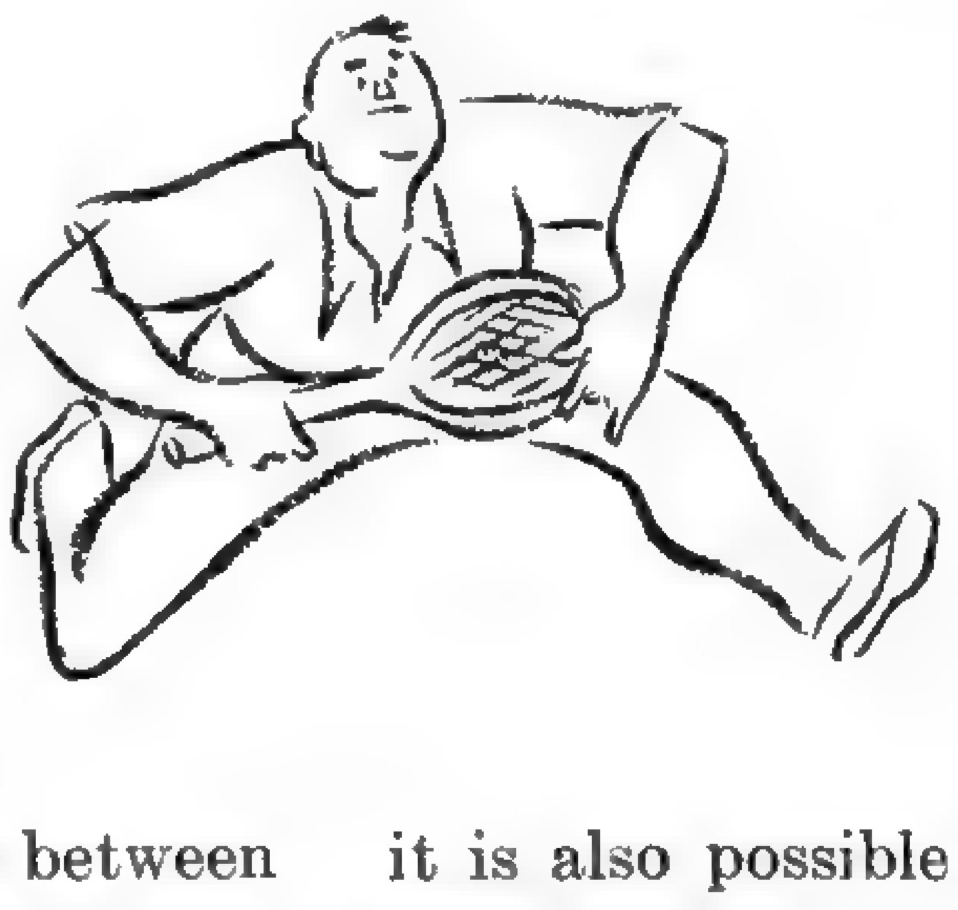
But it was many years before any attempt to standardize the ball was made. In the early days players were economical; they washed their tennis balls after usage, one wetting usually being enough to ruin them. Sometimes they whitewashed them, producing a bounce like a cold potato. Gradually uniformity became necessary, and was partially obtained. Mr. Walter Pate in this country and Mr. P. H. Stevens in England did pioneer work in obtaining definite specifications regarding the manufacture of the ball, and Mr. Stevens who was for many years the Chairman of the Ball Committee of the English L. T. A. invented a machine for measuring compression. Gradually certain limits of size, weight, bounce and compression were established in all countries. The modern tennis ball is the result.

Theoretically every ball should be like every other ball and the English like the American, because as it leaves the factory a finished product, it is tested carefully for all the above-mentioned factors. Yet despite improved skill in manufacture, improved materials and greater care in testing, the English and American tennis balls, as anyone who has played abroad will tell you, are materially different. What small variations in bounce or compression can do to the champion, the man who is used to playing tricks with a tennis ball, is obvious.

The International Tennis Federation specifications for championship play, call for a ball weighing between 2 and 2$\frac{1}{16}$ ounces. The bounce, in a fixed temperature of 68 degrees, must be between 53 and 58 inches when dropped on a concrete base from a height of 100 inches. Compression, or deflection, which means the amount you can indent the ball with your thumb, must be between .265 and .290 inches. If the compression is low, which means if the ball is hard, it is obvious that only a small part of it will be depressed by the impact of play, whereas with a high compression, which means a soft ball, a greater part of the surface is depressed on impact with the racket and ground, thus demanding a different stroke to make a successful shot. See how this works out in practice.

Fifty Slazenger balls, the authorized English make which is used at Wimbledon, were recently bought in the open market and given a test in a laboratory in this country. It was first discovered that the English ball—and you can determine most of these facts yourself by buying a Slazenger ball and cutting it open—has a thicker rubber wall than ours. Moreover it carries about 10 pounds of air as against the 20 pounds of the Wright and Ditson ball. The diameter of the Slazenger ball came well within the specifications, and its weight was also within authorized limits, although it is worth noting that different balls varied in weight from 1.99 to 2.45, the latter being heavier than permitted. The rebound or bounce of the American ball is high, the average being about 57 inches, whereas no English ball purchased bounced over 54 inches, the average being 53 inches, barely within the lower limits of specifications.

The difference between the two balls was even more marked when tested for compression, non-technically the softness or hardness of the ball. Whereas our specifications demand a compression ranging from .265 to .290 inches, the Slazenger balls tested averaged .298. That is, they were illegally soft. Anyone who has played in European tournaments must have noticed this fact. Because the English ball, even the ball used for grass court play, is extremely soft and variable compared to the hard, uniform American product. Of course it is quite possible that every ball used in championship play at Wimbledon is carefully tested beforehand, although it's hardly likely this is done in other large English tournaments. Inasmuch as several hundred dozen balls are used in the Wimbledon fortnight, it is also possible they are not thoroughly tested there.



Well, what has all this business of statistics, of compression and bounce, to do with our chances of ever winning the Davis Cup?

As the holders, the English have the right to select any ball they choose, and obviously they will pick their own, one cordially disliked by most of our players. And one unsuited to the American game. This factor is to have an important bearing on the results some summer at Wimbledon, not this summer, of course, because this year we will not reach the Challenge Round. But next year, with luck, we may reach that round—only to lose to the British by a ball, not to say a bang.

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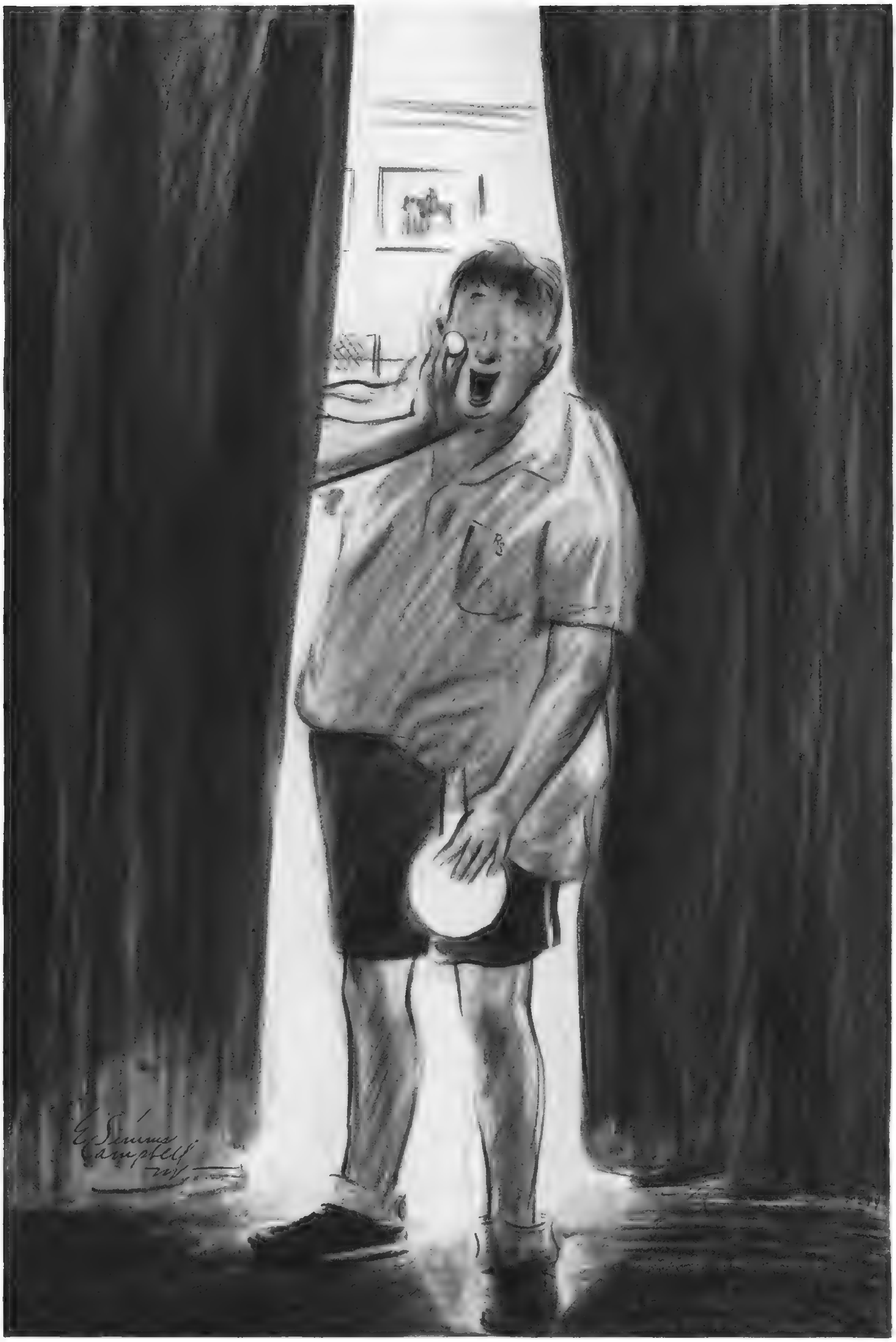

E. Simms Campbell

"Yoo hoo—Darling and Mr. Baxter—I've found the ball!"

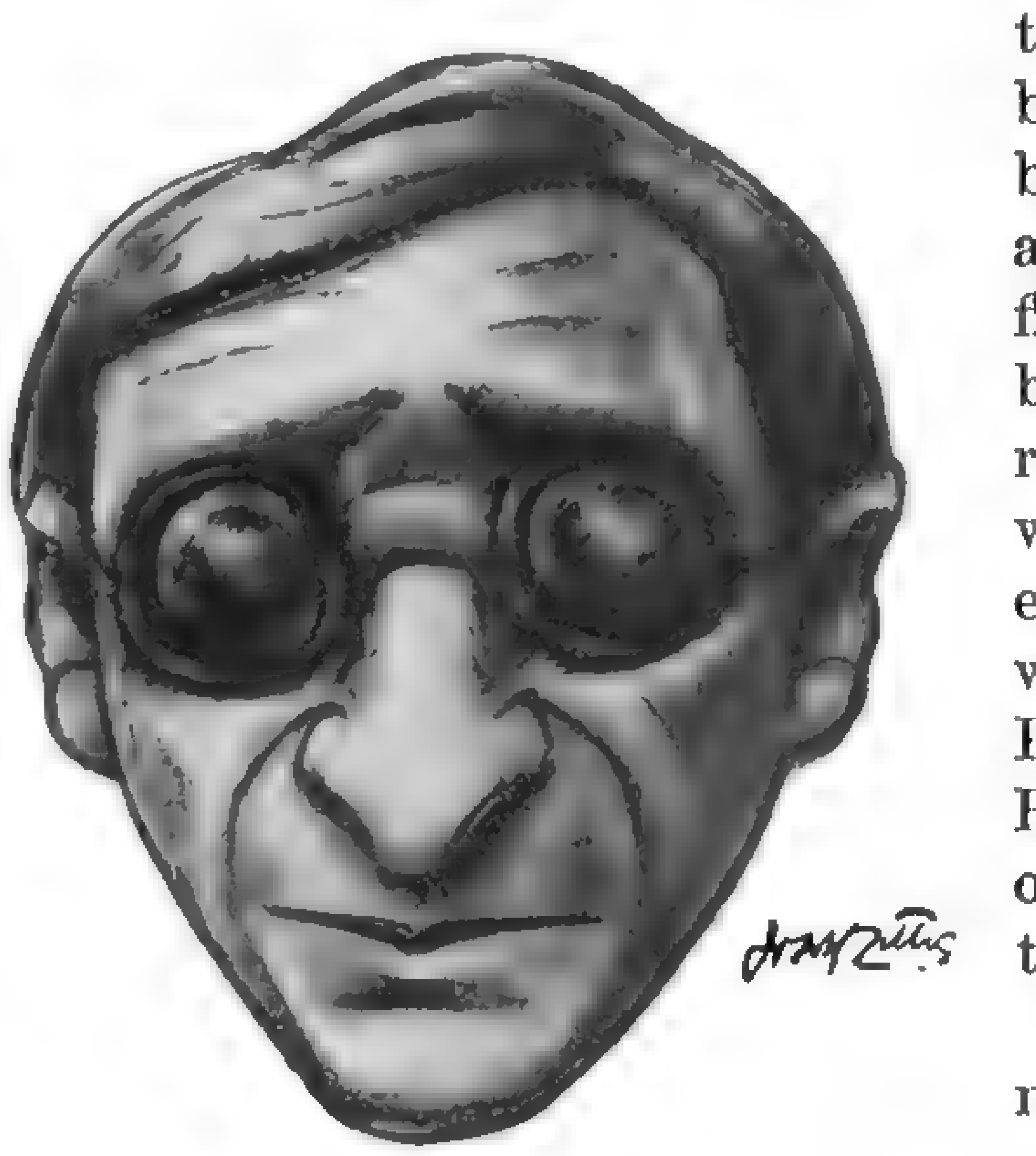
Ireland's Unhappy Warrior

De Valera, the mathematician with the unsmiling Irish eyes, guides a nation by slide-rule

by FRANK C. HANIGHEN

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Ireland laughed. One of their Senators, to relieve the tedium of a debate on migratory birds, had entered a mock-solemn appeal to protect the phoenix—"one of the oldest Irish fowl," he asserted. But De Valera did not murmur, "I wish I'd said that." It is doubtful if he understood the joke. He merely adjusted his formidable horn-rimmed spectacles, ignored the laughter and released a flood of metallic oratory on the budget.



Ireland approved. Perhaps the Irish believe that the safest Parliament to have is a dull Parliament. Perhaps they like bad oratory rather than none at all. At any rate, this traditionally happy-go-lucky, witty, improvident people has chosen the most extraordinary kind of leader. De Valera is slow, cautious, thrifty; he would rather talk about the budget than the woes of Irish history. He has an almost German passion for detail and figures: his favorite sport is playing with a slide-rule. He rarely smiles; hence the perpetual undertaker's mien of the photographs. He has no more sense of humor than a Kerry donkey. In short, he is the least typical of Irishmen. Yet Ireland adores this man who is so singularly its opposite.

Why it does, is a long story. The adoration got off to a good start back in 1916, when De Valera distinguished himself in the mad, romantic Easter uprising. He had something to live down, then: failure in examination for a Post Office job because his Gaelic was bad; and a none too brilliant career as a mathematics instructor in small colleges. Furthermore, and this has been forgotten by most people, he was one of a few Sinn Fein leaders who vigorously opposed the uprising. He believed in caution and waiting.

Yet, when the majority of Sinn Feiners voted for it, he joined up and helped it become one of the world's most heroic insurrections. It took courage for a few thousand men to declare an Irish republic in the midst of an Empire bristling with four million well-armed troops and to seize a city under the very mouths of British naval guns. As Yeats sang, "You'd think some woman's yellow hair had maddened every mother's son." For they hoped for no better success than to die behind the barricades, and they had expected no worse failure than to be captured and stood against the wall.

The rebels, it will be remembered, had their headquarters in the Post Office. "At last De Valera got in, without examination," his colleagues snickered. That was hardly accurate. De Valera served as commandant in quite another section of Dublin, with headquarters in Boland's Flour Mill. Once he established himself there, he stayed. British bullets punctured the flour-bags and the rebels, white as ghosts from the flying flour particles, fired bravely back. It is De Valera's record that his position was never stormed by the enemy and that after a week of fighting when the Post Office surrendered, Boland's Mill still held out. Then came capitulation.

While Pearse and Connolly, who were poets, gave up their arms with epigrams and heroic speeches, De Valera turned himself over to the British with all the careful dullness of a teacher of Euclid. According to legend, his words were, "Do what you like with me, but spare my men." What he really said was, "You may do what you like with me, but I should like to make proper arrangements for my soldiers."

Legend won. From then on De Valera was known as the hero of the Easter uprising. All other leaders but De Valera were executed, and when he was reprieved, the Irish believed piously that the British spared him for his peerless courage. As a matter of fact, British mercy was prompted by fear of American opinion: De Valera, born of a Spanish father and an Irish mother in New York City, was technically an American citizen.

Jail to which he was then sent only nourished the legend. Escape from jail was even better. The cold grey walls of Lincoln prison in England did not hold him long, although his own caution and lack of imagination prevented him from contributing any material assistance to one of the most romantic jail-deliveries in history. A comparatively minor rebel, Sean Milroy, had the happy idea. While the prison chaplain was saying mass, the rebels got an impression of his pass-key, which he had left in the sacristy. The problem, then, was to get this to confederates outside. Milroy drew a humorous postcard showing on one side a drunken man trying to find the keyhole of his door, captioned, "Christmas, 1917—I can't get in" and on the other side, a prisoner struggling with an enormous key (a tracing of the original) captioned, "Christmas, 1918—I can't get out." This card easily passed the prison censor, who smiled indulgently at Irish humor.

Michael Collins received it, took the hint and conceived the plan for rescuing his friends. Several keys were baked in cakes and sent to the prisoners without their being able to get one that fit, until finally a key with a file was got to them via the same method. One of the rebels worked on this so successfully that the plot was ready to spring. Michael Collins waited outside the prison with a car. At the last minute, the key broke in the lock, but De Valera with desperate obstinacy managed to push it through, open the door and escape. Some weeks later he reached Dublin where a tremendous ovation waited the "uncrowned king of Ireland."

Michael Collins had provided the build-up: The Sinn Feiners were howling outside Mansion House, waiting for an inspiring message from their hero. Inside Collins was frantic. De Valera, of course, could not appear; he was still in hiding. However, it was necessary that he make some statement for the crowd. But De Valera, peering myopically through his spectacles, could think of nothing to say; the situation frightened him. A few minutes later Collins appeared on the balcony and read from a piece of paper, "I have escaped from Lincoln prison to do the country's work and I am doing it. Eamonn De Valera." The Sinn Feiners went wild. Collins was jubilant—and proud. For he had written the message himself.

The stage was now set for De Valera. He could stay on in Ireland, an unseen hero, absolutely safe from capture, immune against informers by reason of the fidelity of the nation, the mysterious directing genius of the revolutionary struggle. Yet he took the first boat to New York.

The reason was—money. He might not have the showmanship of Collins, the cleverness of Milroy, but he was practical. He saw, even better than the other leaders, that the Irish Republican army needed funds. There were lots of wild lads who could remain in Ireland and throw hand grenades. But the hand grenades had to be paid for. Somebody had to tap the source of all those remittances which relatives poured across the Atlantic to Ireland. There was also no little political shrewdness about De Valera's trip to America. The Irish, he well knew, take an enormous pride in the exploits of their sons in America. And when the son makes good and returns, he be-

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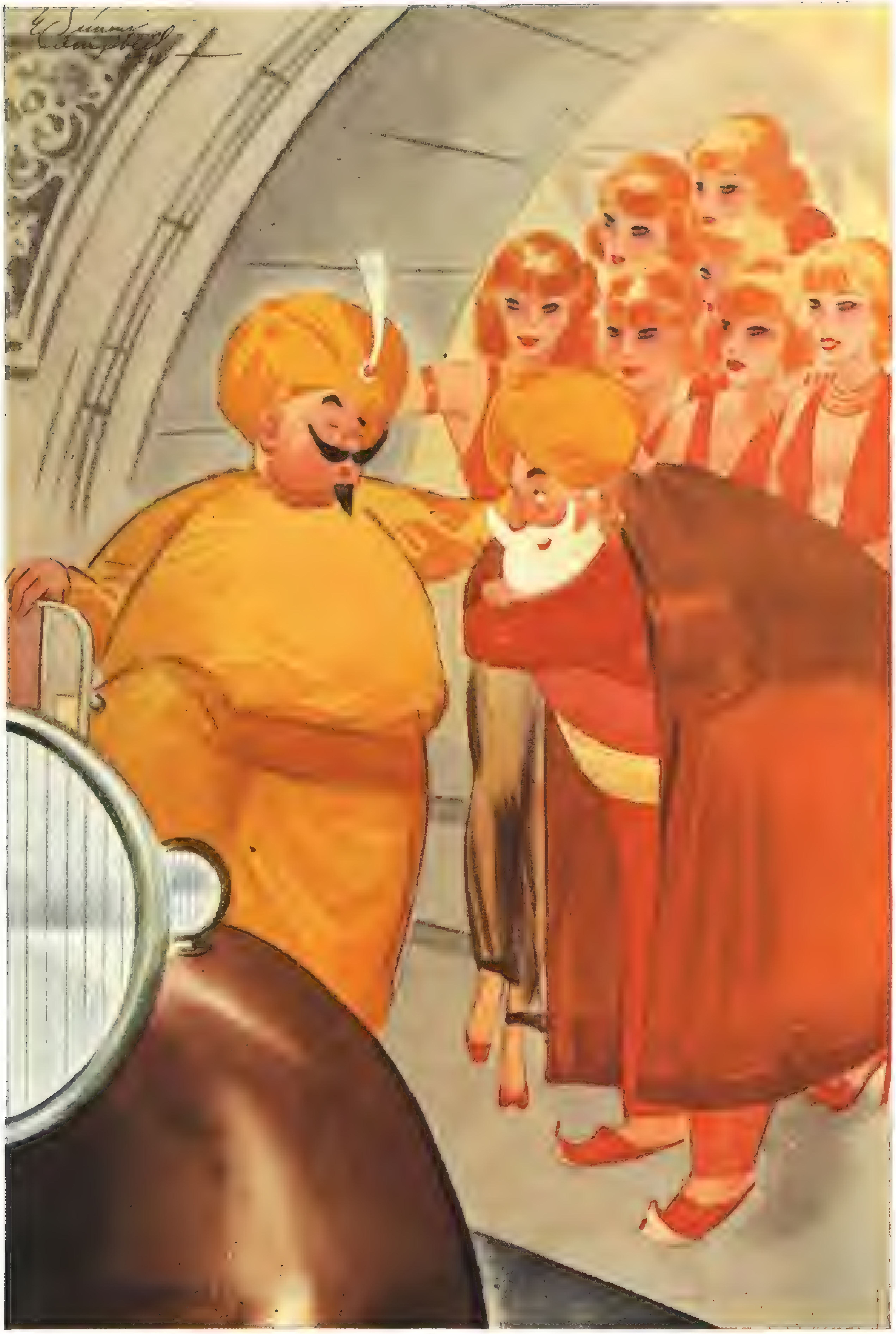
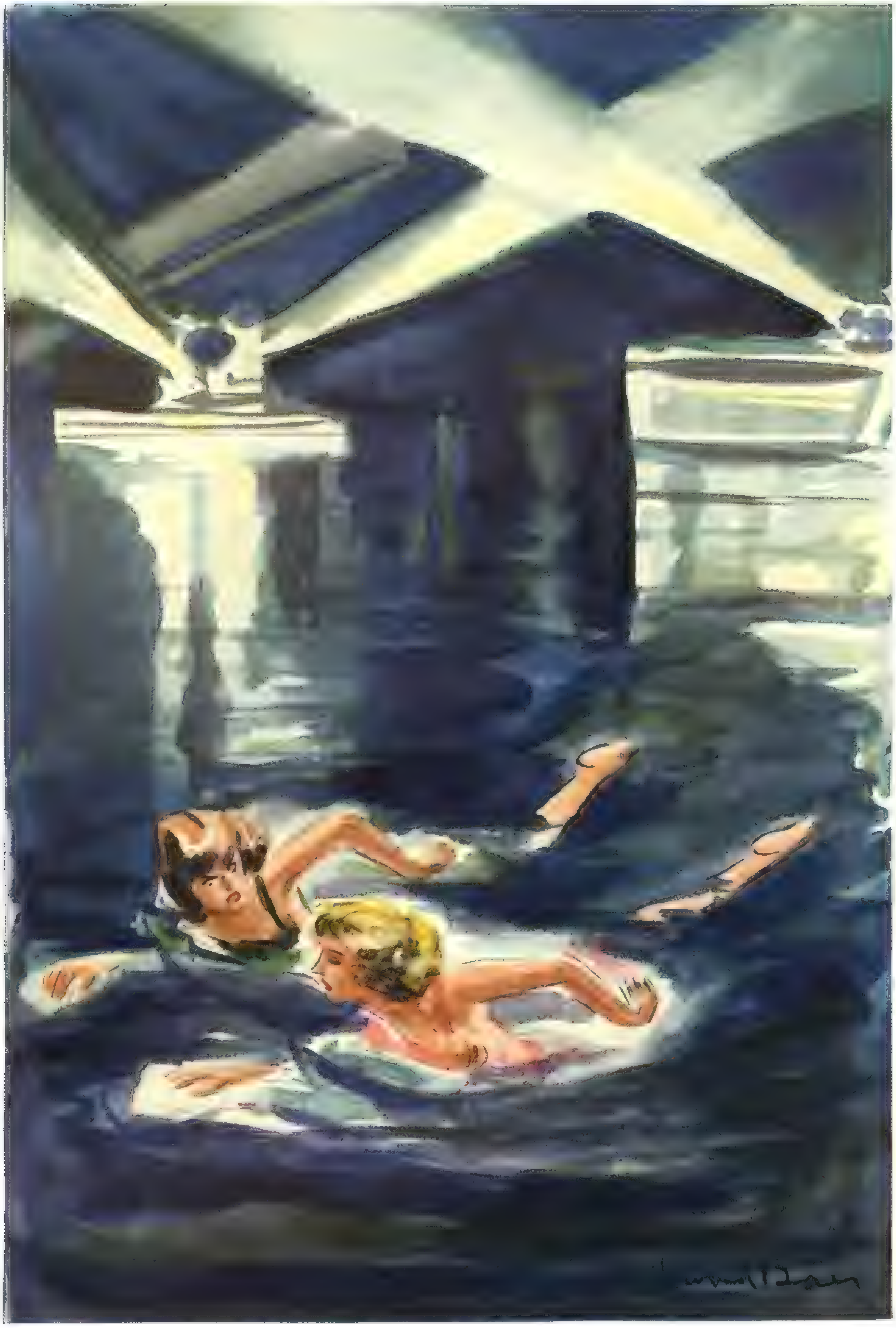


"I'll be away for two weeks—sort of look after things while I'm gone"



"I thought you said the admiral was different!"

Bouncing the Ladies

Gone are the dear and simple days when drunken men were the only hazards for bartenders

by PETER CARY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

BOUNCING isn't the charming and simple thing it used to be. In the days before prohibition the bouncer tossed an offending customer out of the door and thought no more about it. If the customer was too big and strong, the bouncer called in the waiters to help. No customer stayed long, once the bouncer had decided he was to go—no matter how good he was. It is remembered that the great John L. Sullivan had to go, the same as anybody else, when he got too noisy and belligerent at the opening of Jack's on Sixth Avenue. The fact that he did go out on his ear made the reputation of that restaurant. College boys, and men who thought they were college boys, liked to go around and get thrown out of Jack's. No doubt it made them feel as if they were John L. Sullivans.

But that was in the far-off, the dear and simple days before ladies drank at bars. There may still be bars where bouncing is part of the entertainment. But in the great majority of places the presence of ladies forbids. Ladies dislike violence. Their reaction is to leave, and you can't make money in the bar business when the customers leave.

I have spent almost two years as bouncer and manager of the most popular bar in Greenwich Village. It used to be a tea-shop. It still is a tea-shop, and the owners are two old maids. But it keeps two bartenders busy until four o'clock in the morning and the liquor sales would make most old time saloonkeepers envious.

I have drunks to deal with from the cocktail hour in the afternoon until I shut up shop. My job is to deal with them without bouncing them, if possible, and when all else fails, to bounce them without letting the other customers know that I am doing it. So far I haven't hit anybody. Only a few of my customers have seriously tried to hit me. If I had been a little bit better at the job no one would have tried to hit me.

It is harder to handle a belligerent man under these restrictions than it was in the old days. It takes patience. But men when drunk are neither so unreasonable nor so rash as is commonly assumed. However belligerent a man may be, if he sees that the odds are against him, he will yield, provided only, that you give him a chance to save his face. For instance: It is midnight at the Antique Bar. The taproom is jammed. The bar is jammed. In comes a fellow with a barrel of a chest and wide shoulders and a small head and a swagger. As he comes through the swinging door I notice that he is tight. I give Joe the high-sign. The big man asks for a rye.

"I'm sorry, not tonight, fellow," Joe says.

"Why not?" the big man asks.

"Well," Joe says, "You look as though you'd had enough."

"Listen," the big man says, "Do you know who I am? I'm Jack Dempsey's brother." He bangs his fist on the bar. "I want a drink."

"Nothing doing," Joe says, "That's orders."

"You bum, you're taking orders from me. If I don't get a drink I'm coming over the bar after it."

"I get my orders from the manager," Joe says.

"Where is the manager?"

By this time I am beside the big fellow. "I'm the manager," I say, "What's the matter?"

"So you're the manager," he says, looking me up and down. "This guy says that you gave him orders not to serve me a drink. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," I say, "You're Jack Dempsey's brother."

"Well," he says, "I fought a hundred professional fights in New York and now I'm going to fight an amateur one. I'm going to take this place apart." He tries to take his coat off, but as fast as he gets one arm out of his sleeve one of the waiters gravely helps him get it back in again.

"You don't want to get tough," I tell him. "We're all under orders. We have to run a quiet bar. Nobody gets a drink when he has had as many as you have. Why, if I'd had what you've had tonight I'd be under the table instead of roaming around threatening to beat people up."

There was a silence as the big man surveyed the situation. By this time I was standing as close to him as I could get. There was a waiter behind him. There was a waiter on either side of me. He might try to swing on me, although he couldn't do that without backing up. But he was beginning to realize his predicament.

"Well," he said, " 'course I don't want to wreck your place. I'm not that kind of a guy." He looked at me. "You know, I'm an old army man, an' any army man knows that orders is orders."

"That's right," I say.

"No hard feelings," he says.

"No, no hard feelings."

"Let's shake on that." We shake hands. "No hard feelings?"

"No," I say, "No hard feelings. You're Okay."

"That's right, buddy." We shake hands.

With a man it's as easy as that. Once a man has made a bluff he has to try to make good on it even if he knows he will take a beating—unless you give him a chance to back out gracefully.

If you do that he will go out under his own power.

With women it is a different story. Women have a genius for putting the bouncer on the spot. Women aren't afraid of men. A woman who is really mad isn't afraid of six men. Women just haven't any sense.

No man would ask the bouncer to throw another customer out. He would rather try to do the job himself. But women do just that. A girl will drink at the bar along with the men and the first thing you know she will demand that I throw some staid gentleman out. "He insulted me," she will say.

I don't know what the man said to the girl. And I can't decide the merits of an argument. My rule is that the person who swings first goes out first, regardless of what is said. But when a girl gets insulted at the bar, like as not the man who insulted her is as much surprised as I am. He suggests the girl shouldn't be drinking at the bar anyway. And she is twice insulted. Now, I can't throw either of them out on such slight provocation. So I have to be nice to the girl. That means inviting her to have a drink with me.

Well, the other night I invited a girl to have a drink with me after she had been "insulted." Gradually she calmed down. But old maid bosses are about as hard to deal with as women customers and I was worrying about what they would say if they should come in and see me drinking with a lady. So I left the girl as soon as I could. After that I was busy and I forgot

Continued in center of page 140

A Day of Pleasure

A hundred dollar bill buys a little fun for a man, no matter where or how he got the money

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION

So early in the morning and the day was already shot to hell.

He got into his car at the side of the road and for a moment sat blankly at the wheel. He could not make up his mind. He drew a large railroad watch from his pocket and looked at the time. Only seven o'clock. He could drive home and be there in an hour but there was no good going home. His foot touched the starter and while the car was warming up he placed his hand to his inside breast pocket to make certain that the envelope was deep down and secure. He had not bothered to open it but he knew it contained a hundred dollar bill. "Well, that is something anyway, even though the day was shot to hell." And he started off down the road.

There was a lunch wagon about a mile down the state road and here he stopped. It was a clean place painted in gay colors and patronized mainly by truck drivers, but at this time in the morning there were only two men beside the chef in the wagon. They were eating pancakes and talking about something or other but as soon as he opened the door he saw the chef place a finger to his lips and suddenly the place was silent.

"Give me a cup of coffee," he said. And as the chef was pouring it out he added, "You haven't a glass of whiskey you could give me?"

"Sorry boss. We're not allowed to sell the stuff."

"Didn't ask you to sell it. No law against giving it away. And no law to prevent me giving you a couple of good cigars."

"Not a drop around here boss."

"What else is there?"

"Not a drop of anything."

"This is a hell of a place."

The two truckdrivers looked at each other and poured more maple syrup over their pancakes.

"You want the coffee?" inquired the chef.

"Okay and cut me a slice of that apple pie."

While he was eating, the stranger tried to make some conversation but he got little response from the chef.

"Turned out a nice day after all. Looked like rain when I got up. This is my second breakfast. Been up since four o'clock. It don't get light until a quarter past five, then it comes on suddenly this time of the year."

The chef did not reply, he merely stood back near the stove and nodded his head. You could see him nod very definitely because he had a large clean linen cook's cap on his head. His white jacket however was hanging on a hook. What seemed most prominent, however, were a pair of extra strong suspenders, almost brand new, that went over his flannel shirt. The leather ends were bright yellow and the nickel-plated buckles stamped with the popular brand mark "Police" glistened. All this you could see very plainly as he stood there nodding his head. Not once did he open his mouth.

The stranger finished his coffee and pie. Again he drew out his big railroad watch (it does not lose a minute in a month) and looked at it. He held it in both hands which were strange and shapeless. His fingers were very fat and tapered sharply at the ends and the nails were very small for so big a man. His thumbs turned back with a definite hook and there was a glisten in his palms due to excessive perspiration. The lines in his palms were a bright pink and divided the fat folds in strange irregular spaces.

He gazed a long time at his watch and then said, "Well, I guess this is just one day out." Then he paid for his coffee and pie and was about to leave. He paused behind the truck drivers and said, "How many miles do you reckon from here to Silver Lake?"

The drivers looked at each other and finally one of them replied, "I make it about fifty-two."

The other nodded his head to indicate that this was correct.

"Fifty-two miles to Silver Lake. Well the day is shot to hell anyway," he thought.

As he was getting into the car he saw that the three men in the lunch wagon had put their heads together and were again talking about something. He slammed the door of the car and started off for Silver Lake which, as everyone knows, is the amusement park about ten miles this side of the city.

"Might just as well forget it and turn it all into a day of pleasure," he said to himself.

He touched his hand to his inside pocket for here is where he had the envelope with the hundred dollar bill. He looked at the gas gauge on the dashboard. There was plenty of gas. "Okay. We'll let her rip." And with these words in his mind he stepped hard on the accelerator because it was fifty-two miles to Silver Lake. Fifty-two miles before he could get a drink of whiskey and put a nickel in the slot of the mechanical piano. The day of pleasure could not begin until he got there and so he tore along the concrete state road at sixty miles an hour and only slowed down to take the curves.

When he stopped before the saloon in Silver Lake he took out his watch, the same large railroad timepiece that does not lose a minute in a month, and noticed that he did the run of fifty-two miles in an hour and ten minutes. Well, that was pretty good. But it was still quite early in the morning.

The porter was mopping the floor of the saloon and the bartender, without his white coat, was polishing the brass beer faucets. He paused to look up at the stranger.

"A glass of whiskey."

He drank it down quickly and his big shoulders shuddered as the liquor passed his throat. Then he filled the glass a second time and now he sipped his drink slowly.

The porter passed his wet mop around the stranger and went on with his cleaning. "Stay right where you are mister, I'm just cleaning up."

The words "cleaning up," for some reason or other, struck him as being funny and his thick lips smiled.

"Kind of dead around here this time of the morning."

"Well, it's a bit early yet," the bartender replied. "Things don't start going until the afternoon."

Yes, it was true; no place seemed as dead as an amusement park that was closed. Across the street from the saloon he could see the gay entrance to Dreamland but there was a chain across the gate. The peanut wagon on the sidewalk was covered with a canvas and he could see the gypsy fortune teller's booth with its large "phrenology" poster on which was boldly printed—"Happiness—Fortune—Power. Are these coming to you? 25c." This place was also closed.

High above the fence he could see the timbered scaffolding of the roller coaster. At night there would be piercing screams as the little cars would plunge down the great dip. And these screams mingled with shouts and laughter would all be part of the fun. But now all was silent and hardly a soul was about.

Anyone could see that at this time in the morning the place was dead.

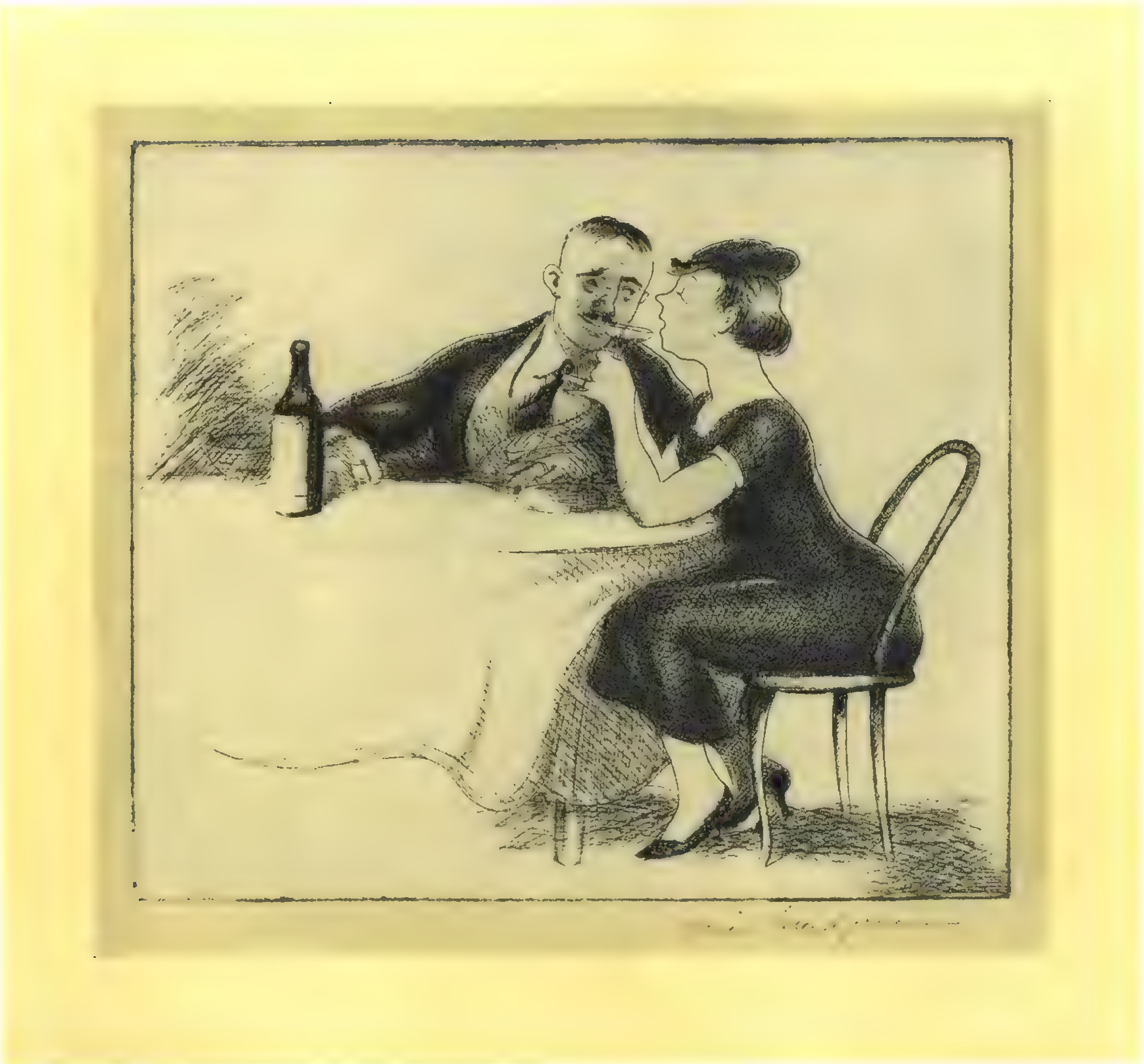
"Yes, it is dead," he said to himself. "And it gives you a creepy feeling. And the only thing to kill a creepy feeling is . . ." He pushed his glass forward and spoke out loud. "Fill her up again."

He put five cents into the mechanical piano and it started off at break-neck speed with a noisy racket and badly out of tune. Then he drew the white envelope from his breast pocket. There was some printing in the corner and written with a bold hand in blue pencil was his given name. "Jim." He looked inside and then addressed the bartender. "I don't suppose you could change a hundred dollar bill?"

"At this time in the morning I'd have a hard time changing a five."

The porter paused from his labors when he heard the mention of a hundred dollar bill and leaning on his mop drew a deep breath and scratched his head. "Some people are surely lucky," he thought.

The bartender volunteered the information. "No bank in Silver Lake. Just a sum-



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

mer business here. About three months in the year and then it is as dead as a doornail. Wouldn't pay to have a bank. We all send down to the city for what we need."

But nothing was going to stop his day of pleasure. He was determined to get that hundred dollar bill changed and perhaps blow it all in and nothing was going to stop him. He had some small change in his pocket, enough to pay for his drinks and having done so, he saluted the bartender, got back into his car, and started off for the city. It was only a short run but the traffic was fairly heavy and he took it easy. Besides the whiskey seemed to buck him up and he was not quite so impatient as when he left the lunch wagon.

While he was driving along, a hundred things seemed to course through his mind. He said to himself: "Never knew Silver Lake could be so dead. And when a thing is dead it sure is dead. All lights out. Nothing doing. It's as though the bottom has dropped out of everything. Guess I better have a shave when I get to town. Funny I don't feel sleepy. Anybody else getting up before daylight. . . . I could eat again. A big plate of something cold and. . . . Those fellows in the lunch car stopped kind of short when I opened the door. Guess they were talking about something or other. Well what do they know? A man ought to keep his business to himself then nothing will ever bother him and everyone will be happy. And there is no reason why a man should not be happy. In fact it's the duty of every man to be happy. It's his privilege. A man owes it to himself and even if it kills him he ought to burst out once in a while and have a good time. A whole day of pleasure from morning until night. He owes it to his fellow citizens. Oh boy! I just feel like raising hell. Wish I had someone with me. A nice looking Jane would help things. And say what a soft time she'd have. She'd think I was a yokel from the country with plenty of cash for a good time. Okay, then I will be a yokel. It's all the same to me. And I'll tell her the story of my life and. . . . Sure, I can talk plenty and not say anything. No one ever found out anything from me. Guess I better slow down a bit. City limits. And the car tracks probably lead you straight in. Never saw anything so dead as Silver Lake this morning. Well it might be a bad morning for some people but that don't say a man don't owe it to himself. . . . The sun is out. What the hell! Well another mile and then. . . . Say, a nice cold lobster wouldn't be a bad idea. I haven't eaten a lobster in. . . . Can't even remember the last time. A man owes himself a little something once in a while. It's a duty."

With these thoughts flowing through his head he arrived in the center of the city and for a moment he thought he might park his car in front of the city hall but something made him change his mind and he drove into a parking lot where you can leave your car a whole day for twenty-five cents.

He walked around the block and into the entrance of the Merchant's Bank. Here he presented his hundred dollar bill and changed it into tens and fives which he returned to the envelope and into his inside breast pocket. Now there was nothing to stop the day of pleasure and out he went.

At a barber shop he got a haircut and a shave. The barber was filled with local politics and the news of the day. His tongue wagged in beat with his scissors.

"Turned out a nice day," he said. "I'll use the clipper on the back of the neck. Yes, sir. Looks like they are going to have some trouble in Europe. They never know when to stop. I tell you when you read all the things that are going on in Europe it makes you feel good that you are living in a free country."

"Bet your life," replied the stranger in the chair.

"And I guess Mrs. Klopp paid the penalty this morning. Haven't seen the afternoon paper yet but on the radio last night they said that the governor refused to interfere any further in the case. Some of the women's clubs in the state sent a petitition for

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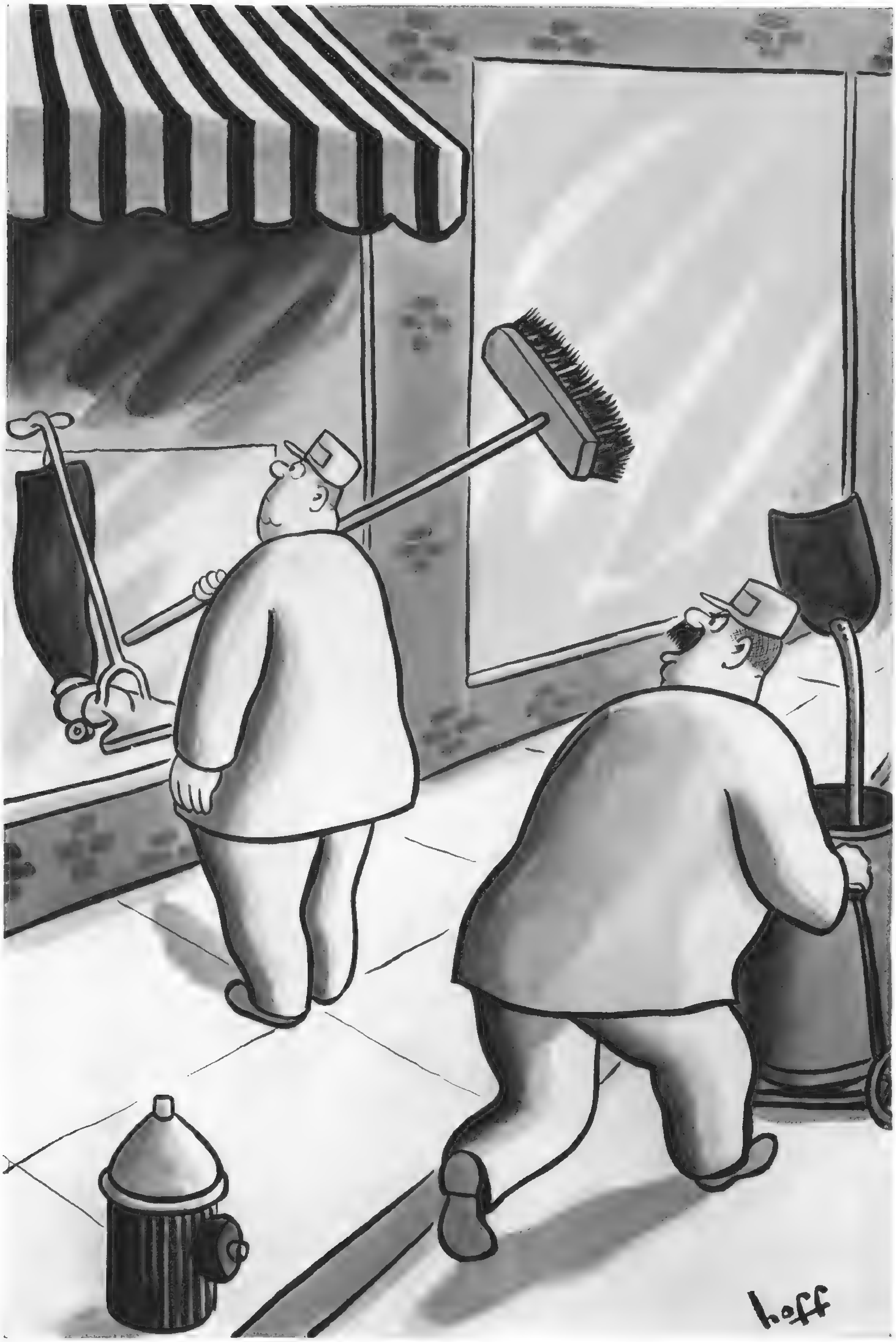


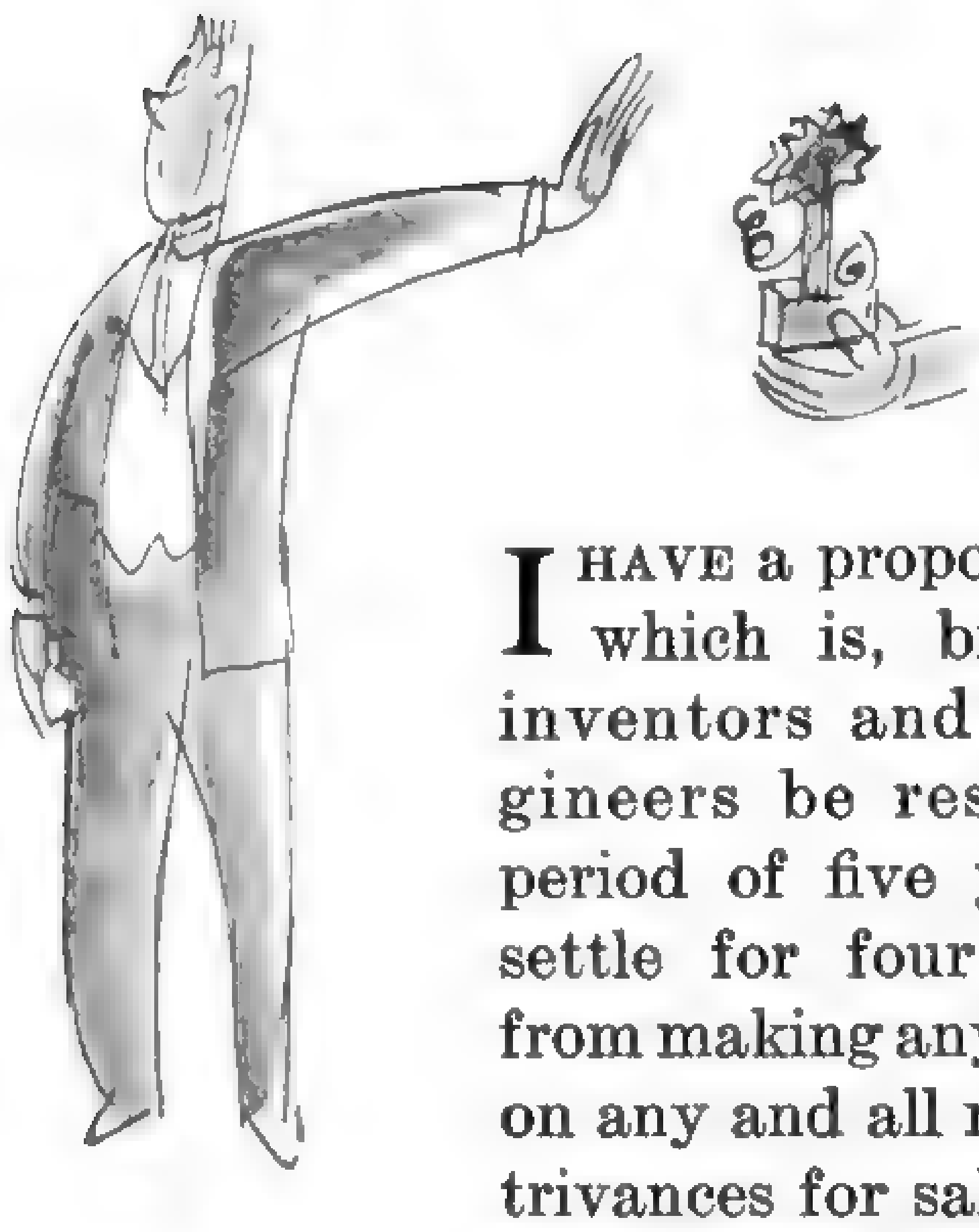
"Perish the thought, Albert!"

The Very Latest

A wonderfully improved model always appears on the market the day after the careful buy

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •



I HAVE a proposition to make, which is, briefly, that all inventors and technical engineers be restrained for a period of five years—I might settle for four in a pinch—from making any improvements on any and all mechanical contrivances for sale to the American public. If you ask me what is to become of this group—it must comprise at least ninety per cent of the adult population of the United States—my reply is: You figure that one out for yourself. If you still insist on asking *me*, I'll show you what a mean guy I am, and reply: All right; let them starve.

For that's the way I feel about it. I'm looking out for myself, as you will see. My thesis is not that machines and improvements thereon put people out of work or cause wars or increase crime or tend to make human beings standardized or will some day revolt and subjugate us. To tell the truth I really know very little about any of these matters, and, generally speaking, I don't seem to care—probably not nearly as much as I should. Of course I wouldn't like to be subjugated by, say, an electric orange squeezer, and compelled to fan it on hot summer days, nor do I look forward with any enthusiasm to being conquered by an automatic stoker, and ordered to scratch its back or fetch it highballs.

The brutal truth is that my attitude towards swell inventions is not colored in the least by any concern for the welfare of humanity. It is colored purely and solely by the fact that I am sick and tired of being made to look like a sap. To be more specific, I am sick and tired of having people tell me, the moment I have purchased some mechanical contrivance: "If you'd only waited for the newest models to come out—!" That's why I've gone sour on inventors. Yes, you're right; from pure selfishness.

I am gifted—if you want to call it that—with a sixth sense in my ability to buy things at the wrong time, and if I were only an astute business man, I would undoubtedly capitalize on this trait, and become wealthy. What I mean is that if anybody is curious to know how soon the Superb Automobile Company or the Arctic Refrigerator Corporation is going to put out an entirely new—and revolutionary—model, he has only to come around to my house, and take a squint at the situation. If I have just bought a Superb or an Arctic, a new and vastly improved model will be on sale not later than thirty days after the date of my purchase. For infallibility I am one-two with the law of gravity, and, as I have remarked, I'm just a sucker not to charge for my services.

I got off to the wrong start in my method of buying things, and have been making notable progress ever since—down hill. At the beginning of my hapless purchasing career I started on what I term the rushing-in-where-angels-fear-to-tread theory. When some new contrivance, like a trick nut cracker, a fancy automobile horn, or a new type tennis racket, went on the market, it was mine practically instantaneously—if I could afford it. The result was that, nine times out of ten, having bitten before I had opportunity to see how the things were going to work out, I had spent good cash for a gadget useful solely for collecting dust in my attic. This was in the earlier days of gadget improvement, and the improvement was, all too frequently, only imaginary.

Having been victimized countless times by my own impetuosity, I finally reacted—violently, like most reactions—and adopted my present policy which may most accurately be dubbed wait-and-see. This is, of course, just the wrong strategy these days, because when modern inventors hint that they are going to bring out a new automobile, or electric toaster, or self-adjusting tie-rack that will knock the world's eye out, they have a disconcerting—to me—habit of coming through. My intelligence tells me that I should hop on the bandwagon at once, but it is helpless in the face of the complex that grips me. The specter of that attic full of broken-down, jammed, dismembered, inept monstrosities haunts my imagination, and impels me to wait and wait and wait. While I am waiting, my friends and neighbors are reaping the benefit of countless new improvements, and when I finally succumb, and purchase—bango!—out comes an *improved* improvement, much better and much cheaper.

The development of radio has covered both phases of my policy towards new contrivances, and it has, throughout, operated almost exclusively to my detriment. For instance, when the first primitive crystal sets came out, I was in my first, or grab-it-at-once phase, and the result, of course, was that I had one of the first crystal sets on record. It was an interesting toy at the time, an amusing and instructive curiosity, but, in the light of present developments, hardly more than that. I'm afraid I tired of it in pretty short order, nor do I recall its picking up anything much further away than shouting distance—nor much better than shouting.

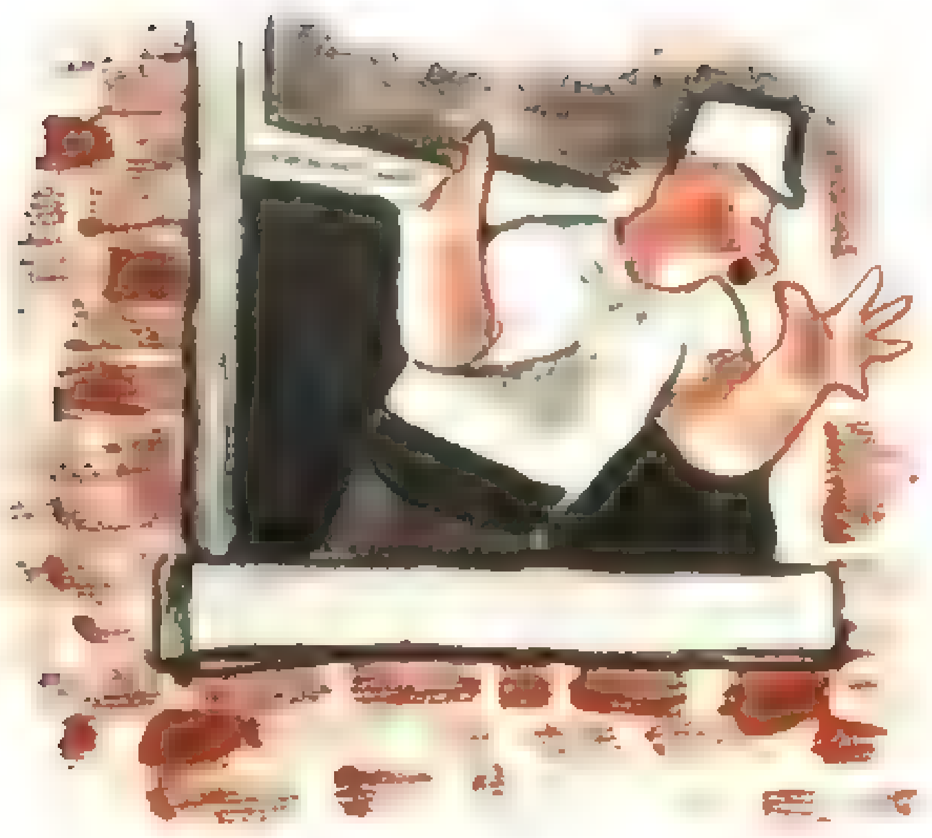
Finally, of course, tube sets came in, but simultaneously with their introduction to an amazed and delighted world, I switched from being a radical to a conservative. I had entered on my present wait-and-see policy—the one I strive futilely to shake off—and I remarked to my friends: "Anybody can see that radio is still in its infancy. I'm holding off till they get lots better." I held off for several years, until I was satisfied that the inventors had run out of new ideas. What a dope I was! I know now that only dead inventors run out of ideas, and, even at that, I am curious to know how much, in recent years, they have changed the places where dead inventors go.

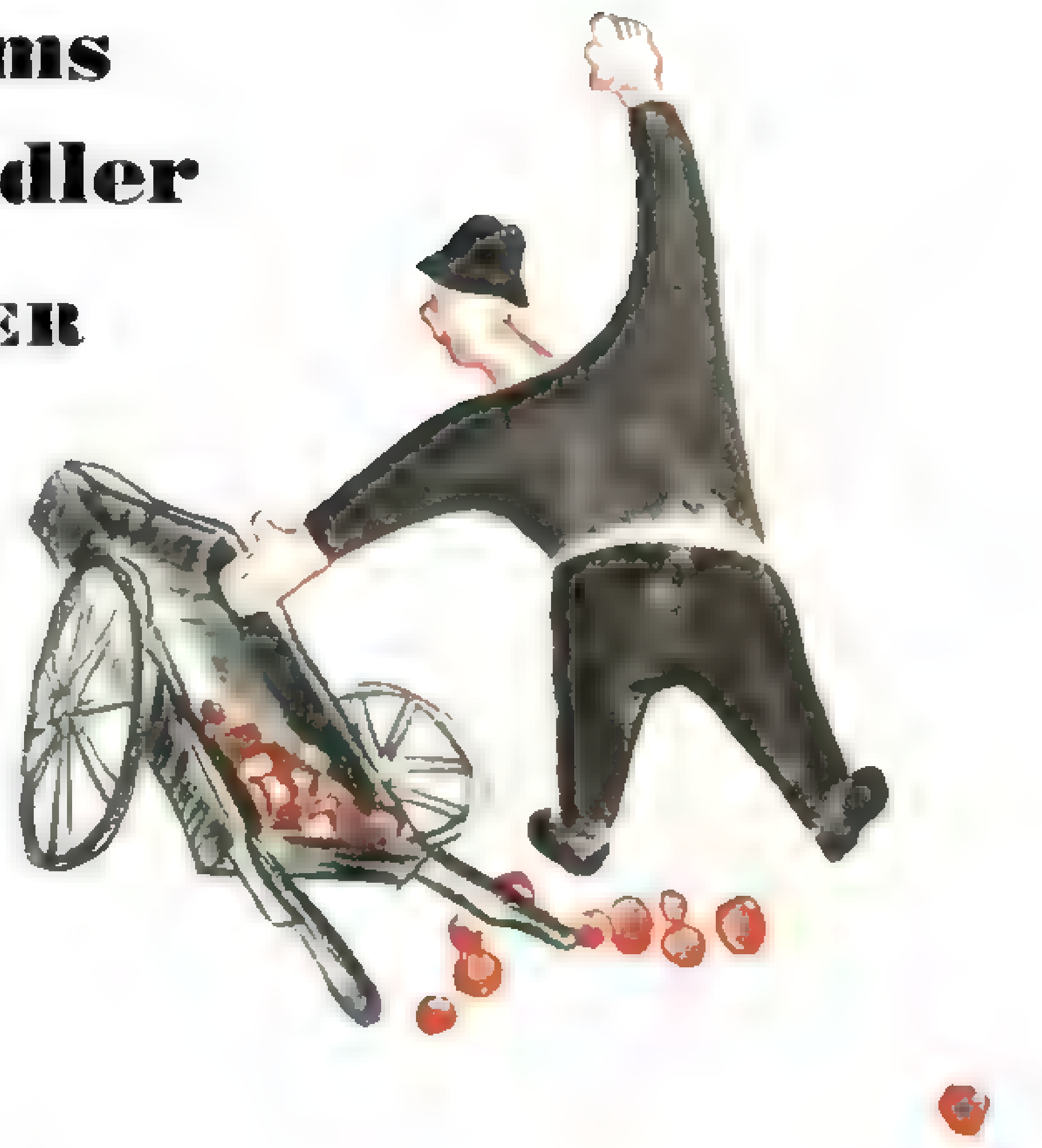
The machine I eventually purchased was the flower of the dry battery era. It had a fine big shiny black horn, much better than the old ear-phones—except for people who wanted to sleep. It had aerials and ground wires, but most of all it had batteries. It had A batteries, and B batteries, and C batteries, and I forget how much farther up the alphabet. I got some good programs on it, and an occasional thrilling distant station, but most of all I got experience, and exercise and shocks tinkering with the mountainous pile of batteries in the back of that machine. During that period I must have tested, and lugged from corner radio stores, at least two and one-half long tons of dry batteries. They say the battery business has never been the same since the day when this

Continued at top of page 146

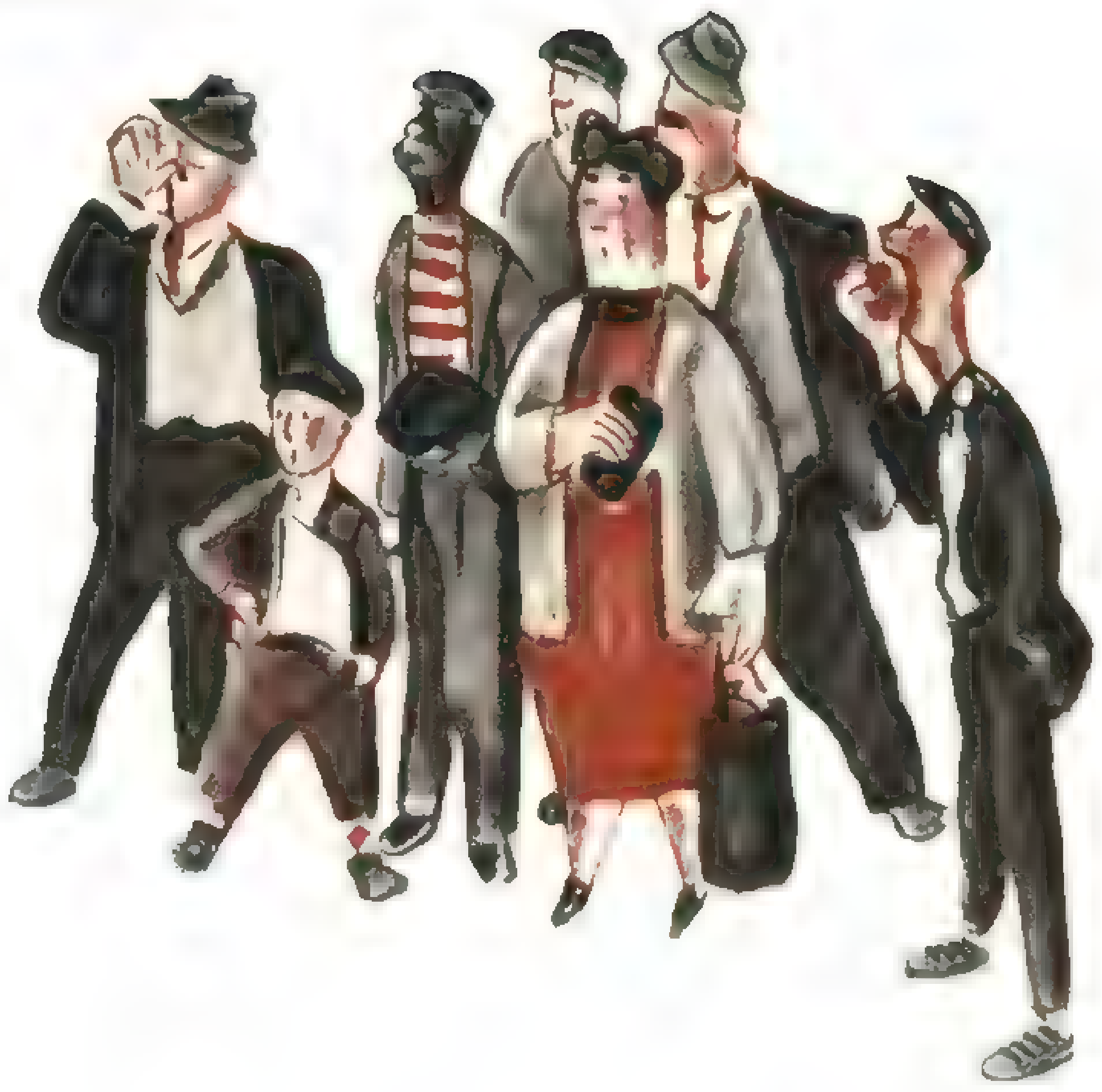
Pessimistic Poems of a Pushcart Peddler

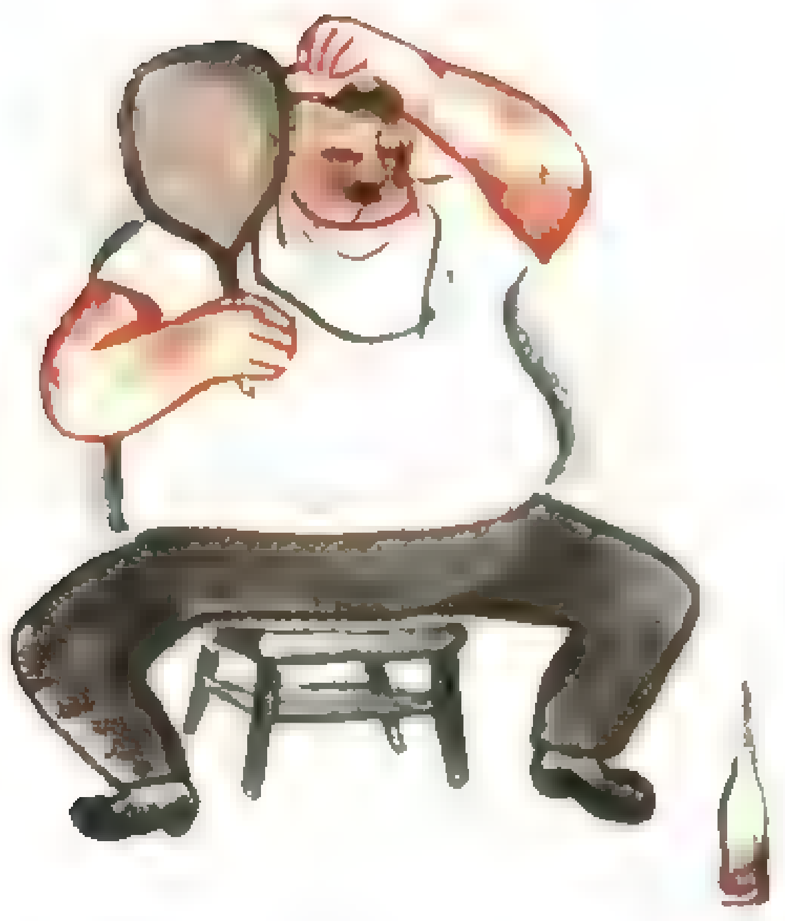
by MARTIN PANZER

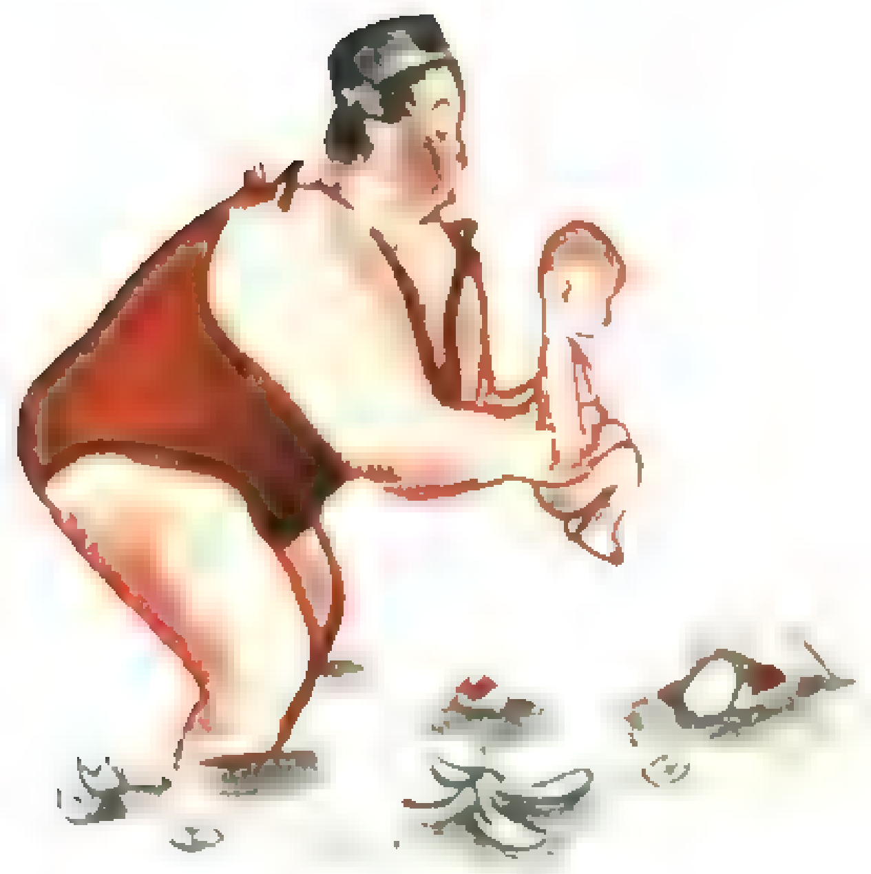




A big crowd was watching a window cleaner.
I never seen a meaner
Bunch of faces—
But his braces
Didn't break and he finished his job
And disappointed the whole mob.

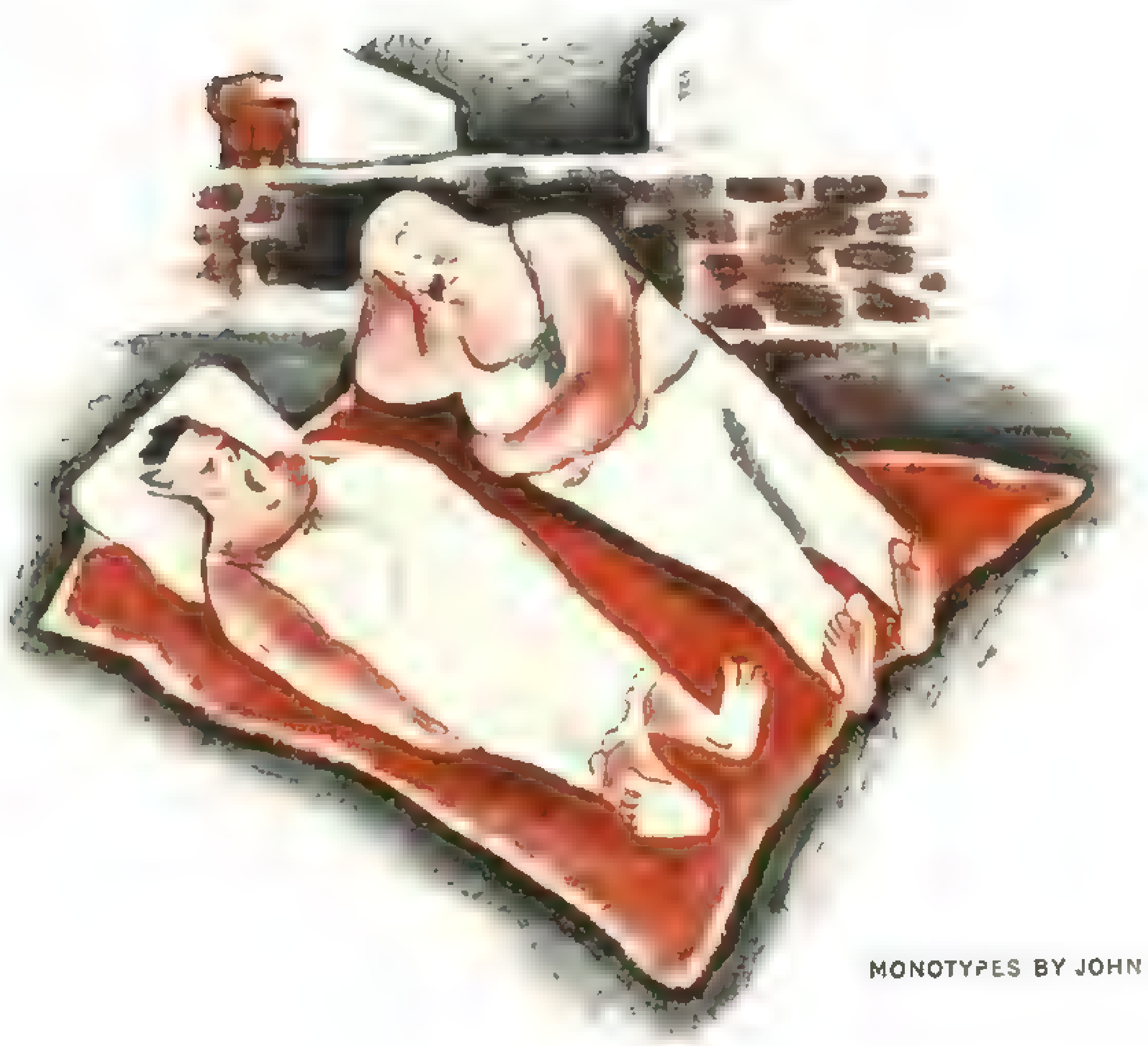






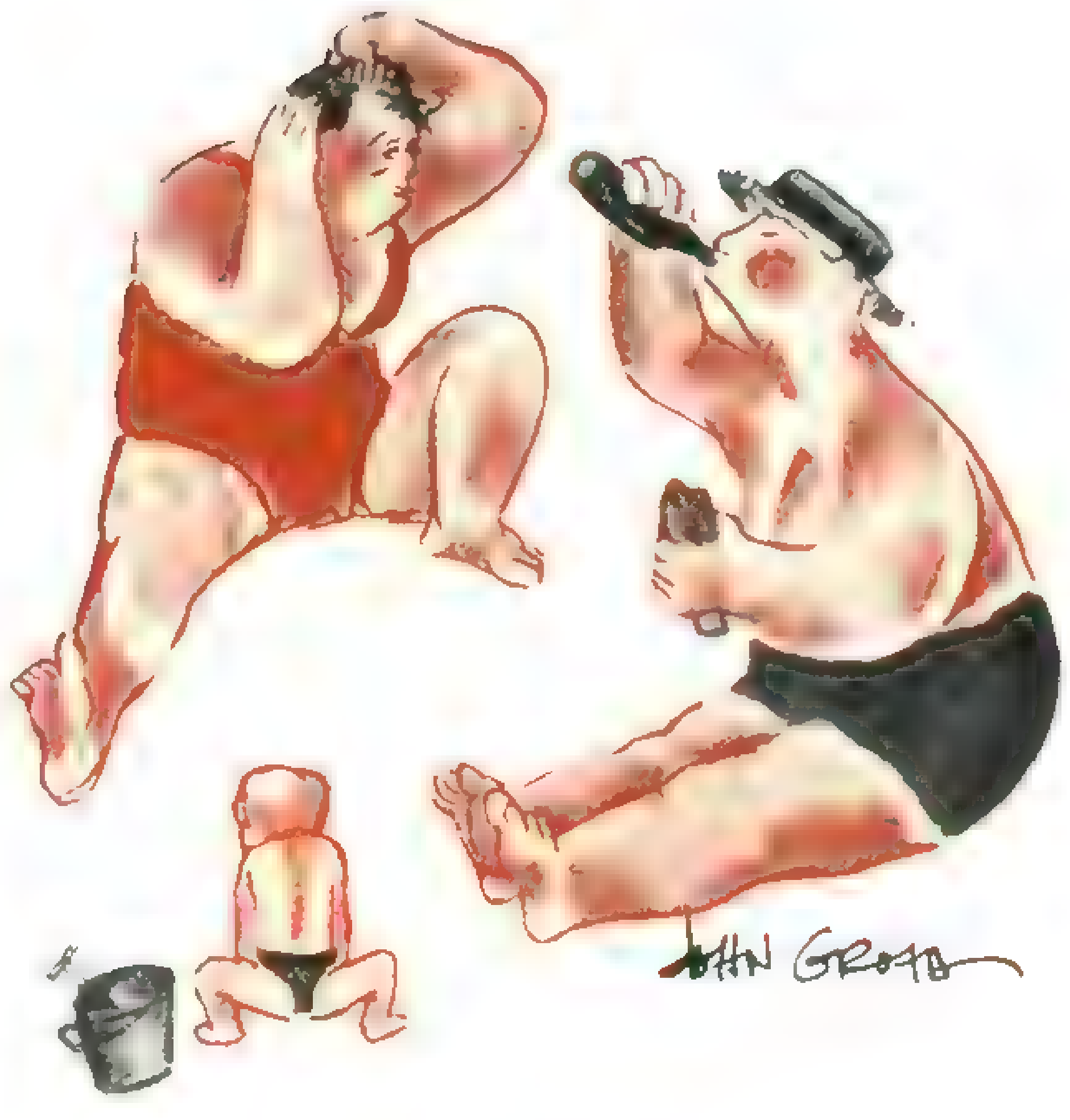
In New York, when it's hot, it's hot
And if you ain't got no money
You can lay on a fire escape and rot,
But if you got a dime
You can go to the beach
With your bathing suit under your clothes
So you almost suffocate before you reach
A place where there should be a breeze.
But, somehow, after you're there,
It don't seem so fresh, the air,
As you expected, and the water
Is full of garbage and junk—
For a poor man even the ocean is punk.
I wonder if it's true what I read last night,
That on the rich fellers' beaches the sand is white.

When I die
I want to go to hell.
Why?
Well,
Because it's hard for me to get used to strange places
And faces.



MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

It so happens that some men
Can't get riches
Without becoming
Sons-of-whiches.



The Wrong World

A wild expedition up Elm street with a cowboy detective pirate who had a mighty serious crash

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪

WILLIAM pulled down on the whistle cord and the locomotive, via his lungs, hooted its warning. He gripped the throttle, looked to see if the tracks were clear, hooted again, and opened her up. The engine puffed and steamed in quick crescendo and its huge black shape hesitated, gathered momentum, then chugged away until it achieved the steady rhythm characteristic of the fast passenger. This was the Elm Street Flyer, and ran from Nee York to San Flisco in six hours.

"Woo. Woo, woo!" cried the Elm Street Flyer. "Chugga chugga chugga chugga. Woo —woo-o-o!"

The engine, a wagon on roller-skates, careened down Elm Street and at a grade crossing Locomotive Engineer William had the first great wreck of his career as pilot of the Flyer. He rammed into General Connor and almost bowled the old retired soldier over.

"What's the matter with you, you idiot?" said the general not very kindly.

"You got in the way of the Flyer," said William, very much annoyed himself. "This is a grade crossing. I guess we will have to vote to liniment all grade crossings. I think this wreck is fatal."

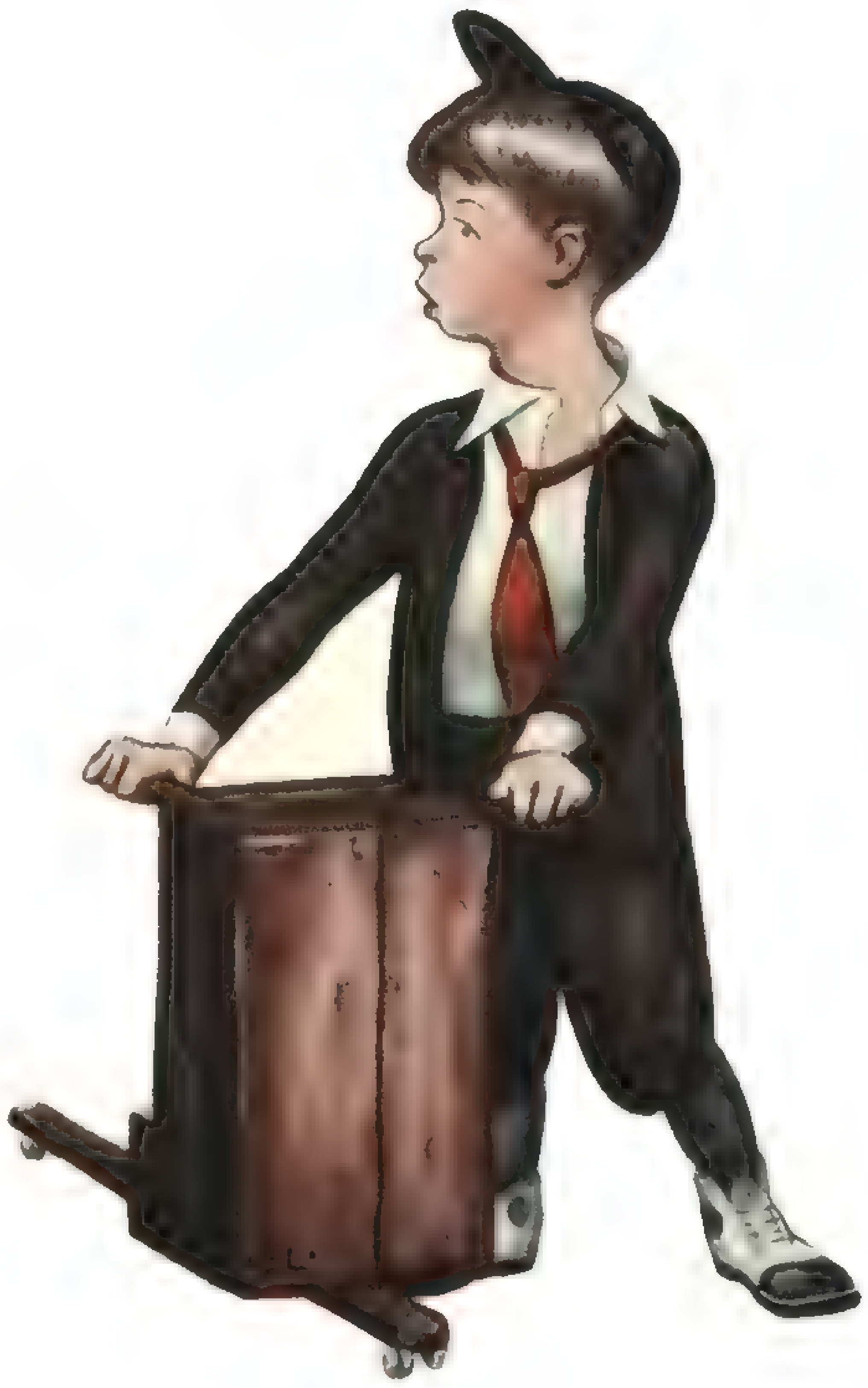
"Bah," said the general, rubbing his shins. "Why don't people teach their children not to be dagged idiots?" And he went on.

William surveyed the catastrophe. One roller-skate was twisted off, and three nails had come loose. This would have to go to the roundhouse for repairs. In the meantime he would take a few hours off to clean up that gang of kidnapers who were stealing all the babies in the neighborhood. Police Chief Sergeant Detective William pulled his cap down the better to disguise himself, and slunk back up Elm Street, keeping a sharp eye out for suspicious characters. That man mowing the grass was a suspicious character; he had a big black mustache.

He took out his wooden pistol, spun the cylinder to see if it was fully loaded, then fell in behind the grocery boy. Here was a real suspicious character. He bet there were babies in those bags and boxes the boy pushed along in his wagon. He would capture the grocery boy single-handed and get the 90 million dollars reward and buy a steamship and be its captain and sail to Peru and dig for gold.

He put his gun away, made the peak of his cap into a sea-captain's, and took over his vessel. "Lower away there, my parties," he murmured to himself. "Clear the decks for action. Three bells and all is well. Hoo! Hoo, hoo! Three points on the star boarder's prow. Anchor away there! Look lively, my parties! I'm going below. Tell me when Peru is in sight. It's gold we're after. And a bottle of rum. I'll give my horse for a bottle of rum, my parties."

He tried to make a noise like a steamship but couldn't quite get any syllables to do the job convincingly. William wasn't very sure what kind of sound a steamship made, so he gave up, regretfully, the expedition to Peru. Gold wasn't much good anyway; whenever pirates got a big boxful of pieces of hate they buried them. He decided to be a pirate and see if he could find any pieces of hate buried in the back yard.



He got a shovel from the tool chest, tied a dirty handkerchief over the top of his head, and began to dig when his mother called him.

"William."

"Yes," he mumbled absently. There must have been pirates around here all right.

"Willyum!"

He paid no attention. Grown up people never knew their minds from one minute to the next.

"Will Yum!"

He went on digging.

"Do you hear me, William? Take that dirty rag off your head and go upstairs and wash yourself. I want you to go to the store."

He struck something. Pieces of hate, by the great Horn Spool! They glittered in the sunlight, bits of colored pop bottles. Blue, yellow, green, orange, purple. Pieces of hate! He looked to see if there were any pirates about.

"Will YUM! This is the last time I'm going to call you!"

"Good," he murmured to himself. These were genune, 19-carrots, guaranteered pieces of hate. The blue ones must be worth at least three billion and twenty-nine dollars apiece. He thought he would cash them in for an arrowplane. Zooom. Zoom, zoom. Make way for the mail plane. He made a crickety noise with his lips in imitation of a propeller. Mmmmmmm. *Mmmmmm.*

"Come in this house instantly!"

He recognized the end of his mother's patience. Disobedience any time after the issuance of that command was running risks.

"Who, me?" he called, covering his cached pieces of hate with a layer of dirt and marking the spot with a stick. "I guess I didn't hear you. What time is it?"

"Never mind what time it is. Come here." She ripped the filthy rag from his head. "What did you do to General Connor?"

"Who, me?"

"He just telephoned and said you deliberately knocked him down with your wagon. Wait till your father hears about this. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Knocking down a nice old man like General Connor!"

"I didn't knock him down. He wasn't watching and he fell over my wagon and broke it and I guess he'll have to pay me about sixty dollars to get it fixed in the roundhouse. That's the Flyer, and makes two hundred miles an hour."

"What have you got in your pocket?" She dug out the pistol. "You've torn your whole pocket out. Here. Throw that thing away."

"Wait!" he cried. "That's my kidnaper pistol."

She sighed. "Don't worry. The kidnapers would never take a dirty, rough big boy like you."

She didn't understand that he was protecting the babies of the neighborhood, not himself. He wanted to explain that he was a detective, but knew it was no use.

"Go upstairs and scrape some of that grime off you."

Continued at top of page 111

Kept Women in China

A conventional ballet-like ritual eases the embarrassing details for man and mistress

by BARRINGTON HALL

• ARTICLE •

China is so very old that there all the sharp edges of human intercourse have been rubbed off; centuries ago all possible emotional situations and relationships were catalogued, the laws of amorous cause and effect carefully formulated. By the time Marco Polo visited the Chinese in the thirteenth century the incredible glaze of their civilization, clear as October weather, had spread over even the lowest classes, so that the Venetian traveler reported with amazement how the shopkeepers lived like the princes of Italy, and that the coolies worked the rice fields to the accompaniment of recitations from the Book of Odes. "They buy wild birds in cages from the hunters only for the pleasure of watching the birds fly away when the cages are opened . . . their women know curious ways of pleasing. . . ."

Contrary to Western opinion, the Chinese are a very headstrong people, at least as temperamental and excitable as the French. But long ago they learned that unless they forced themselves to behave according to the strictest formulae they were liable to fly off the handle. Hence, says Havelock Ellis, the Chinese Walls of ceremony they impose upon themselves on all occasions, from the light business of choosing a mistress to the really serious matter of drinking tea.

They are also very moral, in spite of the fact that their morals are the reverse of ours. For instance, they decided that jealousy, anger and hate were entirely unworthy of a gentleman, and anyone who lost his temper was snubbed more thoroughly than if he had offered Emily Post a chew of Picnic Twist. Again unlike most of us, and to the great disgust of our missionaries, they assumed that love is an unmixed blessing, and that a man should try to make the amount of it in his life correspond only to the size of his heart. Incidentally, these delightful pale yellow people have always regarded liquor, too, as one of the great natural resources of the good life. The portrait of Yang Kwei Fei, a reigning beauty of the Tang period, and a model of all the virtues, shows that lady gazing fondly into her wine cup. Against the pale green sky, written in vermilion there appears this simple but moving tribute: "Yang Kwei Fei—Drunk But Still Drinking."

Love they learned to divide into two parts, part one inside the home, part two in the bachelor flat; they were kept quite separate, in watertight compartments of house and heart. Having made this distinction between permanent and temporary attachments they relegated love to a position of not quite major importance in the lives of adults. Their views on love in the home need not concern us here, but the Chinese do make several perhaps novel suggestions about behavior in the bachelor flat.

According to them, success in the boudoir, like success on the stock exchange, depends upon timing one's exit to coincide with the top of the market. One's exit, not one's entrance.

The classics of the Ming dynasty are full of the most tenderly explicit advice. "Realize," they tell us, "that all love can be, indeed, must be bought. Not with money necessarily, but with other of your possessions, such as good looks, power, sympathy, kindness, or the strength of your desire itself." If you are not prepared to offer at least one of these attractions your case is hopeless, and you are advised to sublet the bachelor flat and stay at home by the fire with a good book and your wife, God help her.

"It is no reason for you to feel unhappy or disillusioned if you find that you are loved for your wealth alone. Indeed, it is a sign of civilization and imagination in a woman that she should love you for your money. (Note that this is entirely different from pretending to love you in order to get your money!) For she has shown a nice discrimination between the purely ornamental power of the biceps and the real strength of the bank account. . . ."

This same fourteenth century priest advocates short, temporary attachments as being much more exciting and happier in the long run than prolonged liaisons, observing that a face glimpsed for a moment behind a fan may promise distinction of disposition and character which its owner will generally be found, on better acquaintance, to lack. "But," he adds, "as long as proper decorum is preserved, the short affair need not result in disillusionment."*

In other words, if she still seems like a natural blonde after your week-end in the mountains, sell out then, as near the top of the market as you can, without waiting around for a sight of the peroxide bottle or the proof that she is making a collection of tender items for purposes of blackmail, or that she bullies her maid. Indeed, these little Chinese precautions may be summed up as the reverse of the advice given to Boy Scouts, namely, when you leave a campfire always be sure there are a few glowing embers left, and if possible a flame or two. This technique for preserving the equilibrium of one's rosy monocle by means of deliberate self-deception sounds very much like not letting your right hand know what your left is up to. That is exactly what it is, and to take such an objective attitude toward one's own emotions is known in China as the recipe for sophistication.

The purpose of Chinese decorum is to persuade the real into ideal channels. A man and his mistress are so hidden behind the minute particulars of polite behavior that, as a matter of fact, neither ever discovers what the other is really like, so is left perfectly free to think the best. Thus formality is employed as an illusion-saving device in intimate situations which we in the West leave to chance and the moment.

If you are a quiet man of fifty or so, without any little address-book of your own, it is often your wife herself who, on her forty-fifth birthday, presents you with a permanent concubine of her own selection. In this case the wife must wear mourning and seem to be very miserable for a little while, and during this period she is said to be Drinking Vinegar. All the classical books of etiquette recommend this disposal of those marital acids which middle age brews and which if allowed to accumulate are so apt to curdle the gentle custard of domesticity. The girl

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*A complaint known in China as *"Moon Again for Breakfast."*

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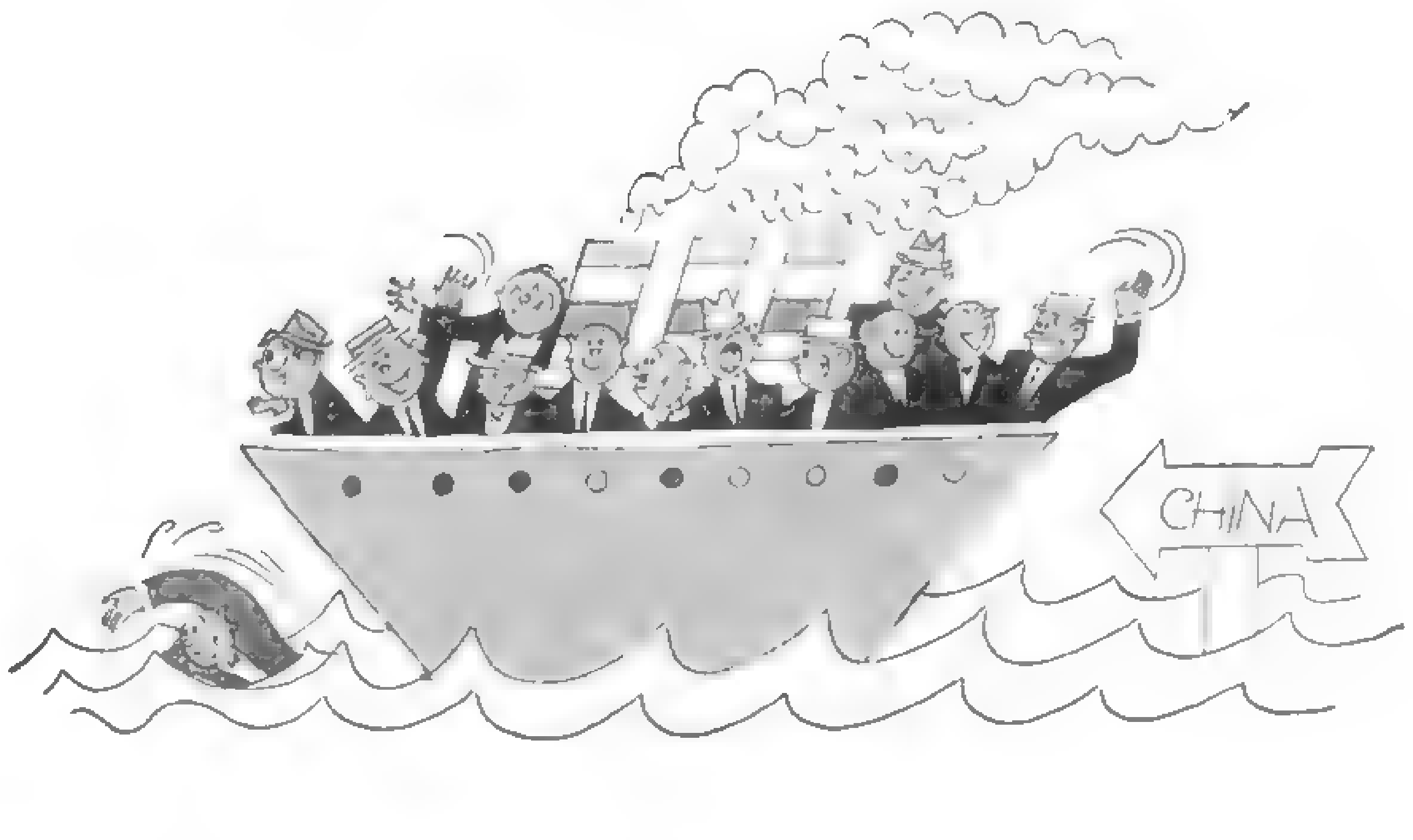
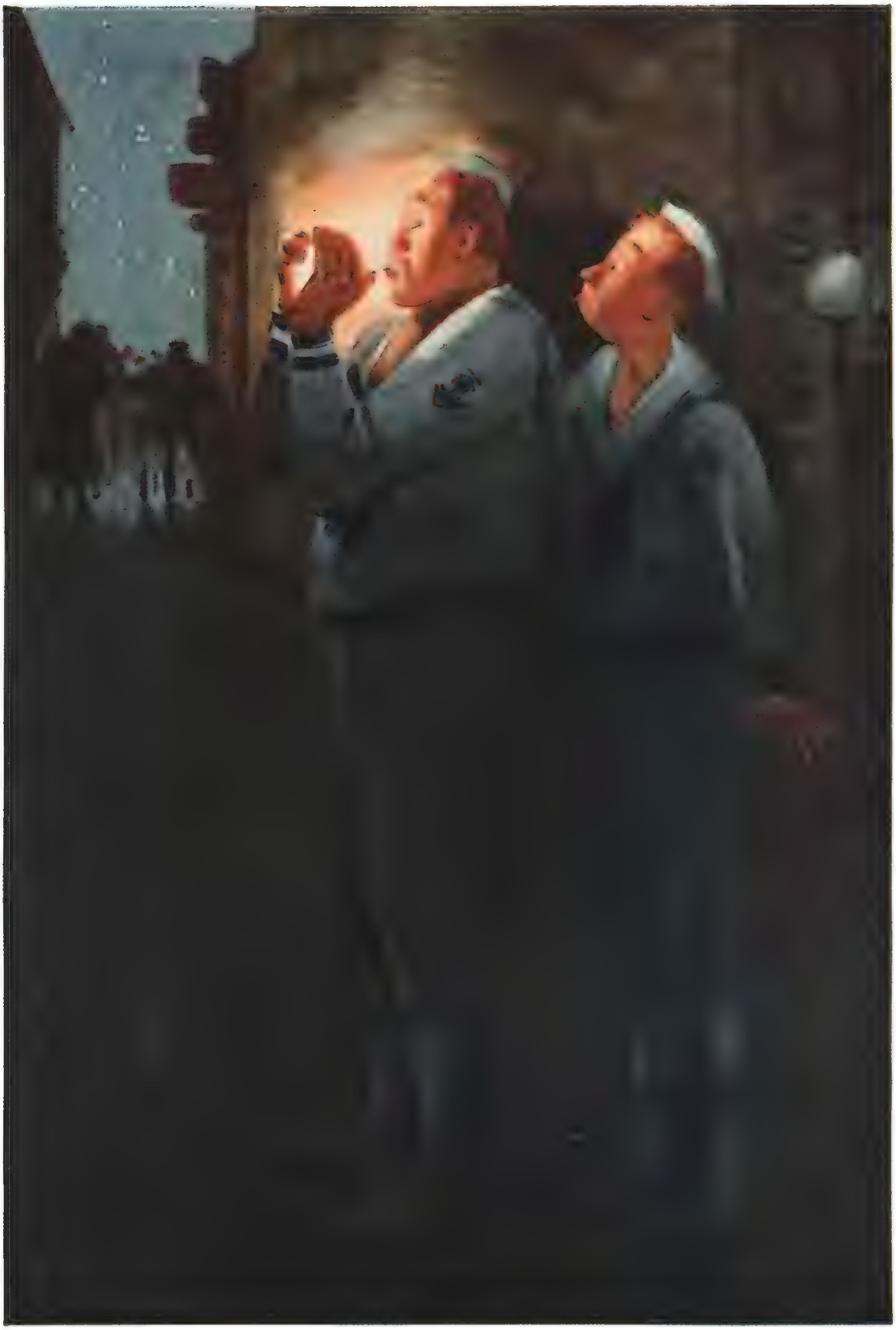
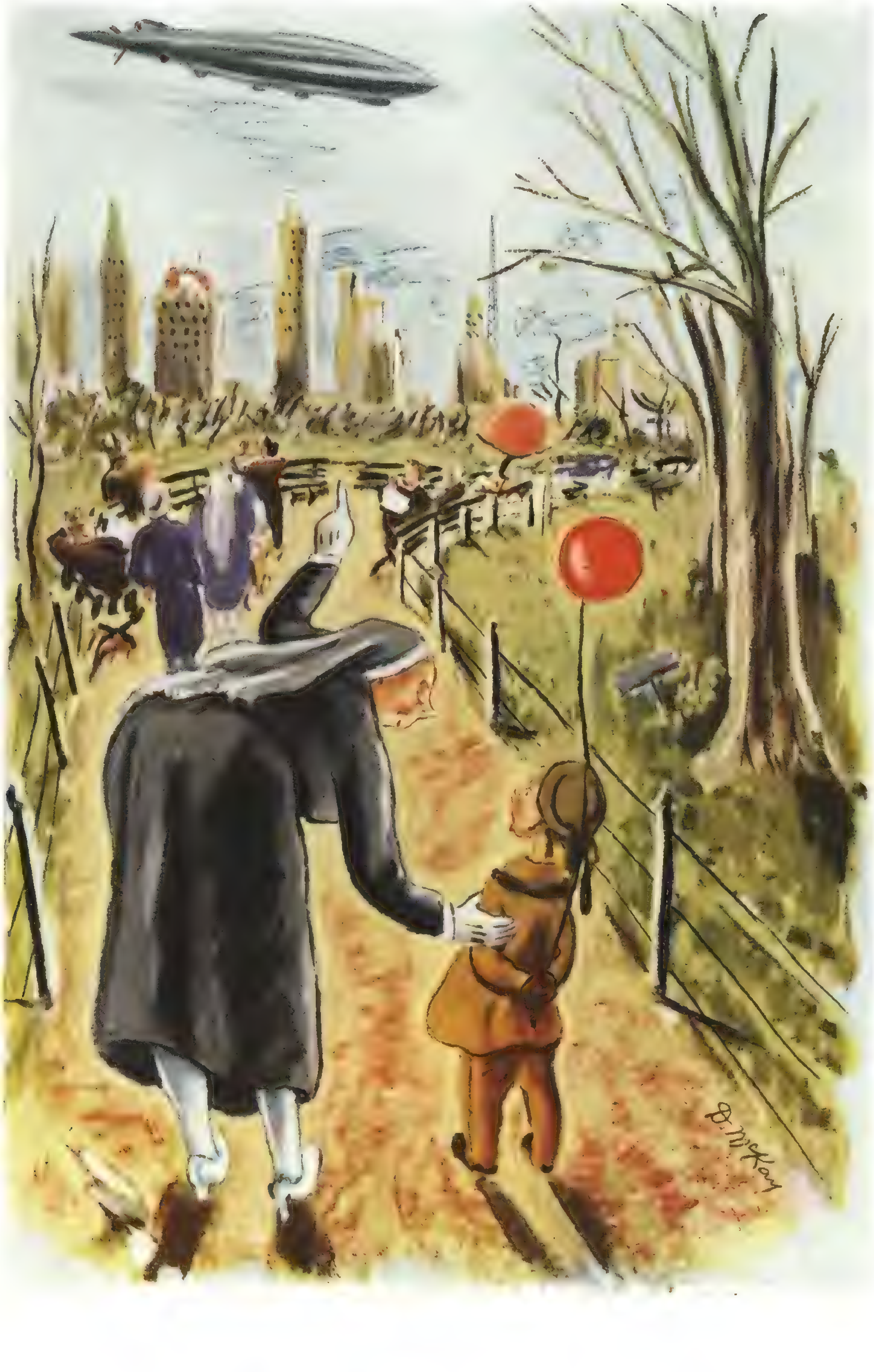




"Chinese girls are so just the same as American girls!"



"Sausage, Hell! . . . That's the Hindenberg!!"

Sleuths of the Stir

The public hears very little about jail detectives because their work is mostly preventive

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

• ARTICLE •

ONE night a few years ago the main shop building of a prison in the Middle West was completely wrecked by fire. The blaze was first noticed by the yard "screw" at about seven o'clock in the evening, two hours and a half after the men had gone into the mess hall for supper, and at least two hours after they had been locked in for the night. Since half past four, therefore, no prisoner had been in the burned shop building. The forty or fifty prisoners let out of their cells to fight the blaze did heroic work, and several newspapers commented editorially on the fact that it was lucky for the inmates that the blaze started when it did, as it showed conclusively that the fire could not have been of incendiary origin.

But the blaze had scarcely been put out before "Old Calamity" (the deputy warden) began doing some detective work of the kind constantly going on in every prison in the world. It is done quietly and efficiently, it never gets into the newspapers and it remains unheralded and unsung by the public at large, but in its cleverness and ingenuity, its intelligence and judgment, its sheer frictionless competence, it is far superior to the quality of detective work displayed by the vast majority of sleuths "on the outside." And, what is more to the point, its percentage of successes is very much higher.

In this particular instance Old Calamity was not at all sure that the blaze was started by a prisoner. But neither was he inclined to give the prisoners the benefit of the doubt, unjust as that may seen. He was too old a "dep" for that; too prison-wise and too experienced in the ways of jailbirds. "In prison, if it looks like it is, then it ain't," was the maxim which guided him in all his actions. True, he'd never put it into words, but long years of acquaintance with every scheme and artifice, every deception and trick which the criminal mind could devise, had convinced him that every deputy warden who expected to remain a deputy warden must be suspicious now and forever, amen.

So Old Calamity went up to the Record Clerk's office to look over the conduct records of every one of the three hundred and fifty prisoners employed in the burned shop. Of the three hundred and fifty, about fifteen had been reported within the past month for various infractions of the rules. Of this number, five or six had been excused with a reprimand; the remainder had been punished. It was this remainder in which the deputy was particularly interested at the moment. He wrote their names down on a slip of paper. Then he went over to see the foreman in charge of the laundry. "The next time the suits of these men are washed," he told that official, "bring the old ones they are wearing over to my office. Be sure that no one sees you do it."

A few weeks later a "trusty" among the prisoners, who had been a noted chemist before he got into trouble, spent a day or two examining the suits of eight men. He used a magnifying glass, a microscope and various chemicals, and he seemed particularly interested in a few grease spots on the trousers worn by "Big Mike" Masterson, a train robber "doin' it all" for peevishly killing a mail clerk who was too phlegmatic in turning over the registered letters. The chemist reported his findings to the deputy.

Old Calamity listened with his usual apparent indifference. He dismissed the prisoner, walked over to the store room, and held a few minutes' conversation with the guard in charge of that department. Then he went back to his office with a candle which he had obtained from the guard. He broke off about an inch of the candle, put the large part in a drawer, lighted the smaller part, allowed it to burn for a moment or two and then blew it out. Then he opened the windows and let the smell of grease get out, after which he rang the buzzer on his desk and told his secretary that he wanted to see "Blinky" Halloran, the little "lush worker" who was employed in the store room.

When Halloran came in, the deputy let him sit for five or six minutes without addressing a word to him. The latter's eyes naturally drifted to the deputy's desk and fastened upon the small bit of candle reposing on a blotter. Without a word the deputy picked it up, blotter and all, and studied it for a moment or two. Then he inquired pleasantly, "Halloran, how does it come that your finger prints are on this candle?" Halloran wet his lips. "Why—why—what?" he started to inquire, but Old Calamity cut him off.

"Oh," he said, "I was just wondering why the remains of a candle we found in the tailor shop carried your finger prints. Your duties don't bring you anywhere near the candles, do they?"

In a strained voice, which quavered in spite of himself, Halloran admitted that they didn't.

"I thought not," said Old Calamity, "so when "Big Mike" asked you to get a candle for him so that he could set fire to the tailor shop, you were nice and obliging and got it for him. You don't have to talk if you don't want to," he went on, as Halloran sat open-mouthed. "Mike admitted it after he saw I had the goods on him."

Fifteen minutes later "Big Mike" sat in the deputy's office staring wide-eyed at Halloran's written confession that he had asked him to get a candle to set the tailor shop afire, that he had duly gotten it for him, and that the fire in the shop was started the following night. Old Calamity knew, before Mike broke into a fury of curses and threats of vengeance against Halloran for squealing, that the mystery was solved. And now a mythical Dr. Watson will come forward and explain just how the trick was done.

The fact that the fire started several hours after the men left the building meant nothing to Old Calamity, as he knew of many tricks by which a fire could be "nursed" for a long time. Then he figured that, if the blaze was of incendiary origin, it had in all probability been started by a prisoner with a grouch of some kind. It naturally followed that the grouch would be based on some grievance following punishment for an infraction of the rules. So the deputy looked up the conduct records to find the men in the tailor shop recently reported for rule violations, culling out the names of those who had actually been punished *recently*, as time heals the grouches of prisoners as it does everything else.

The Deputy Warden was now ready for the second step. Probably, he thought, some mechanical instrument had been used in "nursing" the fire. Where did prisoners usually carry such contraband things? Why, attached to their bodies or in their clothing, of course. Every prison man knows that. So the deputy figured that it was possible that some tell-tale particle or odor would be found sticking to the clothing of the man

Continued in center of page 133

Chaulmoogra Hunt

And diseased natives cherished their superstitions beneath the trees that could heal them

by WALTER CLARE MARTIN

• FICTION •

I was in Chiengmai, northern Siam, during the after-war boom, buying teak and ivory and various hardwoods.

The Viceroy was giving a party. Being an American with a number of rupees to spend, I naturally was invited.

At that party I bumped into Joe Felloes. I had known him before, at the University of Missouri, where he had worked up a great record for mischief. As a grand finale he had punched his botany prof on the nose and refused to apologize, so the school had to worry along without him.

The war wagon was rumbling across the country just then; so Joe grabbed his gun and climbed on.

He came out of the war hung with trinkets. Then he drifted into a revolution in Burma. The revolt was squelched bloodily, but in the course of events Joe saved the life of an estimable nabob. For this piece of heroism he landed a job in north Burma in one of the unadministered zones—a job with a forest commission. The minister's nephew, vain and jealous, accused Joe of malfeasance, so Joe punched his noble nose. Hard. In fact, that useful organ was broken.

This happened about a year, more or less, before my appearance in Chiengmai. Now Joe was back in Siam. Botanist, soldier, explorer, revolutionist, hero, nose-breaker, again in Chiengmai, on the Viceroy's lawn, watching the muddy moon slop in the swollen *Meh Ping* while dragon-boats nosed across the long shadows.

Behind us, among palms and a galaxy of red and green paper lanterns, a Siamese orchestra whanged out weird ancient airs for a company of long-skirted spear dancers.

Joe and I had lawn chairs at the river's brink, where a grotesque house-boat was anchored. It was swarming with pennons of countless hues and a living tree burst from the roof at its mizzen.

Joe gazed at it scornfully.

"Lazy beggars," he said. "They'll have their shade. They all carry umbrellas in Burma."

"Why not?" I said, "if they like it?"

"An umbrella can hide a lot of meanness," said Joe. "There's nothing those beggars won't stoop to."

"Oh, we've good and bad here, like everywhere else."

"You think so, do you?" said Joe. "Well, I've seen 'em from guts to galloons. I want to tell you the quality of a nation is determined by the mud in its gutters. They're all the same at the top. A gentleman's word is a gentleman's word. It's gold in any man's language. But the renegades—they make all the difference."

"I can't say that I get you," I said.

Joe glummed awhile moodily into his glass of spiked tea. Then he said:

"You try 'em out, buddy. Say, for instance, you want to have a bank robbed. You could find somewhere a British yegg who would do it. But suppose you're hiring a gent to stab a man in the back and cut off his ears and eat 'em—"

"Don't paint it too strong," I said.

"Hell, that's tame to some business I've witnessed. The point is: the British mug wouldn't do it. In every England-born white man is a kind of sense of fair play that never gets burnt out entirely. And I'm the boy in the front seat that should know. Why in the name of green Buddhas do you think I'm stuck here, half broke, when I might be financing an army?"

"An Englishman, maybe," I said.

Joe drowned his big drink in one barbaric gulp.

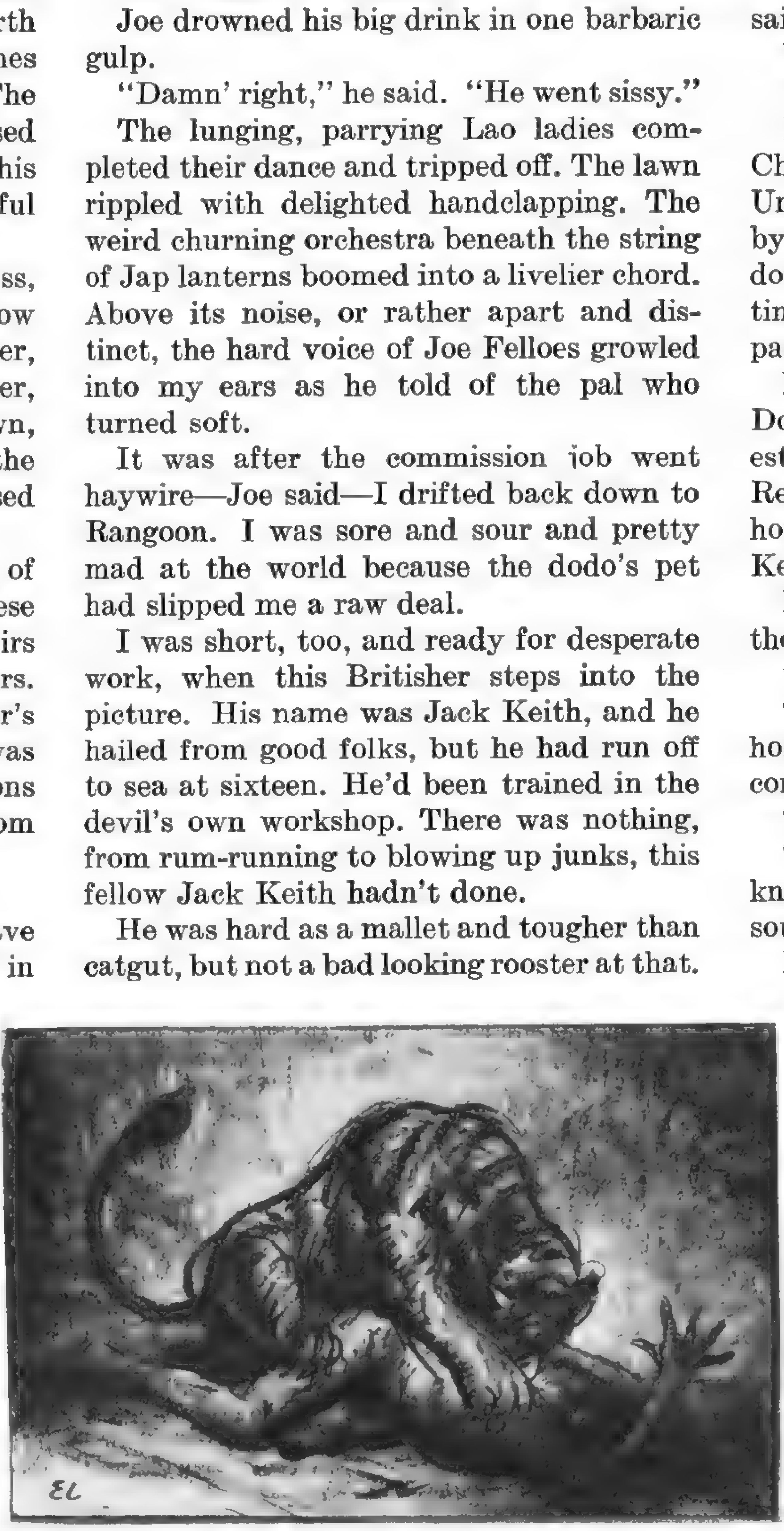
"Damn' right," he said. "He went sissy."

The lunging, parrying Lao ladies completed their dance and tripped off. The lawn rippled with delighted handclapping. The weird churning orchestra beneath the string of Jap lanterns boomed into a livelier chord. Above its noise, or rather apart and distinct, the hard voice of Joe Felloes growled into my ears as he told of the pal who turned soft.

It was after the commission job went haywire—Joe said—I drifted back down to Rangoon. I was sore and sour and pretty mad at the world because the dodo's pet had slipped me a raw deal.

I was short, too, and ready for desperate work, when this Britisher steps into the picture. His name was Jack Keith, and he hailed from good folks, but he had run off to sea at sixteen. He'd been trained in the devil's own workshop. There was nothing, from rum-running to blowing up junks, this fellow Jack Keith hadn't done.

He was hard as a mallet and tougher than catgut, but not a bad looking rooster at that. Outside of his looks the only difference between us was that Jack seemed to be rolling in rupees.



You don't ask such lads where they get it.

One day I was barging down Dalhousie street, bumping red and yellow parasols right and left to make way—just feeling like smashing somebody—when a gharry rattled up and the shutters banged out and Jack Keith poked out his head, yelling:

"Hi, buddy, I been lookin' for you."

So I got into the junk wagon and the coolie trotted us down to the half-caste hotel where Jack had retired on his money. There he pulled a news sheet from his pocket. He had noticed a squib, a dispatch from Hawaii, and seemed to be all hopped up about it.

The dispatch announced that Doc So-and-so had found a leprosy cure in the esters of chaulmoogra oil. The results were said to be startling.

When I had read the report, Jack said:

"Is that just a pipe dream, buddy?"

I told him it was easy enough to believe. Chaulmoogra had been used for centuries. Unfortunately it was violently nauseating by mouth; so results thus far had been doubtful. Injections had been tried from time to time; but had proved to be terribly painful.

Now it seemed, from this news yarn, this Doc So-and-so had prepared a practical ester. He injected it into the muscles. Results were okay. Why not? I didn't see how it built any pagodas for me; but Jack Keith did. He was sharp.

He asked me how many lepers I figured there were in the world.

"About three million," I said.

"And how much would governments and hospitals pay to keep the chaulmoogra coming?"

"Well, they wouldn't be stingy about it."

"Then what would happen if a gent who knew trees got control of the very choice sources?"

I've told you Jack Keith was a sharp one.

We talked it and planned it all night. Jack would furnish the dough; I'd donate the science; and between us we'd cut the old pie.

In twenty-four hours we had started. First stage to the upper Irrawaddy by train. Then a freebooting house-boat poled by raw-fish-eating cutthroats who kept their eyes on Jack's belt full of rupees.

Whenever Jack caught their sneaking eyes on his cash, he would grin pleasantly and caress his black Luger. Then they'd stab their poles down and push hard. We never turned our backs on those cherubs except when it couldn't be helped. We never both slept the same time.

You see, we were forced to hire scoundrels, men who would go without a government nod. Secrecy was essential as bullets. So one day, of course, they ganged us.

One knocked me flat with a blow from behind, and they made for Jack's bagful of silver.

He shot two of them down as quick as a fox, and scrambled to the roof of the shelter. There he held them covered until I could get to my feet and jerk out my .45 Colt.

They set up a great babble and begged for their lives, trying to blame it all on the two Jack had killed. Jack laughed and told them he didn't blame them a bit. Why shouldn't they have a go at the money? They'd be fools to break their backs for four annas a day, when they might divvy up a small fortune.

"Only remember," he said, "money's no good to these chaps," and he kicked the bloody stiffs overboard.

"Better luck next time," he said. "Get to work."

I've told you he was hard as a mallet.

That gang—now it's funny—began to worship Jack Keith. They begged leave to stick with us to the finish. But we had to dismiss them at the mouth of the Manipur, so they could not carry tales to Rangoon. It was to our interest to change labor often.

We rode bullock carts from then on through the hills, bearing generally northeast towards Assam. We skirted the bamboo jungle where I once had retired from the world—the time my Red Karen revolution blew up.

We kept pushing on and up through the hills until the cart road contracted into a footpath which wriggled through a dense forest of hardwoods. In this forest lived a professional horse-thief, whom I knew, and I traded him a belly-gun for two donkeys.

Of course he tipped off his friends and they ambushed us in the woods; but we shot it out and killed three. The others scuttled to safety.

When the battle was over Jack Keith remarked: "They're men after my own heart." Then I noticed his side was bleeding. A slug had cut a chunk from one rib. So I patched him up and suggested he rest; but he said the donkeys would think we were weakening. So we rode, and walked, and crawled, and slashed, for six days with our bellies half empty. Jack's side must have tortured him something fierce; but he clamped his jaw shut like a steel-trap.

Anyway we had got through with our guns and our cash, and no longer feared government meddling. We had come far beyond the influence of the Sepoy patrol at Fort White, well into the ungoverned districts.

We passed through some forests with chaulmoogra trees, but not to compare with the stands I was bound for. Stands I had seen, running guns from Assam.

We killed our donkeys and cut several steaks, leaving the rest of the meat for the wolves. The steaks were tougher than a miser's hide; but they kept us plugging along. When we reached a village where the men wore *dha* knives on slings and wads of mossy hair piled above their round faces, I knew we were getting hot.

These people had worked down from the Mishmai stock of Assam, a stock distinct from the hill tribes of Burma.

Their settlements of thatched, bamboo-legged huts marked the fringe of a vast kalaw forest. Three varieties, including genuine chaulmoogra—botanists call it *Taraktogenos Kurzii*—were growing there in abundance. I was positive no kalaw range in the world could compare with these hills of the borders.

Right there Jack and I took a breathing spell in order to do some tall thinking. All this territory was owned as an imperial gift, centuries old, by a frail pious *duwa* named Mawlayk. One of his ancestors had done a favor to the Lord of the White Elephant, who had repaid it with a gigantic estate. The present duwa controlled some thousand square miles of rich woodland, but never had sold a single toothpick of timber. He and his folk believed souls inhabited trees of the forest and must not be disturbed without reason. At least a third of his trees were taboo.

Like the animists of Annam, these border people believe forest creatures have supernatural powers. They fear cats and monkeys and various birds, and tremble at the bare name of the tiger.

Another reason why Jack and I had to be keen: the entire district was spotty with lepers. We must keep from Mawlayk every clue to our scheme; and must sign him up before the news filtered through. Once he got it beneath his simple skull that his trees could save his own people from leprosy, he wouldn't sign away his rights for all Asia.

I told Jack the first thing, anywhere in the East, was to make somebody a present. In this instance the somebody was Mawlayk.

Jack began searching his clothes and his knapsack. After a bit a big grin smeared his face.

"I've got it!" he said. "My watch fob. It's a tooth from the white dragon of the Wat Phra Sing."

"Will you tell him you stole it?" I said.

That point settled, we began to push on. In a week we reached the seat of the duwa. It was a nice place, in a valley between forested slopes; and a wide stream cut the town through the middle.

A footbridge, strong enough for a loaded mule, connected one townsite with the other. A guard with a crossbow, a dha knife and a horn held his post at the north end of the bridge.

"Looks like the war's on," Jack said to me. We were hiding in the ferns at the edge of the woods, giving the place a careful once-over. Then a man appeared at the door of the hut nearest us, and Jack said, "My God!" and shrank back.

He understood then—the plague.

We had approached the town from the leprosy side. If seen, we were damned forever. So we backed up and made a climb along the rough valley wall, descending a dry creek bed into the river, which we crossed at night on two logs.

At dawn we stood on a little rise and surveyed the scene of our labors. The settlement was made up of some two hundred houses on stilts, overshadowed by *nat-sin* and pagodas.

The main business of the people seemed to be tending the nat-sin, pyramidal shrines enclosed by sharp palings. These palings were decorated with skulls.

Mawlayk's people, not head-hunters in the Bolivian sense, always tried to take trophies in war. The more heads you could hang on your favorite nat-sin, the more power to him, so to speak.

These shrines signified an old worship. But Gautama was represented there, too. In each circle of nat-sin stood a teakwood pagoda, very elaborate with ivory and jade. They seemed quite incongruous in that town of thatched huts, like a silk hat on a dirty street urchin.

The street was little more than a widened mule path, lined with bazaars, or low stalls, with grass awnings. Women with yellow silk headscarfs and old men with black teeth were selling sweets and jewels to armed men from the hills. It was all jolly and ordered, not screeching and haggling, the way you see it so often in Asia.

Everybody was smoking long white cheroots—even the bandy-legged kids without clothing. A vice they had caught from the Burmese.

People peeked from their houses, and from the bazaars, stared as we passed. White visitors were rare birds, I imagine. Jack was crazy for candy, but I compelled him to wait. It hurts prestige to be mouthing something in public.

We inquired in Burmese, which most of them understood, and were told where to look for the duwa. We found him sitting within a circle of nat-sin. On a phakram

Continued in center of page 167

Broken Wings over Ethiopia

What happened to the fliers who were brought down but did not choose death in a head-on crash

by LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

FLYING wagonloads of high explosive over Ethiopia would give anybody a new understanding of life. When you've steered something like four thousand pounds of keddite over a mad landscape of jutting rocks, bottomless crevasses, perpendicular mountains and twisted gorges, in a blue sky prettily dotted with white puffs of antiaircraft Hoerlikons, day in and day out, something happens to your character. Simple things, like being whole, with no part of your anatomy missing, fill you with open-mouthed beatitude. You beam at the faces of your indifferent white fellow beings with the dewy eyes of a character out of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. You pinch yourself to realize that the person drinking bad coffee, eating tough tinned meat, scratching flea bites by candle light, is none other than yourself, the luckiest man in the world.

There were men who crossed the Atlantic in single motored ships, men who landed on the stormy surface of polar ice, men who carried the mail through blizzards. The world cherished them, lined up the streets where some of them were carried in triumph, dropped torn telephone books over their heads. They were Heroes. Heroes all were the war aces who fill magazines with the echo of their combats to this day. They fought gallant, solitary duels, witnessed breathlessly from below by men embedded in trench mud on both sides of No Man's Land. One plane usually fell to the ground in a roaring, twisted column of smoke and flame. Those men died courageously, with a sneer and a curse frozen to their lips. Theirs was a clean, beautiful death. All this, however, has nothing to do with the kind of flying pilots were expected to do over the wrinkled face of Haile Selassie's ex-empire. Everyday, until, of course, Something Happens and your friends begin to speak of you sympathetically in the past tense.

Daring fliers any time will risk instantaneous and complete destruction for the sake of a worthwhile prize—fame or money. Agello, skimming the glassy surface of Lake Garda at four hundred odd miles an hour, is haunted by the thought of boring his way to the lake's weedy bottom through some microscopic mistake of his, magnified a thousandfold by his speed. He's seen many of his old cronies do that. Fliers who pierce Arctic cloudbanks, stunters, mail pilots who hurdle the Andes know that in just a few hours it will be over—they'll be nothing more than a small heap of bones, flesh and buttons, or they'll have gone to sleep in a nice big bed. Just a few hours. Difficult flying doesn't last long. There is some strange comfort in that thought.

ARNOLD W. RYAN

But suppose one of your motor's vital spots is hit by a bullet a few thousand feet above a crawling mass of the Lion of Judas' best troops, which is something that happened with disagreeable regularity as the black men had been meticulously instructed in the use of their guns. The roar of the exhaust suddenly dies. The propeller turns idly as you lose altitude. You drop all the bombs you have, switch off the contact, and try pancaking your ship as far away from the enemy lines as your momentum will carry you. A big tree, a flat mountain slope will do. Then, when you and your crew emerge from the blinding dustcloud a crashing ship raises—perhaps a few ribs cracked, or a couple of shoulders dislocated, certainly a lot of bruises—there is the problem of what you're going to do next. You haven't really started worrying.

The distance from the nearest airport, which you probably travelled in a few hours after breakfast, is about a fortnight on foot, over a chaos of incredible mountains and precipices. Pilots figure every hour's flying equivalent to about a week on foot, over new, unoccupied land. No map is good enough to show the trails, as the Ethiopian empire never allowed Italians, or any other kind of foreigner, to survey its territory. At best, a few years ago, you could have taken the trip with a good column of mules carrying supplies, tents and instruments, a large number of native servants, gun bearers and guides, accompanied by a few friends. You'd emerge to write a book over your harrowing experiences and lecture about the unspoiled wilderness of the interior and its mystic beauty.

But now you're alone, probably wounded, in enemy territory. You're surrounded by a ring of armed men hunting you like wild beasts. What are you going to do? What *is* there to do? You well know that there is no concentration camp waiting for you if you're caught. Parts of you will probably adorn the necks of young native matrons. Your heads will be spiked on a stockade as mementos. There are just a few minutes in which a decision can be reached—the time necessary for the nearest men to arrive on the spot where they saw the plane crash.

You have arms. Each one of you has a rifle, and there are two or three machine guns that can be dismounted from the plane. You have food, a few tins stored somewhere for just such emergencies. But you have no water, except a canteenful. If you start walking anywhere, you must inquire about the nearest waterhole, obviously dangerous business, or follow some caravan trail, the only line connecting wells and springs. No cutting across mountains, no reckoning by the stars and compass, navigating the plateau like an immense solid sea. You must stick to the water line. Other planes will come looking for you, and will slowly circle overhead as soon as they sight the wrecked ship, but they cannot do anything. If they tried landing more people would be in exactly the same position, looking for safety.

Long, drawn out death. Two fliers who landed their pursuit plane safely in some bushes, near Af Gaga pass, on Christmas day, tried to walk back to the Italian lines at Axum, a full day's trip. The rest of the squadron flew low over them, bombing and raking with machine gun fire the bushy slopes where the enemy was hiding. A roaring ring of crashing bullets and explosions protected their solitary march until sunset. They were expected at the outposts after nightfall and the sentries had been instructed not to shoot when they heard foot-

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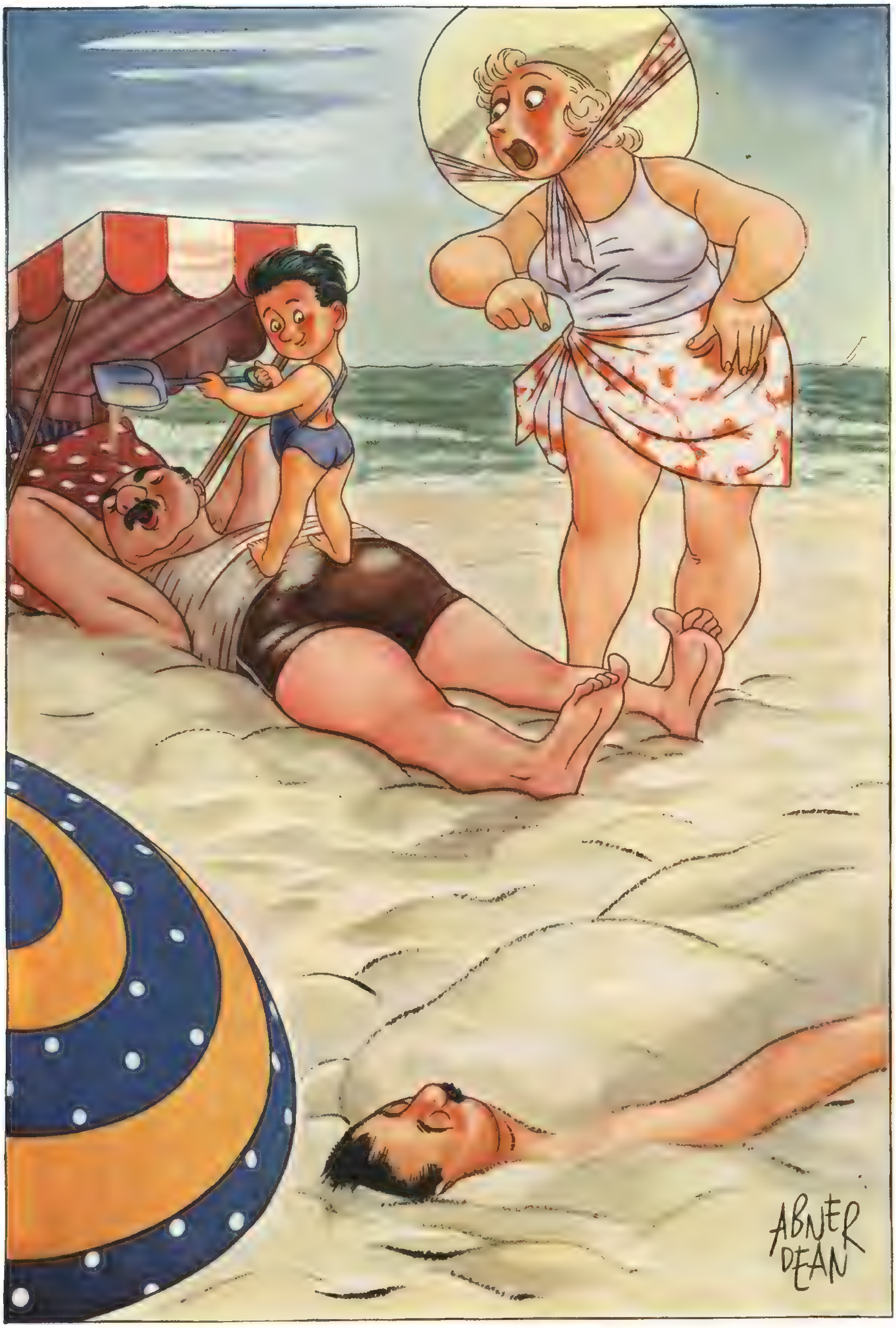
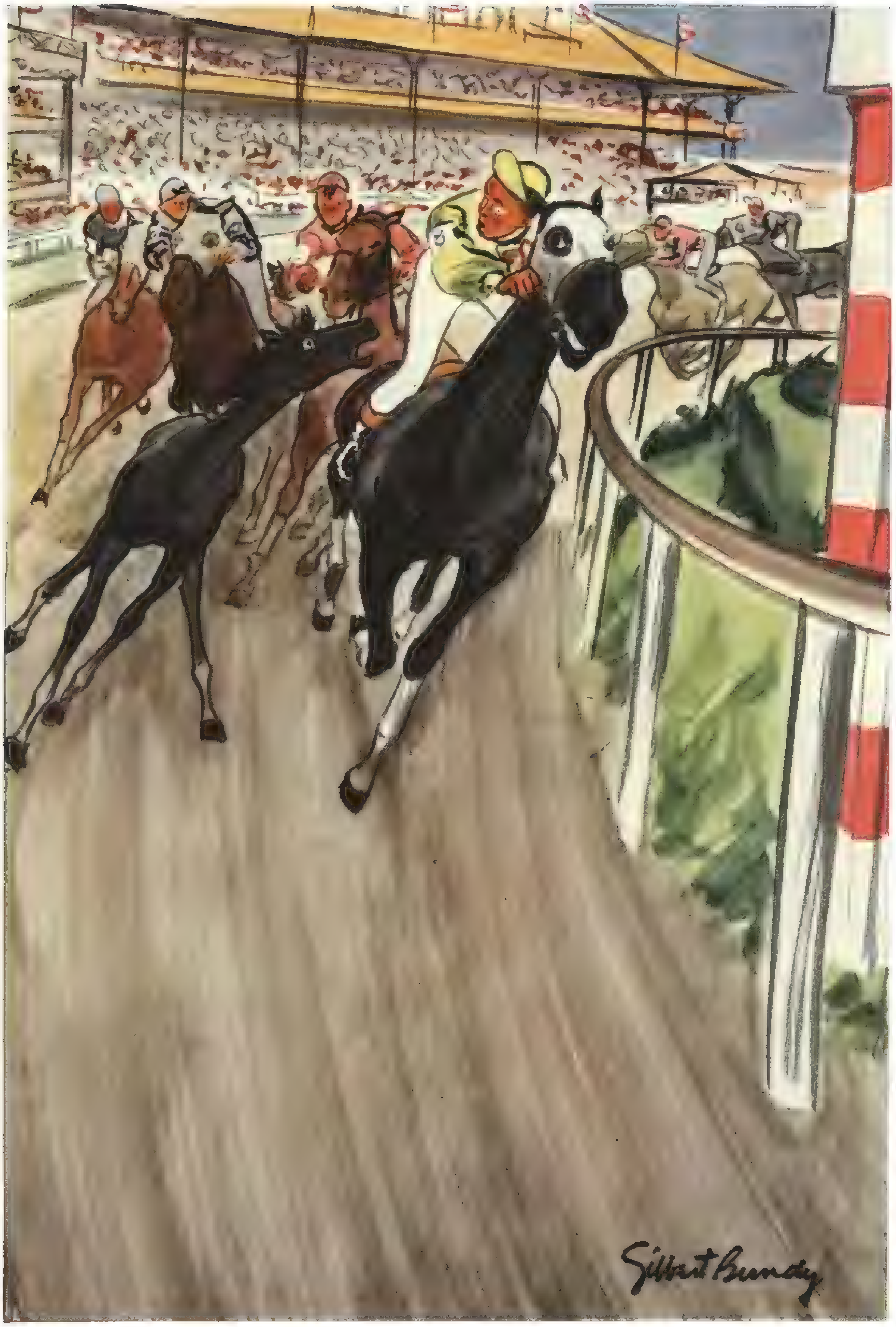


"Put it back like you found it, Junior. Papa is over there!"


Gilbert Bundy

"Not now! Mamma is busy"

A Horse on Me

Some doubt about the ancestry but none about the descendants of the Adam of American horses

by GEORGE SELDES

• ARTICLE •

The moment I moved to Vermont I was overrun by horses.

Up to then my knowledge and reactions to *equus caballus* (Standard Dictionary, page 1183) were:

Knowledge: (1) "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" in Shakespeare.

(2) "Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail;
And his rank and wealth, his strength and health,
On sea nor shore shall fail."

—a nice sentiment, by James Thomson, which in stanza two is augmented by "Give a man a pipe . . ." and finally, "Give a man a girl he can love," which sets him up "at home, on land, on sea."

(3) *Black Beauty* by someone.

(4) *Saint Mawr* by D. H. Lawrence.

Reactions: We had the best barn, but no horse on our New Jersey farm. At the age of three or four, or well within the time for the curdling of the behavior pattern—here's something for you, Dr. Alfred Adler—John, the son of the peasant across the road, invited me to go horseback riding. He seated me astride in front of him, and after a few turns invited his horse to a pasture. The lean animal needed no fat urging. He bent his red neck and began eating. I began slipping. I also shouted. But John just grinned maliciously, while shrieking and crying I slid down the horse's neck and fell under his horrible teeth.

From that day forward I hated horses. I had a horse complex. It lasted for decades. I did no more than shudder when I saw the roads in France behind our battlefields strewn with dead horses. I was indifferent at best. I left sorrow to the sentimentalists.

Recently somehow or other I got married and as the brilliant reader has already guessed, to a horsewoman—not a professional, thank Heavens, but at any rate one who thinks horses are noble and riding them the finest of sports. And being still a slightly aged but positively new newlywed and therefore still believing implicitly in the old royal motto that the queen can do no wrong, I was by *force majeure* made to take horses into my life. Trampled under the ironic hoof of the law of compensation so to speak. And so we came to Vermont.

Here the horse was in the air. Not necessarily Pegasus, although the state is the home of Robert Frost and Genevieve Taggard and who knows how many other poets, no romantic Rozinante, no historic Bucephalus, but the mundane horse of commerce, of whom, however, there appeared to be a growing hagiography. The trails were magnificent, there were breeding stables everywhere, and no town without its annual horse show. And always talk about "Morgan."

There seemed to be more pride in "a trace of Morgan" than a whole bucket of Mayflower blood; there were Paulbunyanish stories of the Great Morgan, the generalissimo of war horses, the hero of the Civil War, the equine wonder of the century, the stallion for whom all the mares of the world would gladly give up their wild oats. Certainly something worth looking into.

Summer before last, however, there were the munitions makers, and last summer, alas, time was taken up with my cherished Italian colleague, Benito M.........., but now there is a personal season of quiet in which, nevertheless, the fame and tall talk persist at country fairs, country auctions and Republican headquarters. So, sifting folklore and erudite technical research, the fact still remains that a very remarkable event took place in the equine world a little more than a century ago, and as a result a human being is being more or less immortalized. Thanks to his horse.

Justin Morgan was the man. He was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts in 1747, kept an humble tavern, apparently did not prosper, and not being prosperous he switched vocations and states, arriving in Randolph, Vermont in 1788 to become a school teacher, taught a decade, and died with only a faint suspicion that 137 years later this typewriter would still be paying homage to him.

All this came about because of a trip Justin made to Springfield in the autumn of 1795 to collect an old debt from one Silas Whitman, who, were it not for history's well-known ironies, would now be getting all the honors. Because it was Si Whitman and not Justin Morgan who had the historic colt. Justin, unable to get cash, compromised on a three year old gelding and a two year old colt, reckoning the latter as worth $25 in trade.

"What do you call this colt?" asked Justin.

" 'True,' " replied Si.

But Justin looked the colt over. He had never seen one so finely shaped, and besides he didn't for some reason which Justin Morgan, Jr., never explained in his lifetime, like the name "True," so he said:

"This horse has got a figure; I'm calling him 'Figure'."

But to this day the colt is known as "Justin Morgan."

Justin Morgan, the horse, was Adam. He was not only the father of the first great American horse family, but according to Morgan *aficionados* Justin left his mark on all the other royal familes. When, for instance, the descendants of Rysdyk's Hambletonian became the leading trotting family of the United States the Morganites proved that the Superhorse of Harness had some Morgan blood, and the greatest Hambletonian of them all, George Wilkes by name, was the son of Dolly Spanker, a lady who not only had Morgan blood but looked very Morganatic, if one may speak so lightly on a sacred subject, and George did too, for that matter.

And if Justin Morgan was the Adam of American royal horses, he was also in a manner an Adams.

What I mean to say is that the Adamses as a family did not go in for eugenic breeding and nevertheless managed to produce the leaders in American life for the young Republic and not a few superior persons down to our own day; likewise the Adam of horses, who at first was not at all choosey in his marriages, also managed to produce the leaders in equine public life for a large portion of our nation's history. I am supported in this view by no less a person than Prof. E. Davenport who in his *Principles of Breeding* says of the fact that the original Morgan horse's characteristics have survived and impress themselves after a hundred years: "This is the solitary known instance of the founding of a breed by a single ancestor. It illustrates, in a peculiar way, the occasional extreme persistence of a type once formed, and it is in marked contrast to the readiness with which other types break up and disappear."

In the Morgan register Joseph Battell places Seely's American Star, Pilot, the families of Peter the Great and Axworthy, the record breaking Morgan crosses, such as Uhlan, Lee Axworthy, The Harvester and Hamburg Belle. These names mean nothing to me but their very sound is impressive, and the equine cognoscenti will be sure to recognize them.

Moreover, the Morgan was America's answer to America's needs. At the turn of the Nineteenth Century the great era of the Pioneers began and it was an age of hardness and harness. Men lived a hard life; they rode hard and they worked hard; the time demanded strength and endurance in men and in its horses, speed as well. The Arab was speedy and the draft horse was strong, but no combination existed—until Nature without any human interference suddenly produced Justin Morgan.

Vermonters were among the many Yankees who made the great trek for the opening of the West and the erasure of the last frontier, and almost all of them took Morgan horses along because of their stamina. Fifteen years before the Civil War was the

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Lawyers Laugh Last

Parable of a pair of wise men who played the great American pastime of I-sue-you you-sue-me

by EDWIN BAIRD

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

"THEN I'll sue you."

"Sue and be damned!"

They were standing in the office of the Springfield *Express*—Frank Mahoney, editor, and Benjamin Koop, politician—and they were beginning to run a temperature.

"But let me warn you," added Mahoney, "that nobody wins in a libel suit. Nobody except the lawyers."

"I'll take my chances on that," said Koop. "Of course, if you want to settle this thing out of court—"

"The only settlement I'll make," said Mahoney, "is a public explanation. I've already explained the mistake to you; and I'm willing to explain it to our readers."

"To hell with that!" blustered Koop. "I'm not interested in explanations. The only thing I'm interested in is cash."

"So I see. And you have as much chance of getting cash from me as you have of getting votes from the natives of Finland. I couldn't pay you any cash if I wanted to; and I wouldn't pay you any if I could."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it—"

"That's exactly the way I feel about it. I'll fight you from now till Doomsday before I'll pay you a cent."

"All right, then; I'll sue."

"Sue ahead! Sue and be damned!"

That was how it started. Politician Koop returned to his camp in Sunset County, 200 miles away, retained a lawyer and filed suit against Editor Mahoney, charging libel to the extent of two hundred thousand dollars.

"He might as well have made it two hundred millions," chuckled Mahoney, "for all the good it'll do him."

Then he looked up a lawyer.

"This whole business," explained Mahoney, "is a brazen attempt at a shakedown. We ran a story about this louse, and the compositor blundered when setting the copy, so that the story read: 'Benjamin Koop, candidate for county treasurer, will soon be confined with the other monkeys in the Springfield zoo.' You see, the compositor was setting two pieces of copy, one on politicians, the other about animals—"

"I see," said the lawyer. "Naturally, he thought they went together. Proceed."

"Well, the blunder got past the proof room and off the press before anybody caught it. We immediately ran a beg-your-pardon box and I thought the thing was washed up; but pretty soon here comes this Koop charging into my office like a wild Indian, yelping 'Libel!' and trying to gouge some money from me. He wouldn't listen to reason. All he wanted was cash. I tell you, it's nothing but a shakedown."

"No doubt," said the lawyer, nodding solemnly. "No doubt. Well, first of all, we must retain local counsel in Sunset County. Have they served you with a summons?"

"Yes; they finally caught me. But it took 'em six weeks."

"That ran up Koop's bill considerably. It cost him plenty, sending process servers 200 miles . . . Now about our attorney in Sunset County. He'll want a retainer fee, of course—say, $200. And I should have twice as much . . ."

"Six hundred bucks," murmured Mahoney.

"And we must go to the county seat to file your appearance before the circuit court."

"Another hundred," muttered Mahoney.

"Um—I'd say a hundred and fifty."

Mahoney scratched up $750 and went to Sunset County with his lawyer. They went there many times: for personal and general appearances; for special pleas on this point and that; for denials of the allegation; for motions to strike the complaint; for a change of venue; for consultations and continuances. And still more continuances.

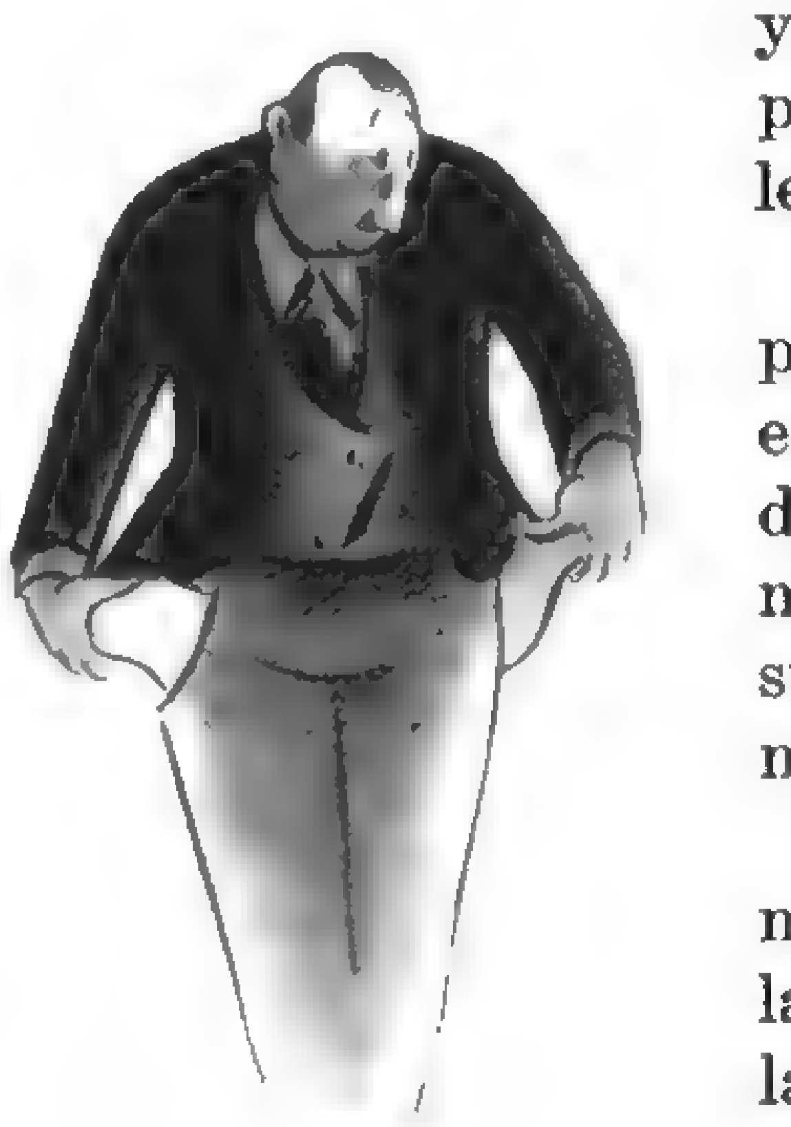
All this cost money. Mahoney slapped another mortgage on his newspaper plant.

"I tell you what," said his lawyer one day, clapping hand to head as a sudden thought struck him. "We ought to appeal this case on a point of jurisdiction."

"On a—what?" asked Mahoney, puzzled.

"We must challenge the right of a judge in Sunset County to hear this case. Koop is entrenched there with his political crowd. They'd gang up on us, sure. We'd never get a fair trial in Sunset County. No; the only thing to do," insisted the lawyer, "is to appeal to the supreme court on a point of jurisdiction."

"And that," said Mahoney, with an ominous feeling, "means more money."



"Appeals," agreed the lawyer, tactfully, "are fairly expensive. It would mean at least a thousand dollars."

"And where in hell," exploded Mahoney, "do you expect me to get this thousand dollars? Don't you know my newspaper has been running steadily in the red for the last nine months?"

"Better to dig up a thousand now," sagely counseled his lawyer, "than fifty thousand later."

So they appealed to the supreme court. And Mahoney plastered his home with a second mortgage.

And Koop similarly plastered his. Because Mahoney's appeal put Koop to a like expense. More lawyers for Koop. More fees for the lawyers.

This irked Koop. He had expected to get money from this thing, not to spend it. And here he was dishing out money right and left, hand over fist, and no money at all coming in.

"I don't like this," said Koop to one of his lawyers (he had a corps of them by now). "I got to get even with that bird. Causing me all this big expense! What can I do to him?"

"Well," suggested the lawyer, "you might try throwing him in jail."

"In jail?" echoed Koop, his eyes bulging. "Can I do that?"

"Of course you can. Just swear out a warrant for his arrest, charging criminal libel."

"Damned if I don't do it!" said Koop. "I'll fix him!"

Thus, late one night, two deputy sheriffs dragged Mahoney from his home, carried him 200 miles to Sunset County and tossed him in the county jail. He stayed there the rest of that night. Next day he went out on bail.

This new case came up before a justice of the peace; and the justice, after hearing all the evidence, could see no justice in any of it and promptly dismissed the whole thing.

"I'll fix that buzzard now," raged Mahoney, "if I never do another thing on earth!"

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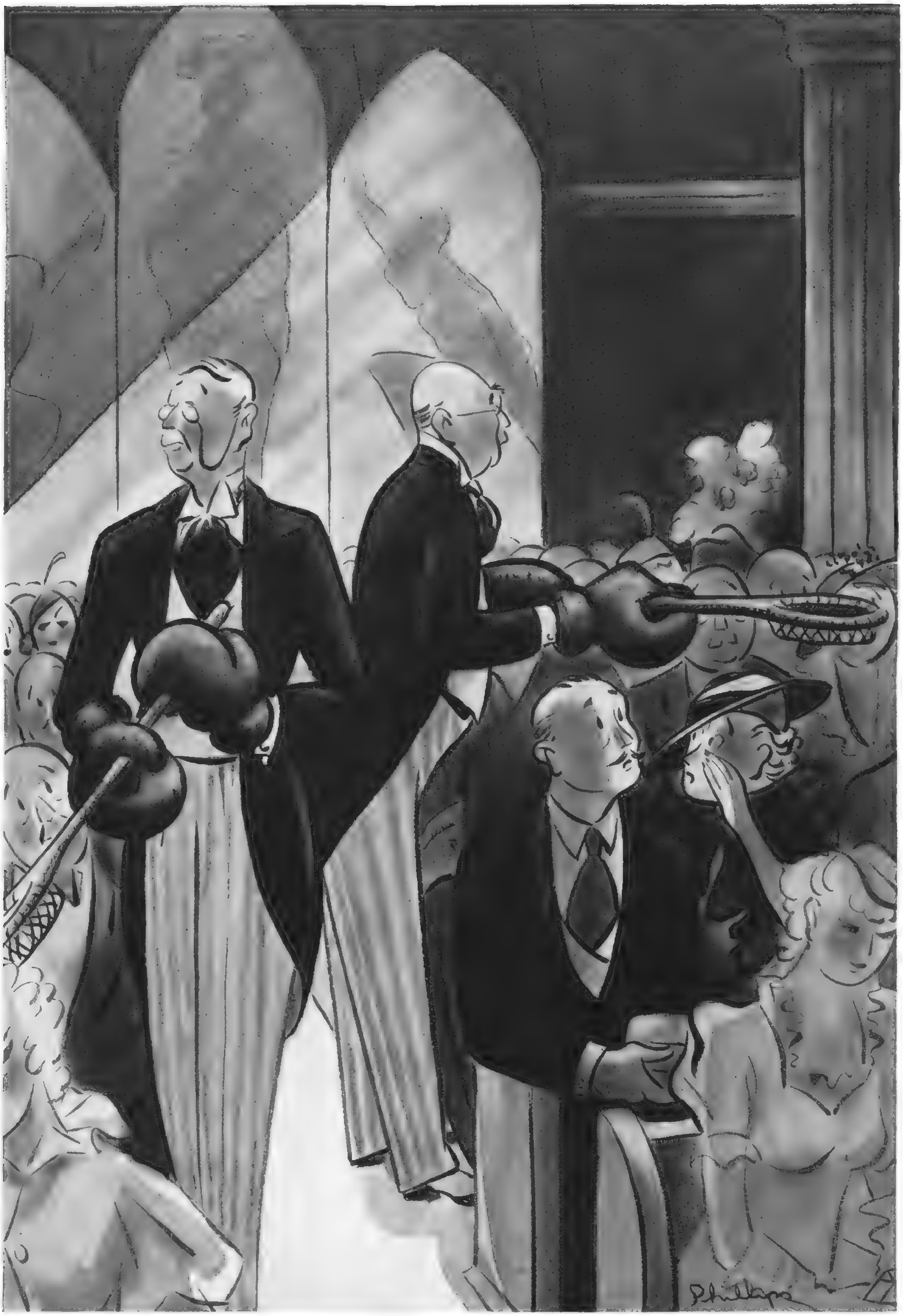


"It's the new minister's idea—he used to be chaplain in Sing Sing"

Energizer of the Aged

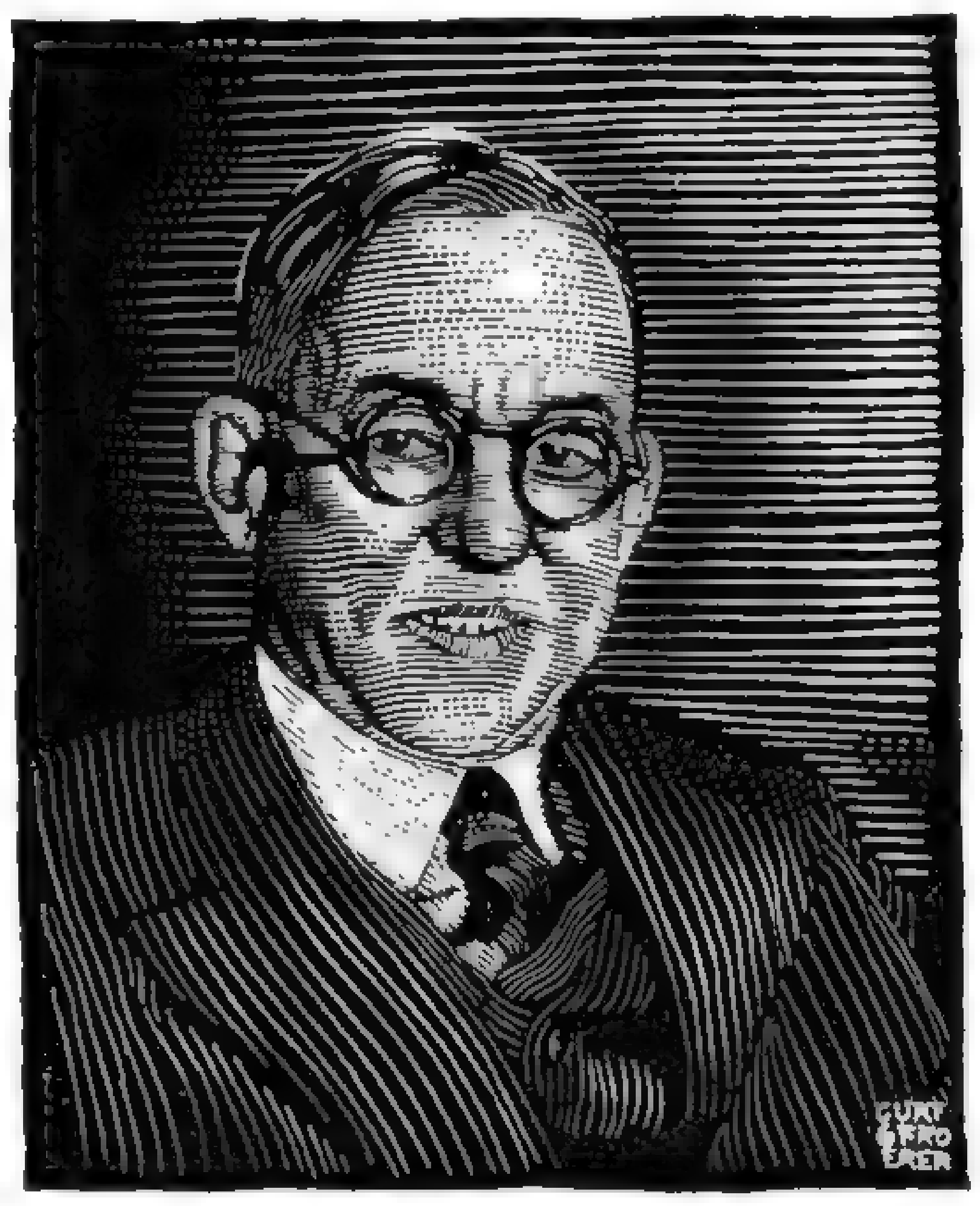
Psychologizing Walter Pitkin who read the Brittanica from A to K and then guessed the rest

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

Life began for me at birth, or so I had been led to believe. But I realized that was only hearsay when I met Walter Pitkin. Certainly the report of my being alive had been grossly exaggerated according to Pitkinian standards. I felt like an anesthetized earthworm at the foot of his Vesuvius. Pitkin erupts energy with a force which is positively numbing if you get too near him, and he lets it fly in all directions impartially. That staccato, rat-tat-tat which one feels in his books has electrified thousands of somnolent minds at Columbia University's School of Journalism and has sent them scampering hither and yon with chattering typewriters to spread abroad the Pitkin creed of "Free Energy." Life may begin at fourteen or forty or any old age if one becomes imbued with but a touch of Pitkin puissance.

It is fairly easy to X-ray a specimen, human or otherwise, of recognizable type. You know what to look for, where the vital organs ought to be. But Walter Pitkin presents as pretty a problem in personality analysis as I have ever tackled because there is only one of him. His motives fall into no predetermined class or category. He is by turns dominant, persuasive, unapproachable and unexpectedly compliant. He does everything and he does it in every imaginable way. He is a spark-spatterer whose sparks never burn the people they hit nor start conflagrations of dangerous character but do make a gorgeous display. There is no form of fireworks so simultaneously satisfying and harmless in the hands of young children as Fourth-of-July sparklers. Spark spattering, from Pitkin's point of view, has the additional advantage that the sparks die out quickly and don't have to be fed constantly and kept burning. I present this man to you as a puzzle because your solution is quite as likely to be right as mine.



The range of Walter B. Pitkin's interests and activities is alarming. He began as a divinity student, metamorphosed successively into psychologist, linguist, world traveler, philosopher, short-story writer, teacher, newspaper editor and then at last he settled up to fame as a professor of journalism. That list wouldn't mean much if Pitkin had run the occupational gauntlet in usual hobo fashion, drifting incompetently from one line to the next. But in every field except theology, which he quickly abandoned after taking the B.D. degree, he made his mark. Pitkin performed notable psychological experiments in Germany. His travels were roving researches which produced a wealth of human and economic data. His linguistic studies opened to him nearly all the important literatures on earth—he worked on the first and only dictionary of Arabic philosophical terms which nobody had the nerve to publish. He translated the huge two-volume treatise of Edmund Husserl, Germany's leading logician, and then threw the manuscript away! His short stories, under various pen-names, have been published in the best-paying magazines in the United States. He was an editorial writer on two important New York papers, the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*. He held an instructorship in psychology at Columbia University—later he won a full professorship in journalism at the same instutition. And the same year that Pitkin broke the upper crust of success with his popular, dogmatic text on short-story writing, he participated in one of the most profound and abstruse philosophical symposiums of modern times—the *New Realism* which joined in a common intellectual adventure such men as Bertrand Russell, E. B. Holt and Ralph Barton Perry. The six American realists met at Pitkin's place in New Jersey and dared the damning taboos of mysticism and conventional religious thought to give the world its first glimmering of stark, material actuality, so far removed from Broadway and the columnists that even today, a quarter century later, the meaning of that metaphysical Bethlehem is not even glimpsed by the reading public who have made best sellers of so many of Walter Pitkin's spark-spattering volumes.

Such a conglomeration of disconnected divertisements may annoy you, but you can't laugh it off. The man has done all these things and hundreds more, still less reconcilable. If you can name any known inferiority or superiority complex which will explain them, you deserve a Nobel prize in synthetic psychology. To show you how Pitkin is following the advice of his latest book, *Take It Easy*, let me list his current occupations: full-time Professor of Journalism at Columbia University; Editorial Director of the *Farm Journal*, Washington, D. C.; author of three new and bigger and better popular books all progressing rapidly; popular lectures in Texas, California, the Middle West and South, including debates on "Does Life Begin At Forty?"; inventor and patenter of a new type of sailboat; inventor of airplane and motorboat innovations; author of monthly articles in the *Rotarian Magazine* on careers for superior young people; country-wide researches in the career field—he traveled 31,000 miles last year; investigations in agricultural problems for the *Farm Journal*, and mind you he has to write up his results; and last but most stupendous, a survey of all the available, habitable land in every country in the world. Dale Carnegie called Pitkin up the other day and asked him to give a lecture. Walter agreed. Carnegie asked Pitkin to select a topic and the world surveyor answered, "It doesn't matter, anything you wish." Carnegie, imagining himself to be facetious, suggested a talk on the topography of Madagascar. "Perfect!" cried Walter Pitkin enthusiastically. "I've just finished a research on that very subject and I'd like to lecture on it while it's fresh in my mind."

Others beside Pitkin perform an extraordinary amount of work, and there may be others—though I have never met them—who are as versatile as he. But in other personalities there is some discoverable link between the tasks performed, some unifying motive. There is, for example, the inferiority feeling based upon inability to persuade and control fellow humans which drives its possessors to seek publicity in every possible way. Such a one may shift his efforts from one field to another in pursuit of the elusive spotlight. But in Pitkin's case there is no such common denominator. More than two-thirds of the things he does are never known to any human except himself and his long-suffering secretary, a charming blonde girl named Kay Johnson. I chance to be the hitherto silent witness to a great many of these private activities because I have worked with Pitkin at Columbia University and in motion picture production at Hollywood. So now I certify that Pitkin's uniting personality thread, if he has one, is not a camouflaged desire for publicity. He likes it or he dislikes it according to whether or not it suits his immediate purpose. Nor is Pitkin seeking power, like Huey Long; the superiority of righteousness, like Fiorello LaGuardia, or unrepressed gratification of vanity, like Benvenuto Cellini. If space permitted I might run through the entire list of well-known drives and motives and prove to you in each case that such is not the key to Pitkin's hodge-podge of kaleidoscopic action patterns.

Walter Boughton Pitkin has a characteristic which is not traceable to any conscious

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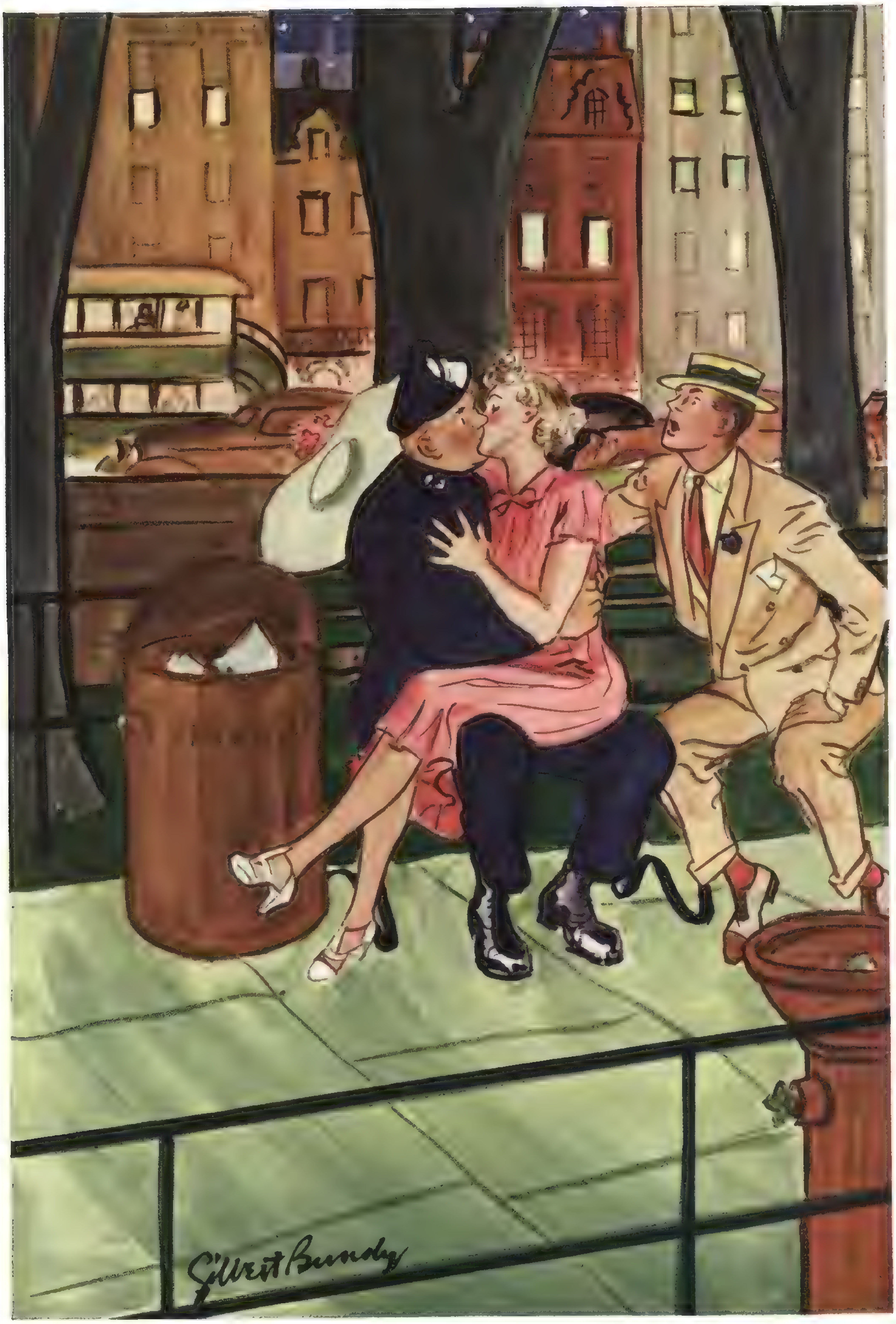
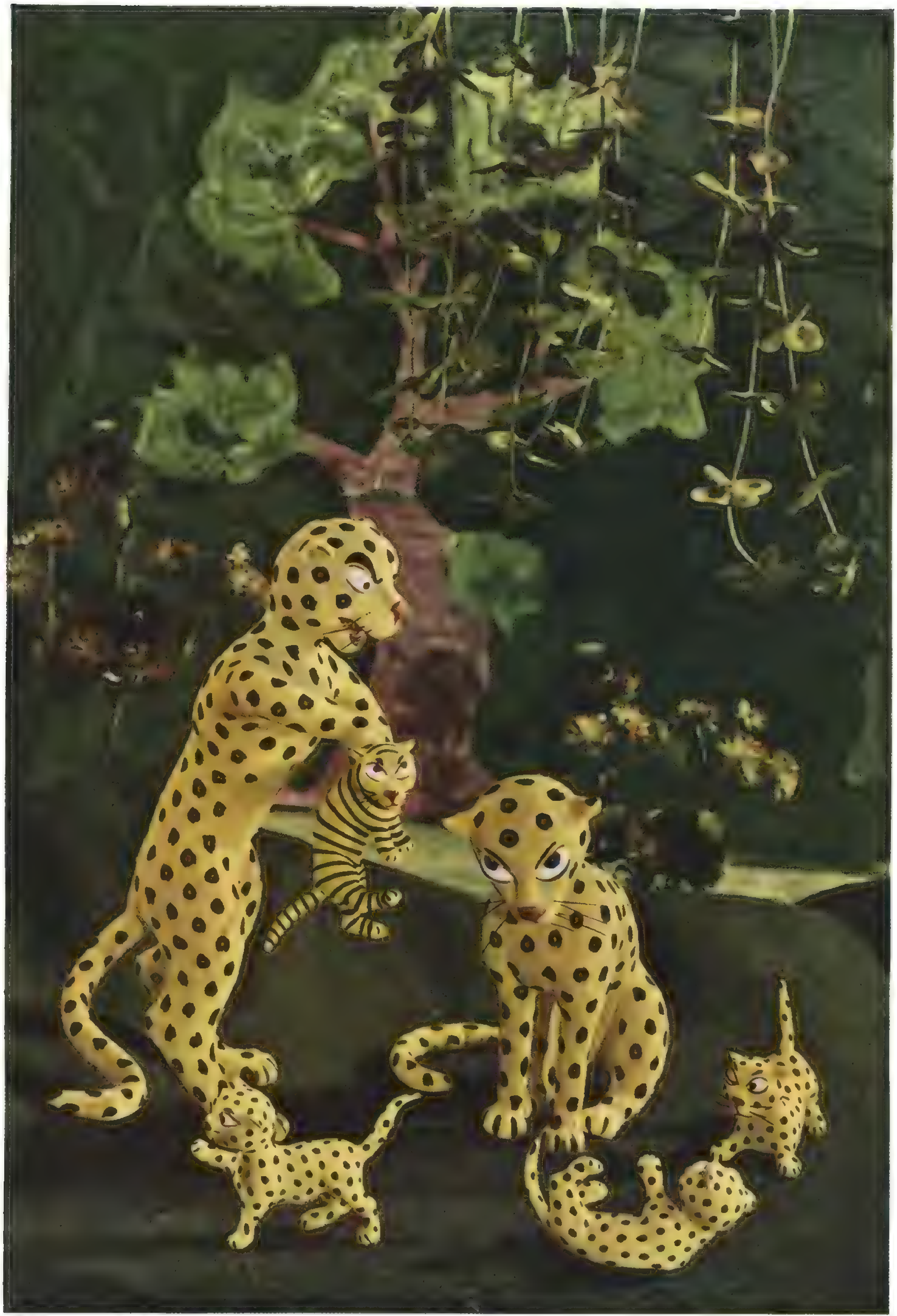

Gilbert Bundy

"O. K.! — Now will you leave us alone?"



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

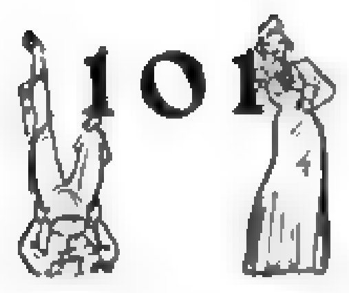
"I suppose the color ran on this one!"

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Further winkings on and off of the light that lies in ladies' eyes; and lies and lies and lies

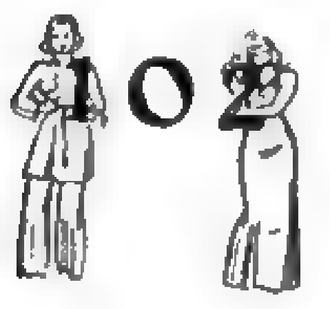
by MARCEL DESAGE

• ARTICLE •

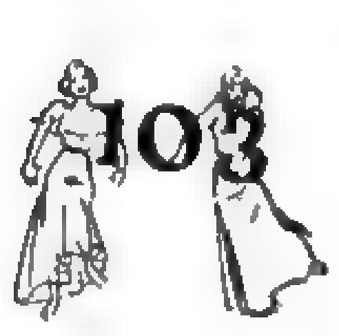


101 Your mistress is a born "editor" and during your early years together, she alone determined the order of your dress. You were not allowed your favorite pinch-back coats, wide stripe trousers, and single-breasted suits, but had instead to wear her special selection of fine-striped but *peculiar* masculine fabrics, double-breasted coats, and particularly her very special and remarkably individualistic selection of ties.

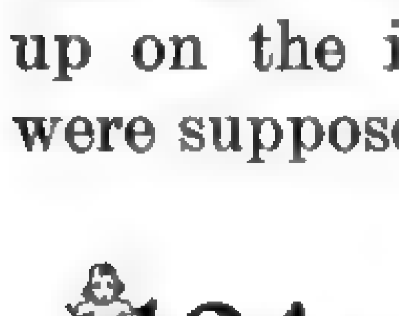
For the last year she has allowed you to dress as you please, but two months ago your best friend "X" could be seen to go through every phase of this exacting process of sartorial change.



102 His mistress is visiting in Baltimore; he is staying with you. You have spilled a glass of wine upon an expensive table and need both his handkerchief and your own to mop it up. Your maid does not use lipstick, and his handkerchief is a perfectly fresh one, still the only other woman in the house is your faithful wife; from where then come these fresh red stains?

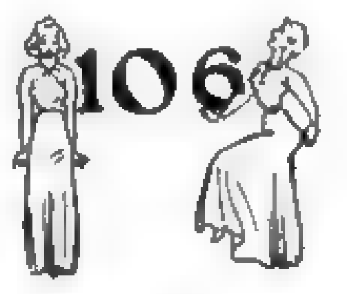


103 You are a well-known yachtsman, and for many years the dates of your famous races in Bermuda and Havana are known and published for many months in advance. She has always wanted to go, but women, obviously, would have been very much *de trop*. This time, however, an accident at the very last moment prevents you from leaving, but your disappointment is partly assuaged by the lucky appearance of your best friend, not a yachtsman and knowing nothing about the races, who turns up on the identical day upon which you were supposed to have departed.

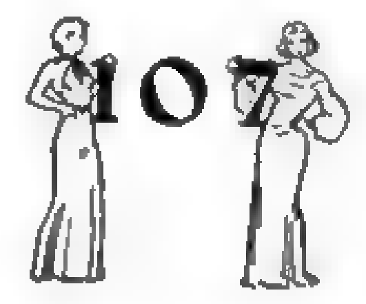


104 She has less talent for automobile driving than any other woman in the world. Still she has induced you to buy her a fine car which she now, after a fashion, drives, although she scarcely knows the gearshift from the rear-axle. She so long insists upon your allowing her to drive down to Florida *alone*, that you, in a rage, finally permit her to go, almost hoping that she will break her beautiful neck. She leaves New York City and immediately has a slight accident at (a) Newark, and (b) Trenton, but upon the third day, from Philadelphia onwards she practically zooms down to Miami apparently at the breathless rate of eighty miles per hour. At least this is the speed she would have had to have made in order to explain her breathless arrival at Miami per the telegram for additional cash you received from her barely a day later. Several weeks later she returns with the same breathless speed, but has another slight automobile accident at (a) Trenton, and (b) New Brunswick, and when she arrives back in New York she has not yet learned to drive. (Solution: she is in love with an automobile racing driver living in Philadelphia.)

105 She draws special attention to the fact that she is such a bad liar. "I have found that I tell fibs so badly that I now invariably tell the truth at all times," says she. Still do you remember how brilliantly she extracted herself last year when the Customs Inspector caught her red-handed? And her fascinating excuse to the Smith's why you cannot come to dinner tonight?



106 You have forbidden her "his" apartment; people are talking. Although it usually makes her ill, she cannot resist Indian Chutney, accordingly you send "him" a whole case of it. That same evening when you come home to dinner, she hardly eats a mouthful, although you have her favorite East Indian Curry with abundant Chutney.

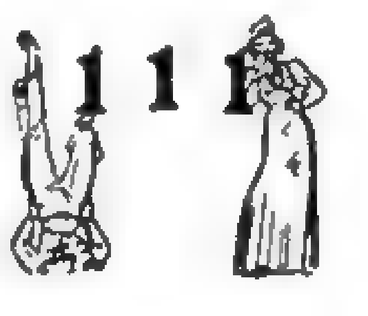


107 She has returned to you from Paris, Tourist Class; nowadays a certain single gentleman whose name did not appear upon her cabin-list but who seems upon inquiry to have occupied a *double*-bedroom First Class cabin upon the same trip often calls to see her . . . just an old ship's acquaintance, of course.

108 She has become curiously *distraite*. Once upon a time she had the greatest interest in your affairs of state, your career, your well-being. You have learned to lean upon her for advice; now this dependence only seems to annoy her. She is, in a word, no longer a good comrade, nevertheless she has in no *visible* way exchanged the mantle of lamb for wolf. She is outwardly as devoted as ever.

109 She has always bathed only at night. Now she bathes each morning before going out, *and with perfume*. Her usual evening bath, however, still lacks every trace of scent.

110 Your best friend must unexpectedly make a long business trip, and unless your ears and eyes deceive you it seems very much to distress your mistress. He is still making the necessary arrangements when she suddenly decides that you must accompany him. You need a rest, she explains, and you will be happy traveling with your very best male friend. He, however, objects. "It is impossible, old fellow, as my new mistress, Miss 'C' of the former Follies, is accompanying me, if you must know." When you tell this to your own mistress she accepts it with a certain *fatalistic calm*.



111 You inadvertently read (for you are not addicted to reading your wife's mail) a letter written to her by one of her supposedly very best friends, the elderly wife of a rather unprincipled gentleman.

"Dearest little Bella, of course both Jack and I are livid with rage that you did not stop over in Paris and tell us all the news! We cursed you; we rang up the Gare St. Lazare and found out that we had missed the boat train by one whole day . . . too, too utterly bad.

"The worst of it is that I fear we shall be unable to see you at all this year . . . we are not coming to St. Moritz *as Jack planned* and I suppose that you and your *busy* little husband are hardly likely to come over to England this year . . . we shall not be here anyway; our plans as a matter of fact are unsettled. Jack is working very very hard, and is a changed *changed* man . . ." etc. etc.

112 She is returning to your home in France upon the *Normandie*, and you have long planned to surprise her upon the dock. She believes that you are waiting for her in Paris, six hours distant.

She is standing at the ship's rail with a very handsome gentleman, but this ship's rail is on the First Class, and not upon the Tourist Class you paid for. When she catches sight of you she disappears, after a few quick words to the gentleman at her side. You do not see her again until she disembarks, and her ship's acquaintance is conspicuously absent, in fact he doesn't come off the ship until the very last passenger has left, and then very carefully.

If all this is not enough to excite your suspicions you will later upon the boat train, be astonished to notice that the *Tourist* Class labels pasted upon her luggage are still wet and do not stick properly.

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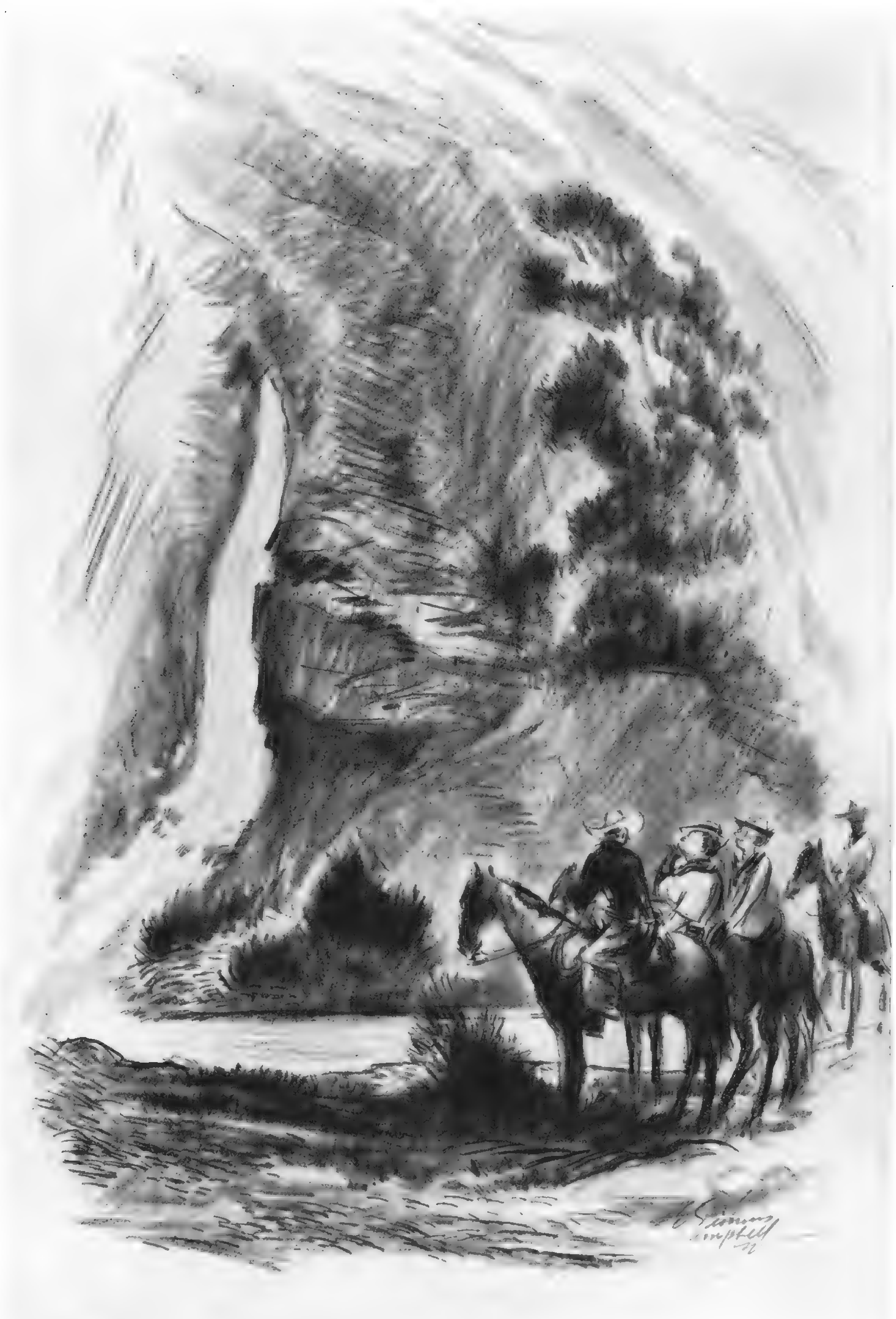


"Thank God for a spring—now I can take my aspirin"

The Field of the Dark Pines

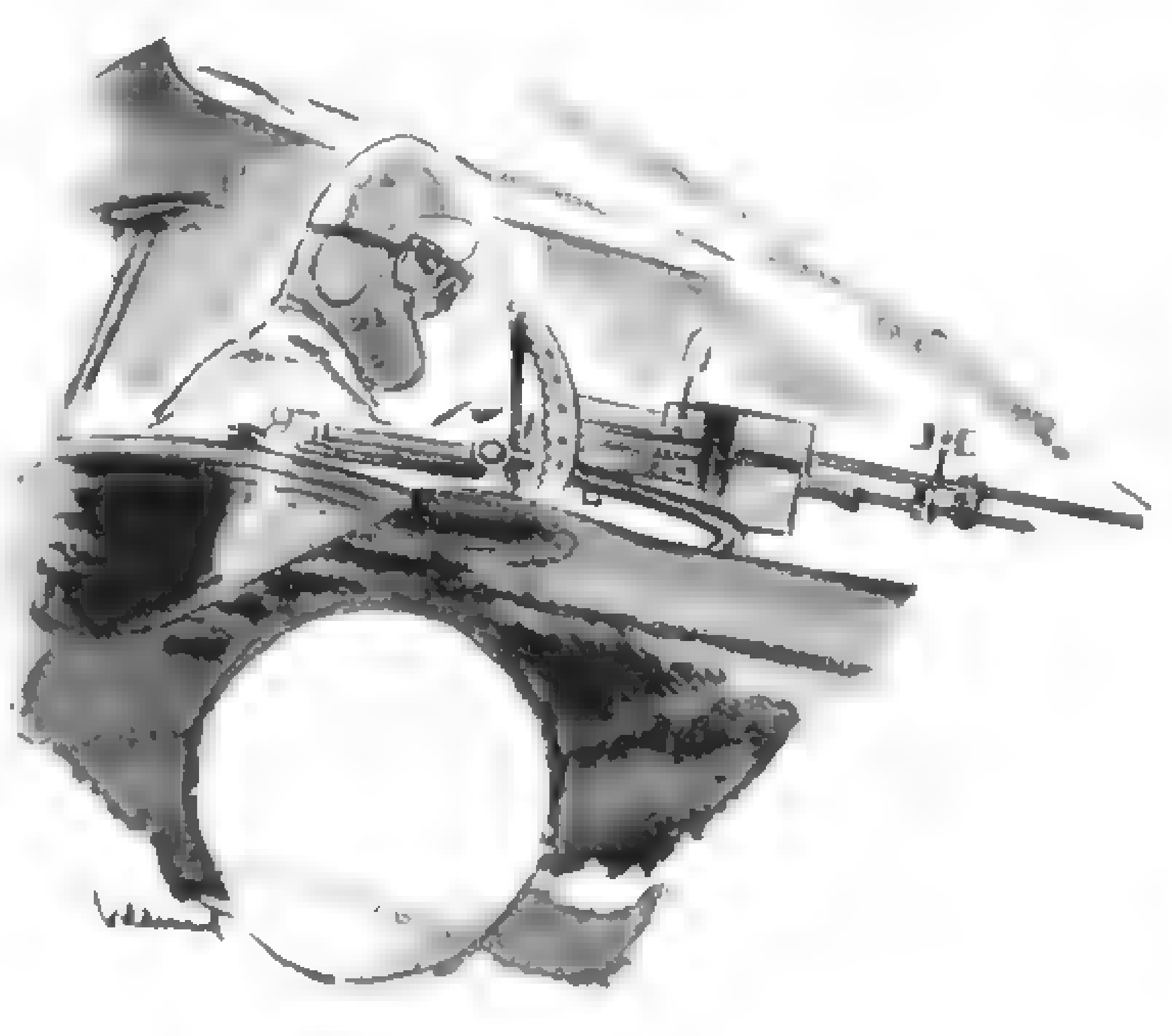
Flight squad mowing down brown men, seen against a background still as a Chinese water-color

by JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

• FICTION •

SILENCING the motor, he glided down through smooth, evening air, tipping his inner wing to look well into the palely green field where he would land, and from which the long, dark avenue of pines led to the house by the bronze waters of Liao Tung. Often, in reconnoitering new landing places, he would have to circle many times while farmers and their women, blue figures, black tipped and incurious, trudged across, homeward from other fields on which they were allowed to labor and support themselves a little.

This field tonight was vacant. Heading toward the end of the avenue, shaded by the last of the pines from the low sun, he set down his wheels. Under thick grass the earth was smooth and hard. He would remember this field for it was the only one near their low-lying airdrome that had not been made soft and uncertain after rains by long cultivation.



And now, because his squadron was ordered inland along the Wall and away from the sea, and this might be his last chance before a time of need came, he would walk over this field to discover hidden hazards. It would be easy to find again, so landmarked by the empty House of the Dark Pines, a house screened and secret from roads but open and somehow familiar and inviting from the air.

As he climbed out of the cock-pit the big, Chinese ideographs painted on the ship's side made him feel exiled and forlorn. He would have been glad to see again some cruder Western design; an Indian's head or a dice-box. It had been well enough, he thought, scuffling through the wiry grass, as long as he had Bob to talk to. Bob had gone home when their instructor's contracts were up, but he had stayed on with triple pay from month to month, drifting into the fighting of other races' wars, leading the Squadron he had trained against the Japanese. He was called the Squadron of Golden Clouds, but half the Clouds had blown away. They fought well enough; they were canny fliers; but when they got hurt and began to lose control of a ship they gave up. The Western instinct of self-preservation was not there. Apparently they folded their hands on the tummy, murmured "Oh the Jewel in the Lotus," and let her crash.

Pulling out his note-book he began to sketch the field. A ditch here, hidden by grass. Over there an overgrown pile of stones. In the flap of the note-book were his steamer tickets. They made him feel secure. Bob had written of a new company, jobs for both; of week-ends on the beach at Carmel; Bob's sister added little postscripts; snapshots of the new beach-house; home.

Dusk coming. Time to get off. And drifting westward across the face of the large, low moon, he savored especially all the evening colors of that Chinese land, because when he turned east once more it would at last be turning towards home. . . .

And soon the Squadron of Golden Clouds—only five ships now—did fly eastward again toward the sea and their old sector, coming down for fuel and orders on a small field one hundred and fifty miles from the coast.

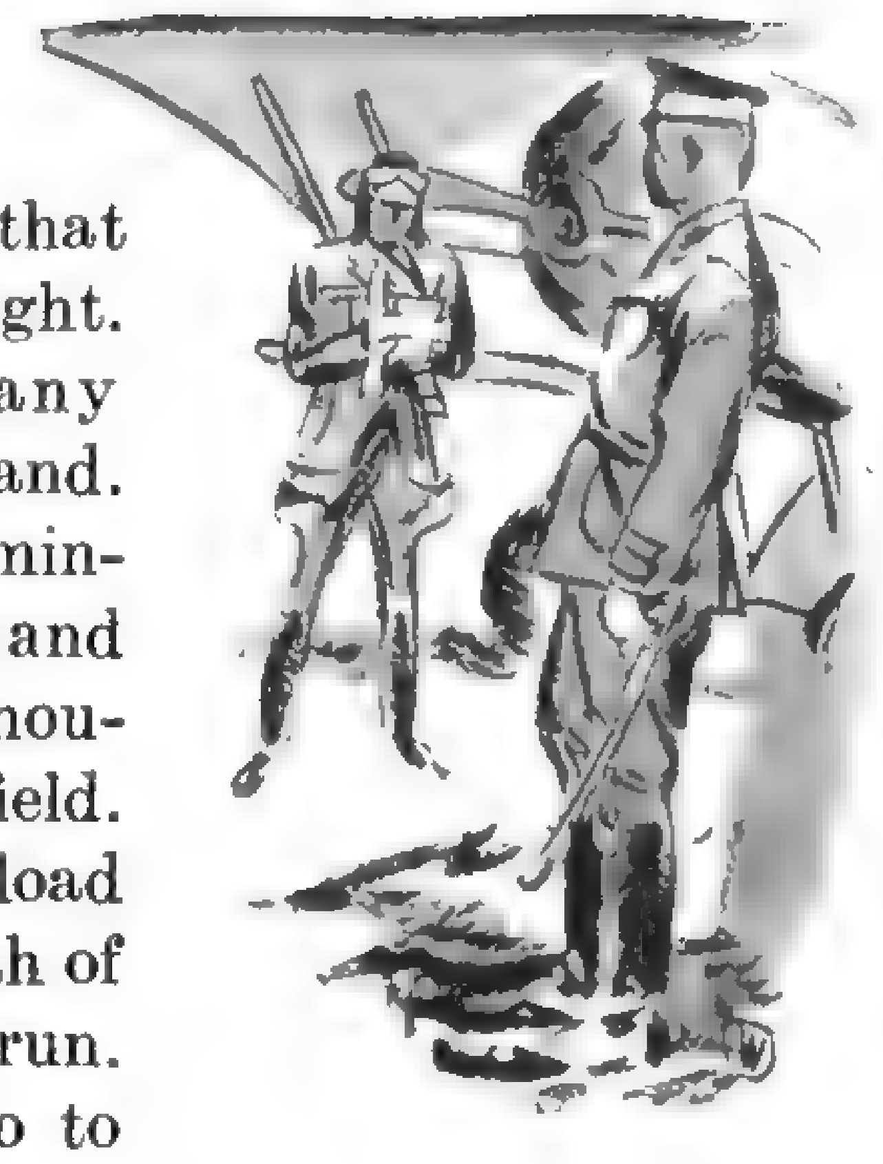
They landed in the mid-afternoon, one by one. Taxi-ing to the field's edge, he watched them rock in against a gusty wind, strike the rough ground, rock again, and disappear in the comet tail of yellow dust that streamed back from the skid of the ship in front. And when he had counted all four emerging from that dust, he turned to the Chinese officer who waited by his fuselage and who bent and clutched patiently at a red-banded cap in the whipping wind of the idling propellor.

After reading the telegraphed orders he gathered his pilots on the shady side of the corrugated iron hangar:

"Japanese trains are moving into Shan-Hai-Kwan from the north. We'll catch the troops detraining there. Some anti-aircraft guns are reported around the station-yards, so we'll head for the west end of the King-Lin Valley, take up single column of planes there, come through the coastal hills low and fast, and get on them before they spot us. After the attack we'll head south and land on our old airdrome. Watch your gas. It will take us two hours to reach Shan-Hai-Kwan and another forty minutes at least from there home, so our tanks will be about empty when we land."

The group stirred a little.

"Yes. We're going to leave the emergency tanks here and carry the extra weight in bombs instead. It's a big target and there are so few of us. Each pilot check his bombs carefully and see that they're put on right. We don't want any hanging when we land. Take off in twenty minutes by single ships and form V at three thousand feet over this field. You'll have a big load so use the full length of the field for your run. Any questions? Go to your ships."



Leaving the low heat-haze, the squadron rendezvoused and headed east again for the seaboard hills through cooler, clear air. Too clear, he thought, if the Japanese pursuit planes were patrolling west of the mountains. He kept glancing at his watch. The hills were slow in coming. The squadron seemed to hang from the sky as though he sat on some airy bridge under which flowed an olive and tawny stream of blurred land with its flotsam of trees and houses; swiftly flowing in its center beneath them but more slowly toward its far banks of blue and dim horizon.

The air was curiously smooth. He wanted to idle at the stick as though this were merely a cross-country flight, and to rehearse in his mind the coming days on the steamer, the cables from Honolulu, and the white, lifting hills of San Francisco, opalescent with sunlight on windows through the mist. . . . Hard to take his thoughts away; to baby the ship along, setting the even pace and keeping his eyes sweeping the hemisphere of sky for hostile planes. They were taking chances of being seen, flying so high, but it gave them a stronger favoring wind and they would need all their gas.

At last the bare, brown hills defined themselves, and the gap in them that was the King-Lin Valley.

"Hit it on the nose," he thought. "Saved gas and met nothing. First trick."

Raising his hand, he gave the signal to arm the bombs; then reached down and pulled his own arming lanyard that jerked from the nose of the bombs hung under each wing the two strands of copper wire which served the same purpose as the safety catch on a pistol. Looking around to get the "ready" signal from the other ships, he noticed suddenly that the underwings of Number Three

Continued in center of page 145

"If I Could Only Putt!"

Trick clubs are helpful but the best putter is still the player who tries for the best approach

by HORTON SMITH

• SPORTS •

So often you hear golf tournament players wail, "If I could only putt" that you may find yourself ready to believe that the putter is the only club used in the game. The boys talk about putt after putt of almost transcontinental length that dropped into the holes—but always for the other fellow. If it hadn't been for those long putts falling like rain for the other fellow, he'd have had an eighty-something instead of the dizzy 68 he got after wandering all over the course.

Whoever happens to be telling the tale seems to have a sort of a sorrowful enjoyment in the narrative. He didn't do so well himself. He will speak briefly that he played fine golf up to the green but couldn't tap the ball into the cup if he'd been putting in a gutter. When you hear some of us who play in many tournaments talking along these lines, please let us ramble on without interruption. The more we are allowed to talk about the other fellow using his putter as magically as a witch uses her broomstick, the less painful our own memories of a disappointing score become. We talk ourselves out of the danger of a lasting and disturbing recollection of a few of our own missed putts.

It is on that account, I suspect, that professionals in their tournament talk are rather disposed to over-emphasize putting. After all, before there's any putting to be done the player has to be on the green and despite the Willie Parks proverb about a man who can putt being a match for anyone, it still takes from one to three shots before the putter is yanked from the bag.

Every club professional who has observed the winning scores of Saturday afternoon "fewest putts" contests at his club appreciates it's untrue that a man who can putt is a match for anyone. The majority of these contests are won by Class B and C players who generally find themselves with an easy short approach to the green, but with that approach being a shot or two more to the green than the number of strokes taken by the Class A player. The longer handicap player then having less distance to putt, generally, enjoys a decided advantage.

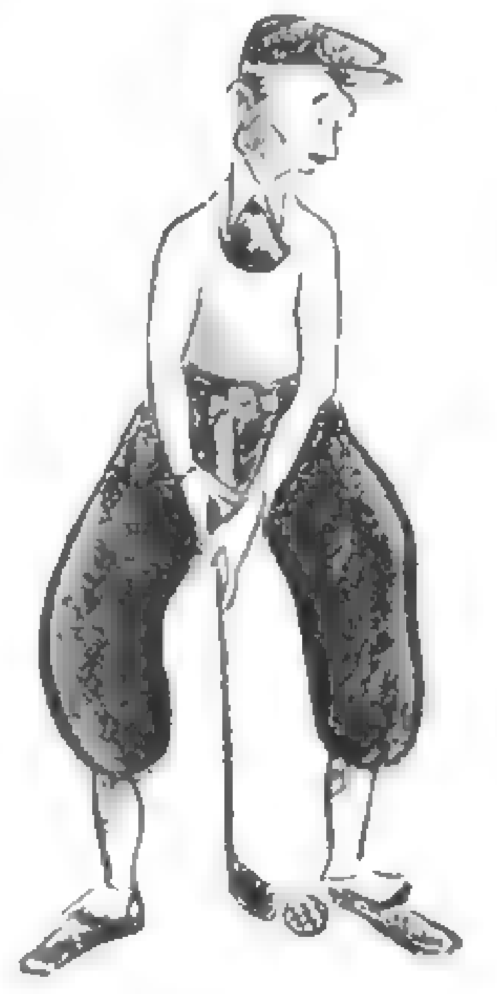
Check on this at your own club this summer and you will observe ample confirmation of my statement.

In fast tournament golf the putting situation usually analyzes down to a somewhat similar situation; the fellow having the least distance to putt does the best putting.

The tournament experts in the last few years have been putting better because they have paid more attention to approaching and chipping that brings them into position for easier putts. They see to it now that they get straight-away or uphill putts rather than the risky, difficult taps that must roll downhill or make a very accurate "borrow" from a side-hill location.

Consequently, when you hear tournament players talk about marvelous putting you probably are hearing only part of the story. The part about the approach shot is the part that's not often mentioned.

Of course, putting is better than it used to be. Greens are much truer than they used to be. Golfers can thank greenkeepers for that part of the improvement. Approach areas, due to fertilizing and fairway watering, provide much better lies for either long or delicate approach shots. Again the players must acknowledge their debt to the greenkeepers. But where a great part of the reputed improvement in putting has originated is with the wedge type of niblick.



I know that times without number I have used this sort of club to get from a sand trap tightly guarding a green close enough to the hole to have the easiest kind of a putt left. Jones, in his brilliant final year of competitive play, used the club so effectively that a shot from the sand that formerly meant either a stroke lost or a heaven-sent recovery became practically the first one of the orthodox two putts.

Possibly you have seen Sarazen use that type of a club with—if anything—less uncertainty than he may have with a long putt. He is deadly with it and in this respect I believe may have only one superior. That possible superior and the master is Revolta. And just to show how good anyone has to be to excel Sarazen at this type of shot I mention a demonstration he made at St. Augustine, Fla., this spring. Gene closed his eyes and hit shots out of the sand to the green; seldom having a shot go more than a yard away from the cup.

It will be a long time before professional golfers forget how Revolta defeated Hagen in the first round of the Professional Golfers Association championship at Oklahoma City in 1935. Revolta was in seven green traps during the last nine holes of that match and came out of the sand at each one of the seven close enough to the hole to go in with one short and simple putt. In the final round during which he defeated Armour, Revolta again used the wedge type of niblick to either halve holes or take them away from Armour when it looked as though Armour had the holes nailed to the scorecard.

Revolta carries three of this type of club; one for loose sand, one for heavy wet sand and rough, and one for playing sharply biting approach shots from fairway lies. You may notice—as I have—that although Revolta is an impressively excellent putter, usually he's close enough to the hole that the ball can be putted in without constant and strong dependence on Providence.

The younger players have devoted considerable time to acquiring a deft and uniform technique with this wedge type of club and there have been numerous occasions when I have been of the opinion that the club's performance has been responsible for a fair degree of the scoring improvement that has been popularly attributed to putting alone.

And, although the club, like any other club, performs best in the hands of a player who knows how to play it, it unquestionably has done much to help the scoring of the duffers and the average players who already have suffered enough when they get into sand traps without being handicapped by lack of proper equipment to play a scientifically sound recovery shot.

I realize that when I refer to the part of improved equipment in lowering tournament scores rather than credit the entire improvement to better putting, there might be some of my comrades who'd imagine that I either was trying to duck the burden of being considered a good putter or was unduly influenced by my early association with the wedge type niblick. On the latter count I can only say that the club still looks to me as logically designed as when I first ran across the idea and I've watched its performance so closely in tournament golf that my professional associates will pardon me if I do claim to speak with the authority of extensive observation on this matter.

Don't think that I wouldn't be happy with the reputation of being a superlative putter—if the reputation should develop. Now I consider myself no better putter than any one of a dozen or more tournament professionals. I know putts can be missed and

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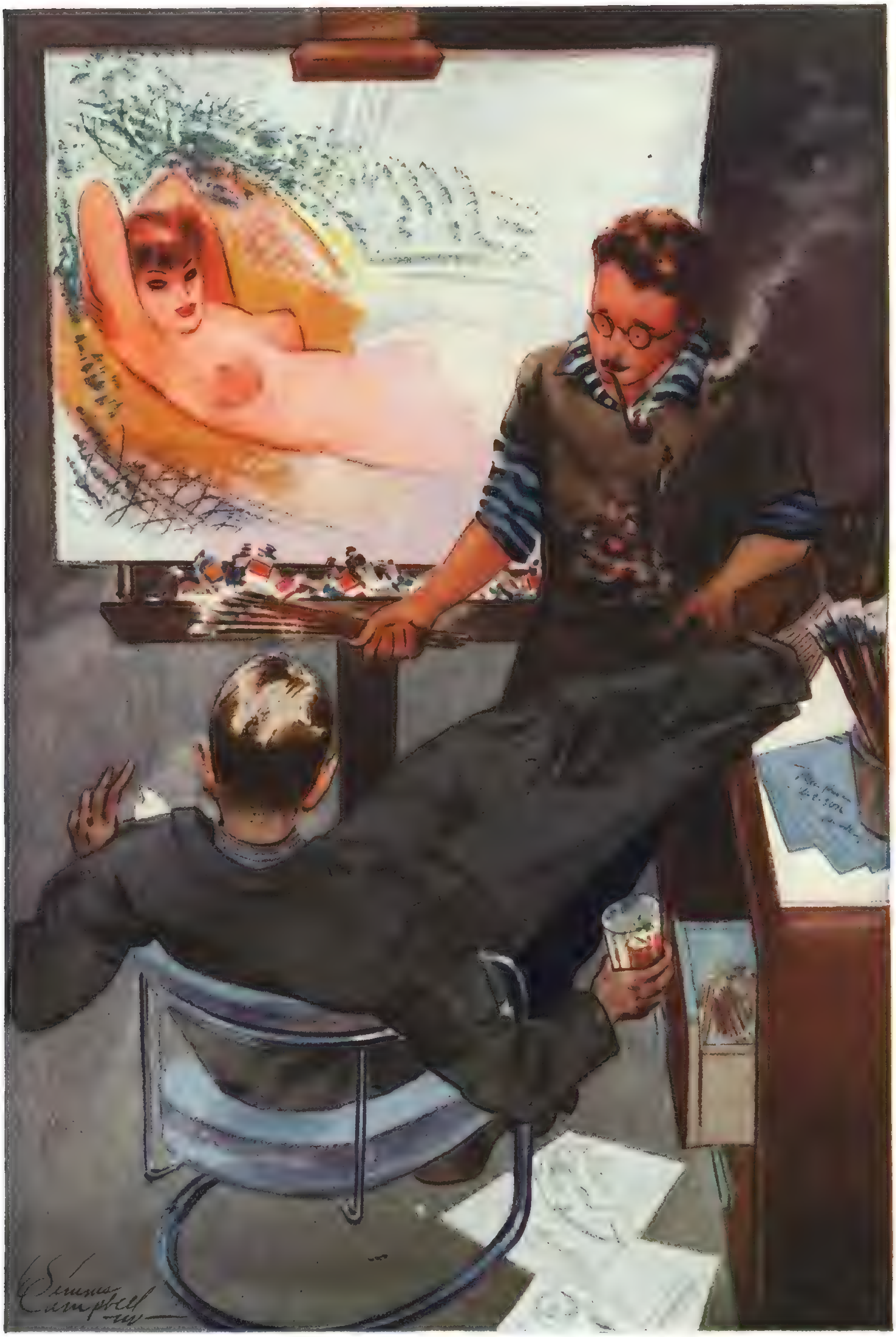
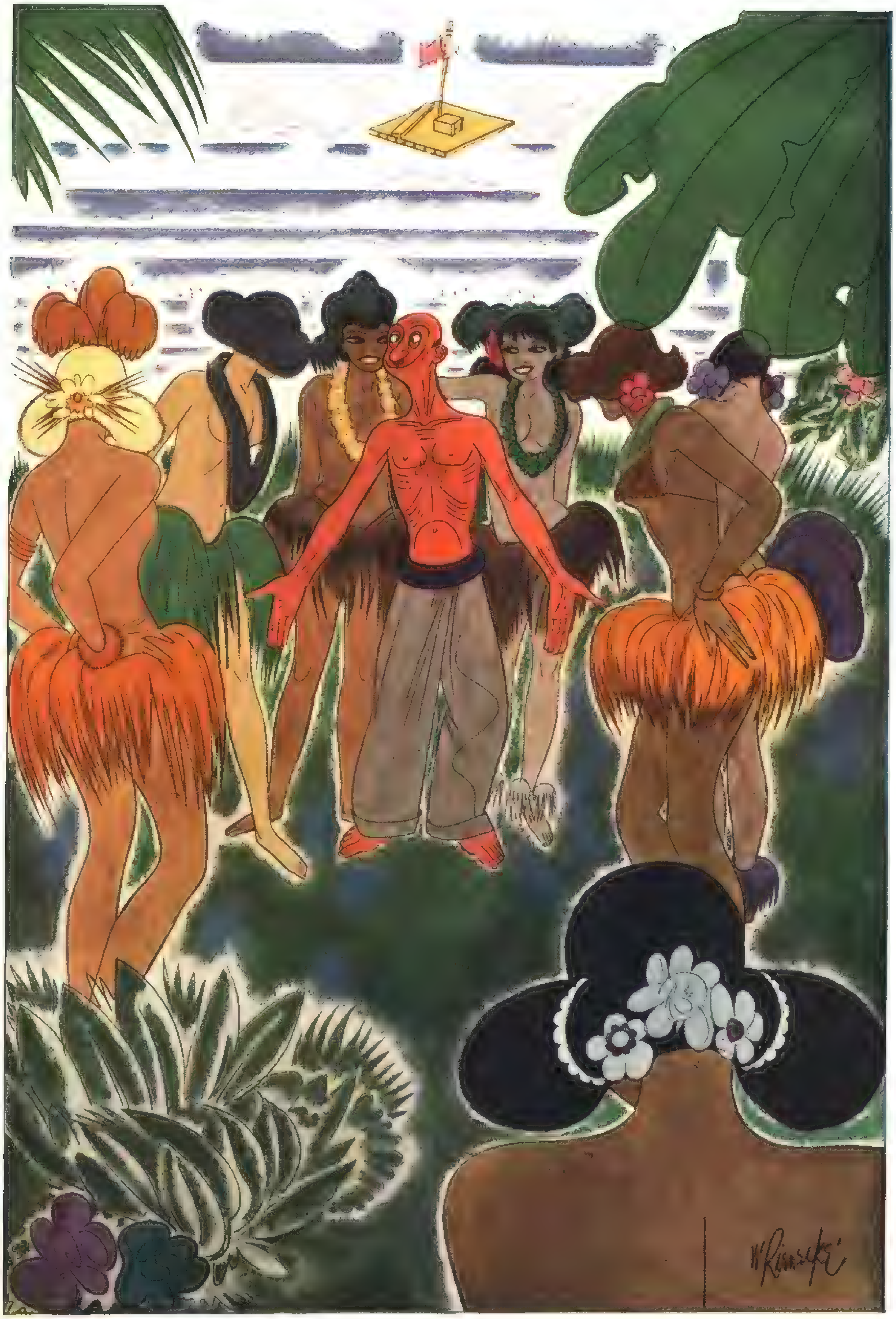

Simms Campbell

"That's as far as I got, when we had an argument and she left"



"You mean that I'm the only man on the island?"

An Old Japanese Custom

If your Japanese banto introduces himself as a bank president to his fellow-magnates, think nothing of it

by HOLGER LUNDBERGH

▪ SATIRE ▪

A FEW days after I had moved into my Osaka office, I got Kida.

He came in answer to an advertisement in the *Osaka Mainichi* for a first-class *banto.* The Japanese *bantos,* or interpreters employed by foreign firms, are a class as distinct as the *Yoshiwara* girls or the rickshaw drivers. They are the commercial liaison officers between the Orientals and the Occidentals. They speak a fair English, and can write a passable business letter. They are dapper little salesmen, constantly smiling, often decent and honest. If they work for a British house they adopt a home-made Oxfordian accent in an incredibly short time. If they are in the employ of an American company, they pepper their conversation with "O. K.'s," "Atta boys," and "Sure Mikes." They are imitative, alert, ingenious, and acquisitive. Their pay is between a hundred and two hundred yen a month, or about fifty to a hundred dollars.

Kida presented himself to me with an amusing blend of jauntiness and dignity. He strongly resembled a squirrel in a flat-brimmed straw hat; his merry and observant eyes flew around the room, and the black hairs of his sparse mustache quivered like the whiskers on an animal. But his motions had the calculated poise of the Oriental, and even in his odd-shaped duck trousers, wrinkled linen suit, and shoe-string cravat there was something vaguely majestic about the little man.

"Hierom Kida," read one of his recommendations from a good British house in Kobe, "is a thoroughly industrious, reliable, and honest man. He speaks English, and has served us as *banto* for several years, leaving us of his own accord."

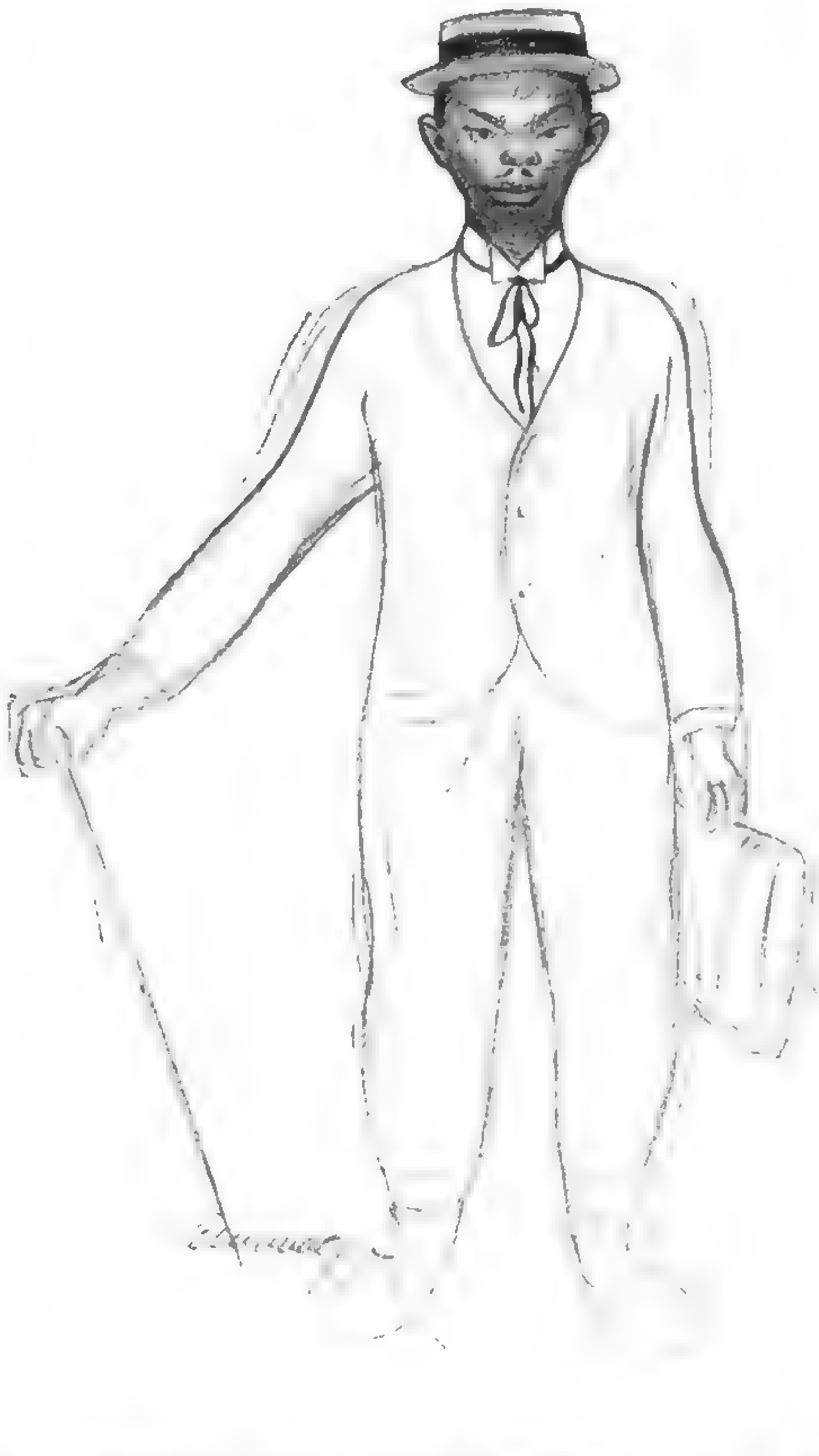
"Sit down," I said, and Kida reclined in a big leather chair, one leg thrown nonchalantly over the other. "Why did you leave this firm?"

Kida laughed, and showed me a mouth filled with gold teeth. "I like change," he replied.

I asked him where his home was, and he said at Nishinomiya, between Kobe and Osaka. He was thirty-two years old, married, and had two sons, and lived in a little house with his four grand-parents and two of his wife's uncles.

Later I called on a couple of Kida's former employers, and found that he was a good catch, as Japanese *bantos* go, and hired him. I was in the engineering business, and my firm imported American heavy-duty machinery. We had some top hole customers: the Imperial Mint, the Osaka Arsenal, and some of the more or less official navy yards.

Every morning Kida and I went through the day's itinerary, and set out either on foot or in rickshaw, depending upon the distance to our clients. It was my first summer in Japan, and after the *njubai,* or rainy season, the real heat began, and it was very hot and stagnant and tiring. Kida, however, had a fixed idea of saving money for the firm, and insisted on walking whenever possible. With his briefcase in one hand and a thin bamboo cane in the other, he started out in the cooking sunshine at a brisk trot.



Like many Japanese he frequently pronounced "l" as "r," and vice versa, and in the beginning it caused me much trouble. One day, walking along a powder-white road lined with shabby huts, I asked him, "Are you sure this isn't the wrong way?"

He smiled brightly, and replied with assurance, "Yes, wrong way. Very wrong."

I got angry. "Well, for heaven's sake, let's go back and find the right one."

"No, no," he insisted. "This right way, but wrong."

Frantically I demanded to know what he was talking about, and he showed me all his gold-filled teeth, and wrote with his cane in the dust, "Long way." I hailed a couple of passing rickshaws.

Some mornings when I came to my office, Kida had already left on a business call, and there was a note for me to meet him later in the day at a certain place. These messages were like the cryptic writings of spies, and often I could make nothing out of them. This, however, was easy to decipher. "I wait for you one o'clock Yotzubashi Tower, and you do so if I late." I was there at the appointed time, and had, indeed, to do so, because he late, very late.

On the whole Kida was a hard-working and reliable man, and he had an engaging and individual sense of humor that made it easy and at times very pleasant to work with him. He told me much about his childhood, on the island of Awaji, in the Inland Sea, and about his children, and taught me a little Japanese, laughing heartily at my mistakes, and shaking his head in a child-like serious appreciation if I managed to get the right pronunciation. Once he corrected me on the name of the Emperor, Hirohito. "It is pronounced Hiróhito," he said, "all in one word. In Japanese ranguage no accident."

There were, however, times when I wanted to shake him. On those occasions his alibis and excuses were legion, but his good humor never left him, and it was of such a happy buoyancy and so unlike the smirking, insincere grin you meet so often in Japan, that it was difficult to long remain angry. "Japanese custom," was his standard answer, if something had particularly maddened me.

I told him one day that he spent entirely too much time in the office, sipping his eternal tea in the company of visiting *bantos* from other foreign or domestic houses. "Japanese custom," he replied. To his mind this was a very important function, because it cemented friendship and built up good will for the firm. I answered that I had seen no results from these tea parties. Kida looked at me with his laughing eyes, and said, "I am all same as duck. Duck froats on pond. On surface no can see, but under feets go, all time, all time." And he made a swift, paddling motion with his hands.

Another Japanese custom, according to Kida, was revealed to me in the fall of the same year. We were traveling by interurban

Continued in center of page 151

The Natives Are Friendly

Can they be blamed for hiding their firewood until they know which are the typical Americans?

by OLIVER LA FARGE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

I. Courtship

Don Ramón was a fool. He was stupid, sluggish, ineffectual, kind. His nice eyes and weak mouth and straggling beard presented us with a baffling obtuseness, an unfailing ineptitude. We had to use him though, we had to support the infuriating necessity of conducting the most delicate of all our negotiations through this man. Perhaps because of his kindliness and his simplicity, he alone of all the Ladinos in the village had the confidence of the Shower of the Road, and behind and beyond all our other work, the ultimate objective was to make that wise old medicine man tell us what he knew.

Here in a corner of mountained Guatemala there survived a religion and ritual older than Christianity. Secret, esoteric, closely guarded, the ancient way continued beneath the surface of the newer religion. We knew a little about it from the references of the Spanish conquerors, guessed some more from the few hieroglyphs in the inscriptions that archaeologists had so far been able to decipher, fragments here and there of a whole which might solve many problems, might help to make the great ruins intelligible, might open to us the minds of their builders. There was, one knew, the worship of the Lords of the Days, a ritual at once served and controlled by the mutations of a calendar devised long ago by mathematicians and astronomers. It had been a literate, learned and complex religion till the Spaniards wiped it out. Here in Jacaltenango some part of it—how much we did not know—survived by rote and stubbornness. The priestly office of the Shower of the Road existed in the twentieth century; an old, illiterate, suspicious Indian held in his head the materials of a Ph.D. thesis. That was the central thing we had come for. The rest of the work was background and support for it.

The old man spoke no Spanish. He lived behind an impenetrable wall of ignorance, the conquered peoples' art of negatives, evasions and withdrawals. We could not approach him through ordinary Indians, because all of them would have agreed with him, that the knowledge we sought was closed to white men. We could not deal with him ourselves, we had too little Jacalteca, and anyhow, he generally ran away when he saw us coming.

It had to be worked through Don Ramón; a long, intricate, unhopeful courtship with an ass for intermediary.

The old man mistrusted us, was afraid of us, thought we were insane, that we were witches. He denied that any such office as Shower of the Road existed, that the days had any other names than Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday . . . He was ill, he was away, he was busy. We used tact, reason, liquor, chromos of appropriate saints, piety, anything we could think of. The months slipped by. We built up the arch of knowledge, daily life, possessions, customs, but the keystone was missing. The rains drew near, funds would soon run low. Byers and I, planning together, decided on a last try, a gamble which would win or lose with finality.

One of the Shower's functions is soothsaying. We had seen him do it once, though he would not let us near enough to follow in detail. It was a matter of interpreting certain chance combinations based, again, on the sequence of the Lords and the Days. The combinations were reached by pure chance, but the interpretations were entirely, though unconsciously, subjective. If one could fix an expectation in the soothsayer's mind, with any luck his divination would come out accordingly.

We called in Don Ramón and put on an act for him, made effective by his own naïve belief in the reality of the Indian's magical power.

"We are tired of this delaying," we said. "We know why he is afraid to talk to us, and we do not blame him. It is natural. But it is wrong. He is running contrary to the will of his own gods. Tell him this. Tell him just what we are saying.

"We are not ordinary men. We, too, have a little knowledge of these things. We have sight. We know that he is meant to talk to us. We do not expect him to take our word on it, or yours. Tell him to go apart by himself, to say his prayer and to make his divination. Let him ask the Lords, let him do it all by himself. The Lords will not lie to him. We have no fear of what they will say. *We know.* Let him ask them, they will tell him to talk with us."

Don Ramón looked startled. Here his very limitations served us. He believed we meant what we said, quite literally. He went away looking thoughtful. That was that; win or lose.

It worked. He came back the next day, his sluggish mind still full of undigested surprise. The Shower had questioned his Lords. He would talk with us. But he asked that it be only one, whichever was the most learned. We should meet at ten that night, at Don Ramón's house, coming separately. No Indian must know. Don Ramón could interpret.

We met, then, facing each other across a table with one candle on it, Don Ramón sitting at the end. The old man looked puzzled, uncertain. He was a nice little old man, with a kindly, very wrinkled face. I felt drawn to him. I wanted to rid him of fear and worry, not only out of policy, but because it was offensive that I in my youth and persistence should make such a person feel badly. I wished I could speak directly to him, but he had no Spanish, and my smattering of Jacalteca would hardly serve.

We had a drink all round, with the courtesy and delay in getting to the main point which Indians like. Then I explained how there were wise men in my country, in my tribe, who studied these things. Parts of the true religion were known to us, but parts we had lost. The old men of my people had sent me here to the center, to secure the whole truth. I would write it down and make it known to them.

This was a pretty good formula. It was credible to the Indian, it reduced lying to the minimum, and it eliminated that false promise of secrecy which some ethnologists so freely make and break.

Out of the scraps of information from old Spanish records, a few odds and ends picked up locally, things overheard even from this man's own mouth, I had put together some words, names and formulae, belonging to the secret ritual. These I brought into the conversation as things taken for granted.

That was effective. My pronunciation was odd, but then, there are seven languages in this world, and each has its own sound. The big point was that I knew the words at all. It could only mean that I was one of those born to know such things. It confirmed the astonishing result of his divination. One could talk to me, strange though it was to do so to a white man, a Ladino, with another Ladino interpreting. The old man began to loosen up.

I asked my first questions, and he answered. He settled down to it. Since I was to be told, it must be told completely and correctly. These things were sacred.

Right away, Don Ramón became a problem. His mental faculties didn't take it in at all. Listening carefully, I could tell I was being lamely translated, and long answers from the Shower of the Road would come back to me as "He says 'No'." The matter in hand was intricate, technical, and very delicate. The Shower and I both knew what we were after, Don Ramón hadn't the least idea. Bit by bit, in scraps and fragments, the questions and information had to be shoved through him.

We got on fairly well with the names of the Lords, the good ones, the bad ones, their various specialties. Then of necessity we had to go into the sacred mathematics of the calendar, for the controlling powers were not so much individuals, as combinations of them in various relationships of time. The old man saw that I had some idea of general principle, that I was able to follow it and receive it. He warmed to his work. There was, to begin with, the matter of the four Lords who rule the years in turn, the processes which select them and determine their characters. The Shower talked carefully, ticking off points on his fingers, enumerating.

"He says twenty goes into three hundred and sixty, eighteen times."

"What else did he say?"

"Well, those Lords, they are four out of twenty."

"But how are they chosen?"

"Just that. It comes around eighteen times and there are five more days, that's all."

"That's all he said?"

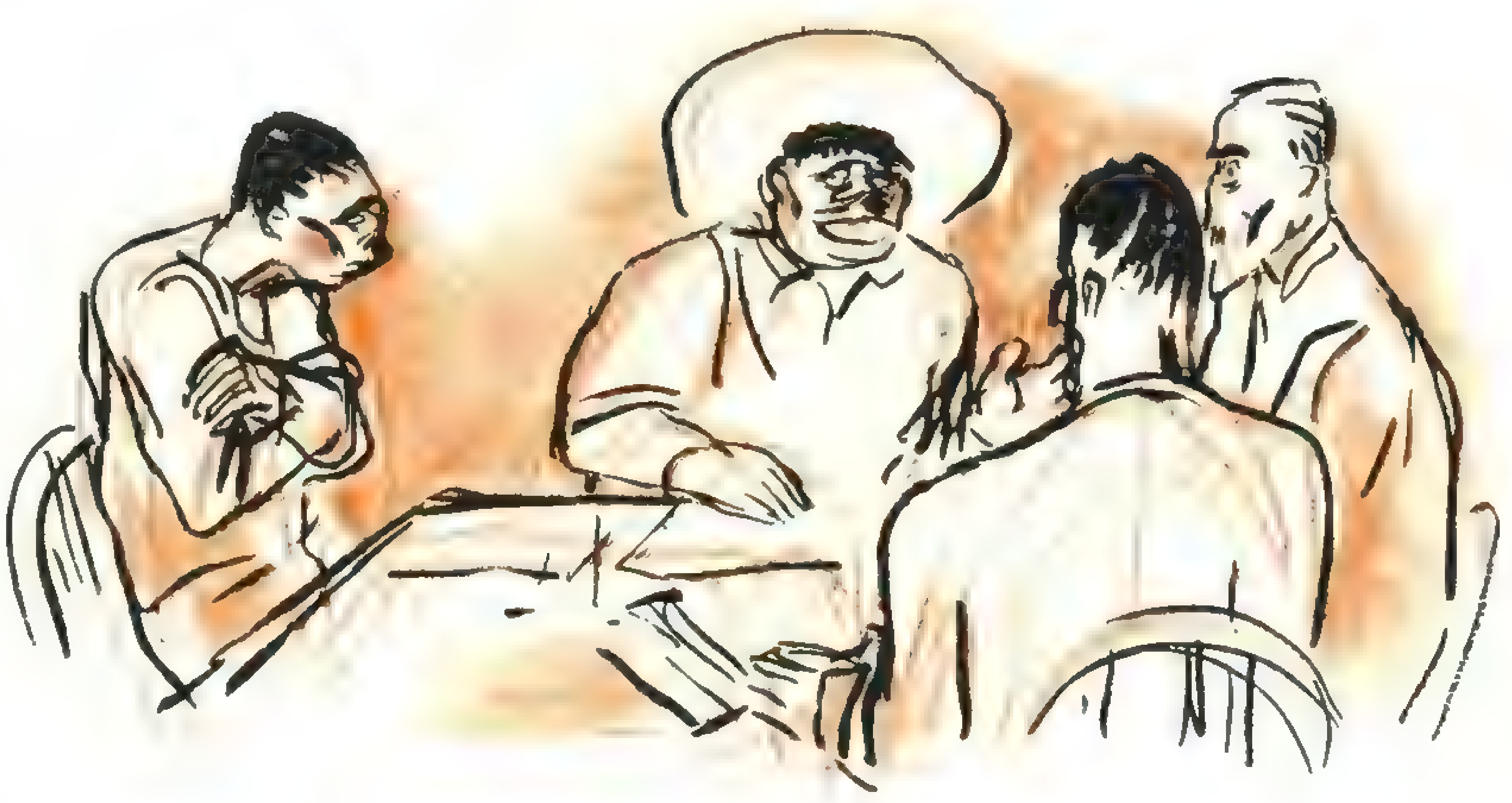
"Yes."

"Get him to tell it to you over again, and then tell it to me word for word, just what he says."

It wasn't any use. I could see that the Shower was watching Don Ramón closely when he talked to me, much as I did when he was talking Jacalteca. The Indian, too, was trying to drive past this barrier. We went back and back over the same ground. Each time some part of it lodged in the Ladino's memory long enough to be translated, none of it reached his understanding. My questions, too, were being mutilated. And the shades of meaning to be conveyed were in some cases so subtle, so exact. I managed a couple of times to ask simple questions in Jacalteca, partly by giving back to the old man the technical phrases I heard him use, but the priest's answers were always too complex for me to follow.

There was still a controlling concept to be made clear. Don Ramón couldn't get it. There was a technical word, which he didn't understand, and which had no exact Spanish equivalent. He couldn't follow the Indian's explanation. The Shower tried again. Then he sat back and fell silent, looking at me.

It's all off, I decided. He's disgusted now. It was a dangerous and strange thing to be telling these truths to a white man at all. To let them be mutilated, misrepresented, was suicidal blasphemy. I had been on the threshold of a howling scientific scoop, and that damn fool was wrecking it. If only one could pierce the barrier of language.



The Shower of the Road stared at me, frowning. He was making up his mind. He made an outward gesture with one hand, as though of helplessness, looked down at the ground, then up again, and smiled a charming, friendly smile. As a man might take off trusted armour, he dropped his defense of ignorance and spoke to me directly in passable, lame Spanish.

Don Ramón's mouth fell wide open. Notoriously, the old priest spoke not a word of the language. We settled down at the table, heads together, piecing my Jacalteca and his Spanish, helping each other to make clear the whole truth he had to give me.

II. Wet Night

The bare room assigned to us had a wooden floor, so that one couldn't light a fire on it. We would sleep in there, but for now we crouched in the *corredor*, on either side of an arrangement of wood which glowed, smouldered and smoked, but stubbornly refused to burn. The Indians of those mountains keep a special wood for selling to travellers, we suspected that they stored it in a lake, or bought it from a fire-insurance company. Certainly they must be able to collect it and sell it over again.

We had been fairly well fed, and in that wet, cold climate one could take nips like a Scotsman, creating moderate central heating. The rain dripped off the eaves all round the plaza. Dripped is a mild word; it ran so that one would have sworn there were many fountains playing. Our horses, tethered to columns of the *corredor*, stood well in towards the wall of the building, their hides steaming a little, restless because there was no fodder for them. We had got grain, but here the fodder had all rotted, we were told. Here it rained much.

It had been a long, wet, busy day, covering a new trail which dipped and climbed and twisted, constant compass and altimeter readings, rough notes on several very minor ruins which we had passed, and a description of another which Don Rosendo gave us before we left Chanquejelvé. All that had to go over into our permanent notebooks, in legible form, along with the usual generalities of the day's log.

I fanned the fire hard with my hat. Under forced draft, the logs steamed, dull red turned to white, flame licked upwards, drew well, began to roar. We lit candles, got out books and pencils, set to work. The fire flickered, dwindled, disappeared. Heavy smoke swirled round us. Our hands were cold. Byers said, "Central heating," and passed the flask. It was his turn to fan the flame. The plaza was deserted, the authorities had gone to bed. Too late to try to get better wood now. We searched the room behind us. The floor was new and well-laid, there was nothing combustible we could annex.

The best thing to do was to get the notes done and turn in. We set to work.

A man in a poncho and stetson hat dived under the sheet of water falling from the eaves with "*Caballeros, muy buenas noches.*"

"*Pase adelante, caballero.*"

He presented himself. "Alejandro Luján, for your service."

"Olivio La Farge, servant of your grace."

"Duglás Byers, at your orders."

The visit was ill-timed, but he seemed a pleasant man, and one must not offend. He was elderly, with a wrinkled, pleasant face and a small, white mustache.

"Working so late?" he said. "You are very industrious."

"Well, señor, now we work, and then when we finish and get home, then we shall take a rest."

"You are Germans?"

"No, señor, North Americans."

"Your fire doesn't burn well."

"No, the wood seems green."

"One sees. Have you a drink?"

"Certainly." I passed him flask and glass (one does not drink from the bottle). "Serve yourself."

"Many thanks. *Salud.*"

"*Salud.*"

His speech was unclear, hard to follow. It dawned on us that the man was drunk. He was settled down for an indefinite stay, it seemed. We tried again to revive the fire.

"Those are good horses you have, where do they come from?"

"The black from Yalisjáo, on the border, the bay from México."

"They breed good horses over that way. You have no fodder for them."

"We grained them. There is no fodder, they say. It's all rotted."

"Yes. Here it rains much." He contemplated the animals. "I am sorry for the

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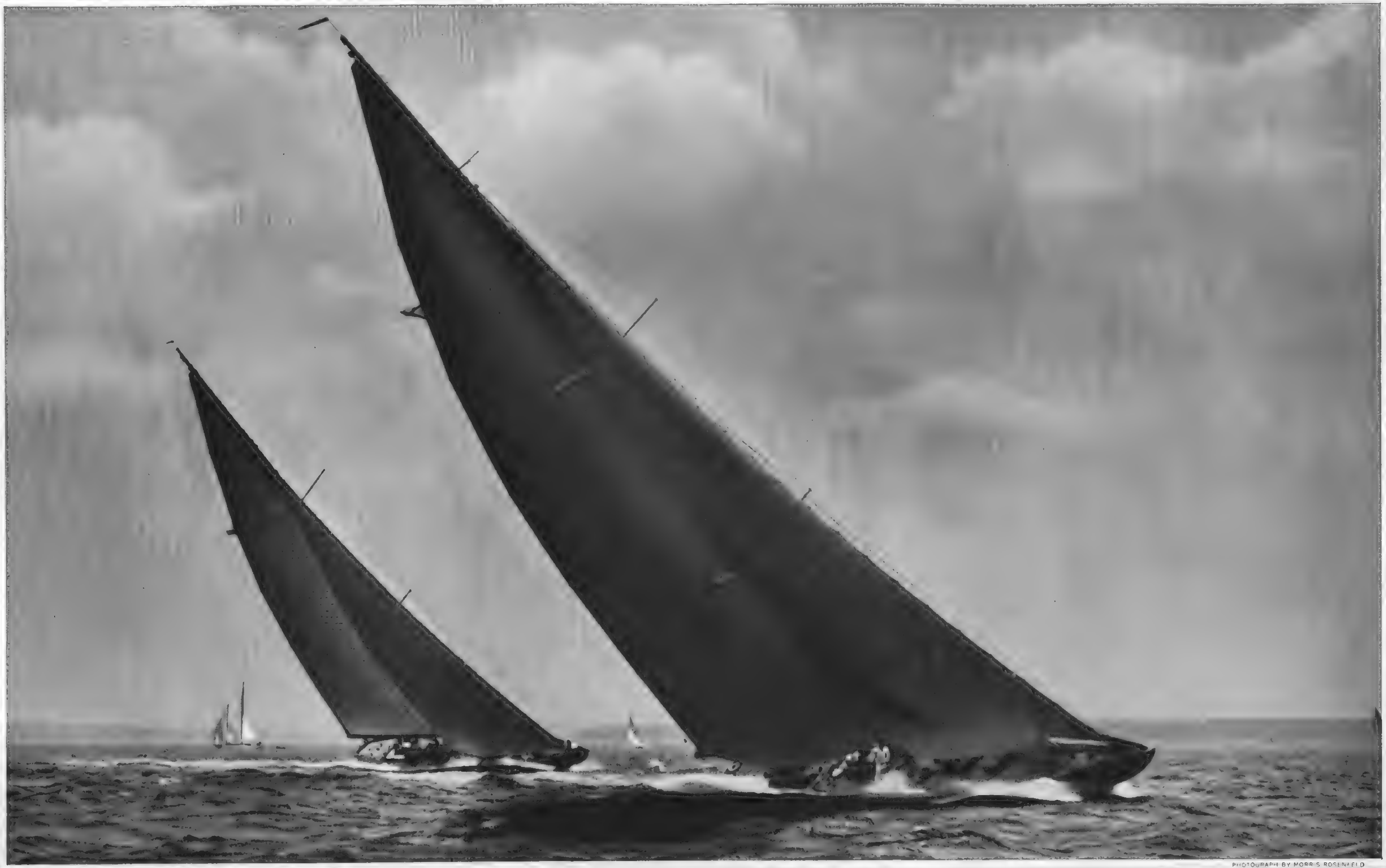


PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

DRIVING TO THE FINISH

Harold Vanderbilt's M Class Boat "Prestige" leading George Lauder's "Windward"

Debunking Swing

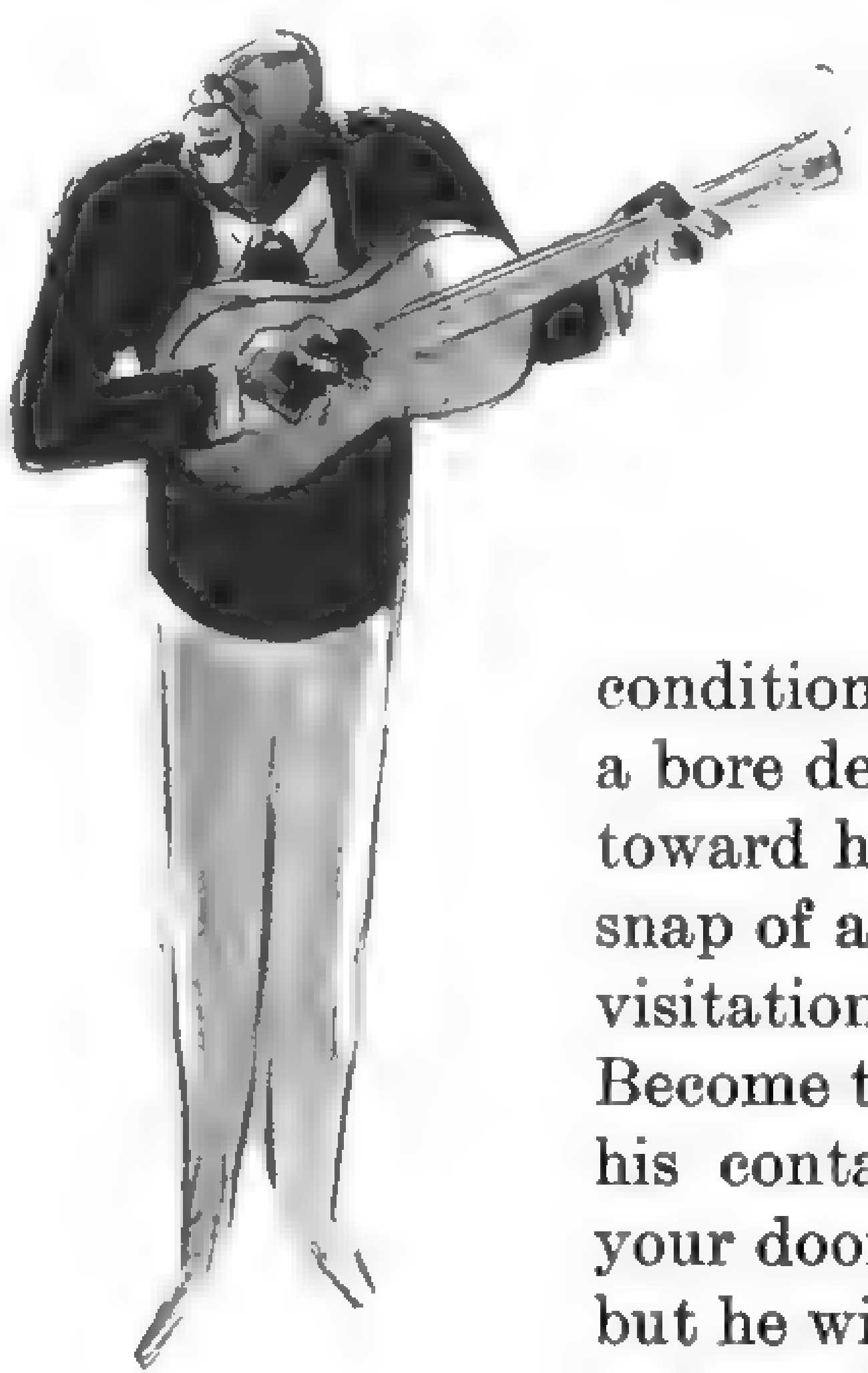
How the public became infected with swing fever, which was at first confined to musicians

by SAM ROWLAND

• ARTICLE •

"SWING it Pops . . . Yea, Man . . . It Chills Ya . . . Jam it Gate!" To those in the know, these are expressions of Swing. If you are one of the cats, folks, and soaks who has gone Swing, you know how it feels to get "in the groove"; if you aren't in the music swirl—if modern rhythm has as yet left you unmarked, this jargon is all a meaningless muddle.

Swing now occupies the dubious position of Public Craze Number One, sweeping the land, affecting all victims alike. Ordinarily as manias come and go, no great harm is done—but with the advent of this new craze came an emotional epidemic known as "Swing Fever." As is usually the case when new maladies are discovered, you aren't quite modern unless you have been afflicted—even though its good or bad effects are debatable. At first this fever was restricted to the intelligentsia who have a natural affinity for things emotional. Almost as quickly to be affected were the sophisticates who accept anything if it bears the stamp of modernism. To justify its acceptance and keep Swing exclusively theirs, it has been shrouded in mystery, and as a logical result came the evolution of its jargon: Gut-Bucket and Barrel-House are meaningless except to the affected. No longer are there tubas, clarinets, accordions, French horns, and trombones—for in the jargon of Swing they are grunt horns, gob sticks, groan boxes, pretzels, and syringes. Strangely enough to accompany this new nomenclature, musicians have become brass-blasters, jive-artists, sliver suckers, spooks, jigs, and pops; (and if you don't like these terms and what they stand for, you're a "wheat bender"). If you want to be modern, the salutation is "H'lo Gate." If it's good, it "chills" you; if it's terrific, it "sends" you; and if it doesn't, it's "corn."



These disciples of Swing will have you believe that only through great mental effort and superior intelligence can you understand this new rhythm. What they really mean is that unless you permit your emotions to run rampant and abandon your dignity as in their case, you cannot appreciate their viewpoint of Swing. If you calmly remark that you went through the blatant Jazz age following the World War, you hurt them; for remember, they have "discovered" Swing and they cannot conceive that any generation but their own could have created such masterful rhythm. Enlightenment must come, for here is Jazz reincarnated—this time returning in tails, a topper, monocled, and carrying a cane.

Today he is a sophisticated and orderly chap, called Swing, haughty and definitely "in the Register." He is distinctly of the *nouveau riche* and although accepted by the right people, his antecedents can be traced to the other side of the tracks. He has inherited a peculiar and many sided character. He is an enigma to his loyal friends, for he is just as much at home in dives and dime-grind palaces as he is in the snooty clubs and hotels. Because he is a cosmopolite, he draws no line of color, race, creed, sex, denomination, nor condition of servitude. Whether or not he is a bore depends upon your personal attitude toward him. He invades your home at the snap of a switch and the turn of a dial. His visitations are many; his persistency great. Become too familiar and he afflicts you with his contagious fever. Dial him out, bolt your doors, lock your windows against him, but he will still inflict his presence upon you by infecting your children and your friends. You may as well accept him, for it is said he is here to stay.

His return is credited to the band of Casa Loma who believed implicitly in his essentiality and who paved the way for his widespread acceptance. Although his recognition came slowly, he benefited by the mistakes of his parents and gradually affixed himself to the right people. When society admitted him because of Casa Loma's sponsorship, he became a member in good standing in the modern social system. At first he was a modest fellow, and his unobtrusiveness won for him a strong circle of loyal friends among the name bands of the country. To their loyalty we must credit a sincerity of purpose and their acceptance pushed him upward on the social scale.

It was at this point that their enthusiasm became infectious and the intelligentsia "discovered" him. They came as cohorts, legions of them, ready to champion his cause. The leaders, seeing that disaster was inevitable unless the rampant enthusiasm of his new cohorts was directed, cleverly organized this heterogeneous group into a unified, single purpose, energetic army. Throughout the entire country branches of this organization were established. They are called "Hot Clubs," formed to foster, perpetuate and preserve the doctrines of King Swing. Some of the more youthful and ambitious cohorts are now so thoroughly infected with Swing Fever that they rush madly about the country in a conscientious attempt to be every place at the same time if word of a Swing Concert or Jam Session reaches their ears, and in their feverish delusions they have even attempted to inflict their highly opinionated ideas upon the great band leaders of the day.

Naturally, the disciples of Swing would attempt to define it, but Swing is an ambiguous and intangible element and consequently defies definition. However, one of the leading professional musicians' papers* created a definition that is practically irrefutable. This definition has the approval of Benny Goodman, the rightfully titled "King of Swing." They say it is "collective improvisation rhythmically integrated." Gene Krupa, Goodman's inimitable drummer, and who is perhaps the greatest personification of Swing, says that it is "complete and inspired freedom of rhythmic interpretation."

Erroneously, Swing is often referred to as swing music, but Swing is a rhythm with a buoyant lift, and not music. It is the factor that is present or absent in the interpretation of modern music. The word Jazz is understood to embrace the entire field of rhythmic syncopation. Swing is a part thereof with incalculable limits. It is agreed that Swing has two rather indefinite components, so in the lexicon of Swing, the word "Jam" (one of the components) is commonly used. Jam has a synonymy with Swing, it *is* Swing—however, *all* Swing is not Jam. For instance, the two elements of Swing are *extemporaneous* and *arranged*. Jam is in the first category. It more truly represents the emotions than any other means of musical rendition. In a Jam Session where musicians gather to form a band pro tem, the melodic invention is left entirely to the performer and each musician

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**Down Beat.*

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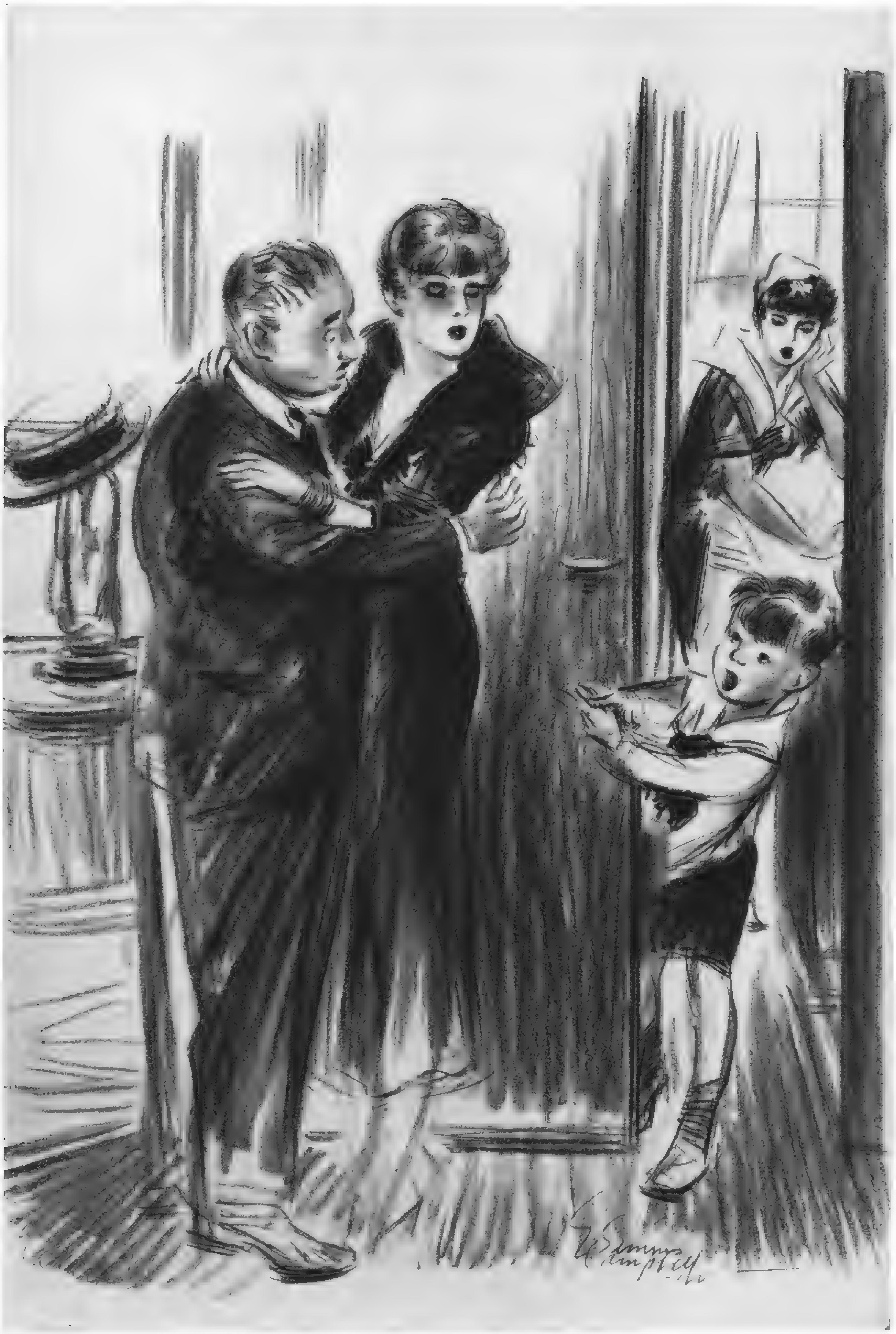

E. Simms Campbell

"Ah ah—I'm gonna tell the maid you're kissing mamma!"

Better Try the Neck

Some call it playfulness, but that grizzly bear can absorb an arsenal and keep coming at you

by HARRY M. FORWOOD

• SPORTS •

It's practically impossible to avoid an argument when you start talking about hunting grizzly bears because there seem to be as many contradictory opinions on the subject as there are bears.

Some big game hunting authorities advise their clients to sock the bullets right between the eyes, if an opportunity comes up, and, indeed, there is evidence that some clients have managed to do so without loss—or much loss, anyway—of personal flesh.

Other counsel, however, leans to the theory that you ought to leave miracle working to the Hindus and try for a shot through the neck, a shot behind the shoulders and under the roach of fur along the back, a shot at the butt of the ear, or a quartering shot through the body. If you strike bone, with the right kind of ammunition, the bear should be pushed over at least for a second—maybe longer.

There is considerable data to certify that the grizzly is one of the smartest, toughest, strongest, and most tenacious opponents ever challenged by man. It is hardly enough to label him the monarch of North American big game. In fair fights he has whipped every variety of wild beast ever pitted against him—and that includes a full grown African lion. In the old days of the Spanish occupation of California fighting bulls were often sent into the ring against the shaggy ursine champs. A few lightning smashes of those fearful paws and the Spanish imports would be crushed into oblivion with broken necks, staved-in sides, and miscellaneous fractures.

One of the grizzly's sterling features in combat is his ability to take it, too.

The library shelves are full of authentic field notes anent grizzlies that kept roaring on and on, the while their heads, legs and bodies were being blasted apart by rifle balls of curiously dilatory deadliness. Not a few have reached their human objectives even after being punctured through the heart. The principal thing to remember is to kill the bear—indisputably dead—before focussing any cameras. Everybody can't be a Frank Leibig.

Mr. Leibig, of Kalispell, Montana, has long been an object of awe and curiosity in his community as a result of his whacking down a monster silver-tip grizzly with one measly little pellet from a .22 rifle. And a single-shot rifle, at that, if you please.

Mr. Leibig just spied the bear, and, without thinking—which no one will question—raised his preposterous field piece and let drive. The bullet sailed through the bear's ear; he dropped with a crash and only quivered a few times.

That was years ago, but to this day it is not pleasant to recall the incident to Mr. Leibig and hear all the fancy names he has thought up to call himself.

No man can predict what a wounded grizzly will do. He may run for cover. He may drop and wait for you to move up a little closer. He may charge. Or he may resort to some sharp and involved knavery.

Grizzlies have the superior cunning of the devil himself when they decide to play coy. This is particularly true of those animals unfortunate enough to get a leg pinioned in a trap. Often one will drag such a torturing cast-iron burden hundreds of yards through heavy brush, and hide beside the trail along which his captor is expected. He may wait for days, in the cruelest kind of pain, for his chance to even the score.

It happened that way not long ago in the Absaroka National Forest, north of Yellowstone, where, along Slough Creek, Hell Roaring, Buffalo Fork and Boulder River, sportsmen will find the roughest terrain and the greatest big game in this country.

Frenchy, a long-time resident of the region, trapped a big silver-tip near the head of Slough Creek. The vindictive victim lumbered away with the 44-pound trap and toggle, selecting a nice thicket in which to lie and wait.

Frenchy, imprudent soul, followed the trail and was hacked into small, almost unrecognizable pieces. Even his gun was broken up. The post mortem indicated that he had found time to throw the rifle before him and fire one shot ere doom overtook him. Neither the bear nor its remains was ever found.

Poorly placed bullets only seem to deliver narcotic shocks to grizzlies that want to stand and fight. They may be knocked over but they gather ambition on the bounce. It is a peccadillo that is said to discourage many hunters.

Soft nose or expanding bullets should be used exclusively; other projectiles drill clean, small holes and go right through. And incidentally, grizzlies should never be irritated with pistols or revolvers, be the bullets soft nose or metal cased.

Arthur Stebbin, the New York thrill-hunter, expended the contents of two .38 automatics (14 slugs) on a big varmint near south Yellowstone not so long ago.

Eleven of the missiles struck home. Nevertheless, friends had to rescue Mr. Stebbin from a tree two hours later and finish his infelicitous work with rifles.

That same season, while hunting above Swan Lake, Montana, D. M. Rodamor and a companion narrowly escaped a similar keelhauling when the object of their defection, a sadly wounded but determined old she bear, charged within six feet of them before Rod raised his trusty Betsy for the *coup de grâce* and, to his ineffable relief, administered it.

Each man is a good shot. Each was equipped with a high-powered rifle and good ammunition. Together they had fired eight times at their opponent. The bear's lungs, liver, kidneys and intestines had been blown open, and the head and shoulder bones, plus some ribs, were shattered. Proving that it takes a heap of killing sometimes.

This is not to say that prolonged assassination is inevitable. It just happens that way occasionally, under the best of conditions. Luck is as important an element as a good eye and a steady hand, the right gun and cartridges. The biggest specimens have been, and can be, put down permanently with single shots.

Mr. Sumner Karstetter, of Whitefish, Montana, indulged in a one-man assault on five of the beasties one afternoon and stopped all of them with exactly five shots from his .405 Winchester.

William H. Wright, one of our foremost authorities on grizzlies, has bagged five in quick succession with five shots. Enos Mills, another master of bear lore, credits George McClelland with a tally of nine grizzlies in one minute, using 16 shots. That is what is known as going to town with a razzamatazz. In fact, it's sometimes known as overdoing things.

Like his brother Sumner, Sam Karstetter

Continued in center of page 120

A Doctor Looks at Society

A fashionable doctor finds millionaire pikers, ghouls, and boors among his patients

ANONYMOUS, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Breaking a cardinal rule of the establishment, my cool and capable receptionist-nurse rushed excitedly into my private office where I was busy with a diabetic plutocrat whose disease had been aggravated by the loss of half his fortune and a bottle of whisky a day to forget it. My syringe of insulin units was poised for the jab when she broke in—a rather delicate moment—and naturally I was extremely annoyed and showed it on my face.

"Oh, please excuse me, Doctor," she breathed palpitantly. "I know this is wrong, but that terrible Miss Rachel Van Alstyne is in the waiting-room and demands to see you instantly and won't take 'No' for an answer. I told her that she was forty minutes late—her sister isn't with her, either—and that your time was filled up for another hour and a half, but—"

Only too well I knew what that "but" meant. Rachel Van Alstyne, the younger of two maiden ladies, aged 66 and 68, respectively, and the only two bare twigs left on the old family tree that took root in America three centuries ago, wanted to have her usual way and would go to any length to have it. When the nurse mentioned her name, I wondered that Rachel hadn't rushed in upon us, too. It would have been like her.

Once, she had called me up at two o'clock in the morning to give me "a piece of her mind" and when I hung up on her, she sent me a scurrilous anonymous letter (I knew it was hers) in which she accused me of being a cheat, a seducer and an abortionist.

Rachel Van Alstyne was one of the many banes of my existence as a "fashionable doctor." (I put those words in quotes to show my contempt of the term and its functions, of which more anon.) Miss Van Alstyne had never needed my medical attention, and there was nothing awry with her body, I think, except that she wore a fat boa of wadded thousand-dollar bills around her waist (the rents of thirty years) night and day. But she was violently intolerant of her sister Sarah's infirmities.

The older woman had been ailing for some time with pernicious anaemia and stone in the bladder, both of which Rachel pronounced bosh, and for which medical service was a waste of money.

Five years before this morning of which I speak, Rachel had managed, with the collusion of a lawyer, to have her sister committed to an insane asylum on the grounds that Sarah was subject to delusions and had tried to poison her! What had happened, I believe, was that Rachel had poisoned herself slightly to achieve her ends, which were to have Sarah declared incompetent of handling her money. Through my efforts, Sarah was released from the "sanitorium" and Rachel hated me in consequence.

Each of the Van Alstyne sisters had several million dollars in her own right and a square block of houses, but the younger wanted to control all the money though she had no need of it, and was so close that she rarely paid a bill until she was sued for it and then tried to settle at a discount for cash payment! Every time Sarah wrote a check—the one liberty of action she preserved to herself—Rachel squirmed and suffered.

"Tell Miss Van Alstyne to come back at four-thirty," I said to Miss Jenks, the nurse. "I cannot see her now."

Giving me a hopeless look, the girl left the diabetic millionaire and me to the interrupted hypodermic.

Almost immediately, there was a loud wrangling outside the closed door, and I knew that any other patients in the waiting-room would be embarrassed and upset. Quickly applying the alcohol and injecting the insulin, I murmured apologies and went out of the office.

"What is the matter, Miss Van Alstyne?" I asked as calmly as I could. "You and your sister missed your appointment, you know, and if you wish to consult me, you will have to come back later—unless there is anything very urgent—I'm sorry."

Rachel's cruel little black eyes flashed at me as she said:

"Consult you? No, indeed! And I prevented my sister from coming today, too. There is nothing the matter with her but your pampering and your hypnotic trickery. And I want you to send me duplicate bills of your charges hereafter—if there are any."

The three patients in the waiting-room looked astonished and uneasy at the loud tone and insulting words.

"Is that all, Miss Van Alstyne?" I asked soothingly.

"No," she barked. "And don't you dare send a bill for this visit of mine this morning, or for the one my sister failed to keep!"

There was nothing to do but call the doorman and have her politely ejected, which I did.

Up to now you may have thought that such a scene couldn't possibly take place in the elegant and refined atmosphere of a Society doctor's suite, but I assure you that excitement of the kind is not unknown. I have had threats of murder and suicide in my offices, and exhibitions of hysteria and insanity from time to time.

But Miss Rachel Van Alstyne was not insane, unless you would agree that utter, all-consuming avarice was insanity. Perhaps it is. At any rate, her avarice (one of the Seven Deadly Sins that you meet with constantly in Society) had ruined her sister's life. Weaker in will than Rachel, the older Van Alstyne daughter has submitted virtually to living the life of an immured nun. Bullied from girlhood by Rachel, her lovers were kept off (once with a shotgun in the hands of the younger sister), and she was not allowed to make friends.

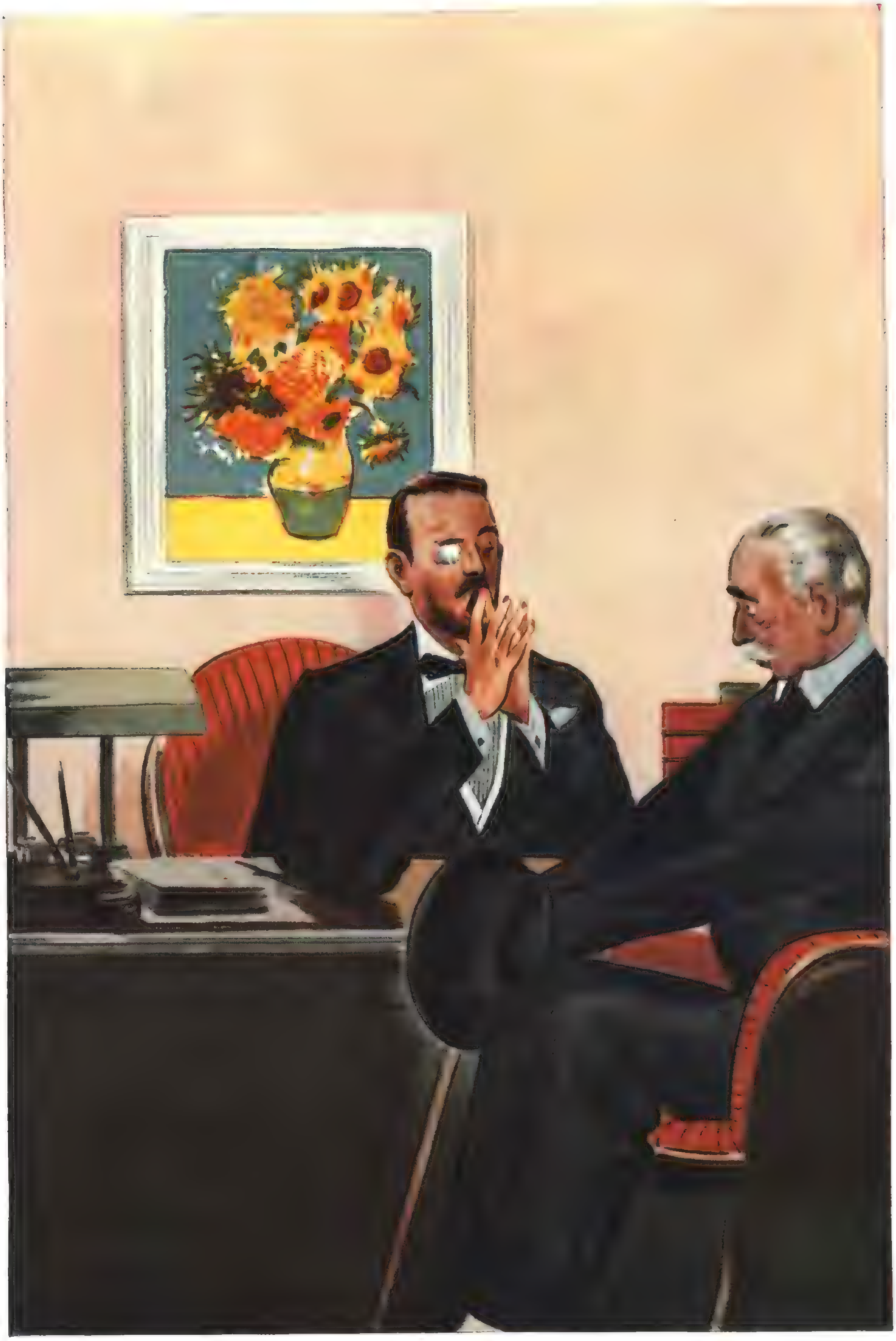
"They only want your money!" was Rachel's perpetual cry.

Doctors, one after another, have been driven off by the vicious Rachel, who is anxious for her sister to die, I am sure, so that she may inherit the other half of the Van Alstyne fortune. Because I am profoundly sorry for Sarah, who is a sweet, long-suffering martyr, growing more and more helpless daily under this pitiless tyranny, and because she requires medical treatment regularly, I persist in my services no matter what Rachel may do to bedevil and prevent them.

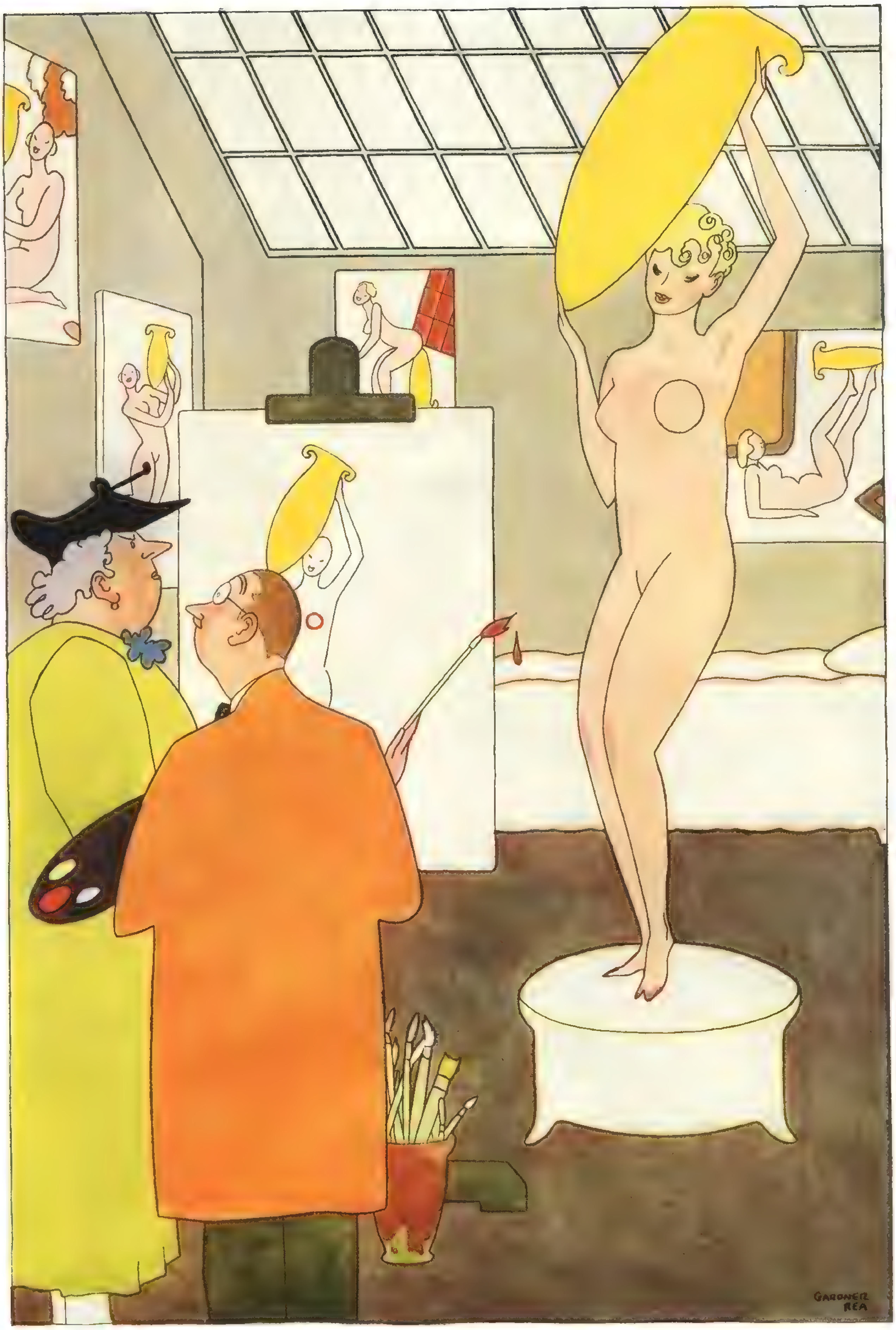
After my twenty-five years as a "fashionable doctor" I should say that avarice, or greed, was one of the besetting sins of the rich and socially prominent. If money begets money, money also loves money. Now, don't get me wrong, I beg of you. There are fine and noble people in Society—I am not so foolish as to imply there are not—but the majority of the aristocrats and the wealthy of all countries in my experience embody humanity at its meanest and coldest. Perhaps love of gold and passion for social position inevitably produce this result. Of course, if you have gold or high social position, and possess them in proper relation to other things, then you escape their fatal thrall, but as I look at Society, it's the camel and the needle's eye all over again.

How well I remember my first definite contact with this avarice, which later on I saw a hundred times in similar circumstances. I was young and in the first flush of success in Berlin at the time. High German society had taken me up, first, I think, because I had the appearance of a dis-

Continued on page 126



"To begin at the beginning, Doctor—I have a young wife"


GARDNER REA

"Eric, I don't see any sense in painting the same old vase over and over again!"

John's Mother

Acid comment on the perfect
mother who makes a strangle
rope out of the silver cord

by LON MANAR

• FICTION •

When it was too dark to see the tennis balls, we started home, walking lazily through the dusk, swinging our rackets. It was early autumn; the air was thin and sweetly cool. Around us, looming large in the twilight, were the trees, their leaves still dusty green. On the campus the buildings, ugly by day, took on a grey settled dignity. We heard the interurban, far across town, clanking into the station. The houses bordering the campus were jeweled with lighted windows. There was no one else about.

We sat down on the curbing in front of the Administration building for a rest and a smoke. John gave me one of his cigarets. He was feeling gracious with me; he had won both sets easily. The cool, boneless fingers of a night wind touched our heated bodies. I lounged back on the grass and yawned. John sat upright, smoking earnestly. He was always intense about his occupations; he could put more mental struggle into buttoning his trousers than anyone I knew.

He spoke: "You like your mother, don't you?"

"Like her?"

"I mean that you may not adore her or anything like that, but you get along fine with her."

"Oh, sure." My mother had visited me a few days before. John had been introduced. He had been shy and awkward; mother had rather disliked him. But then she always thought my friends were congenital idiots. She was quite nice about it; it was amusing to watch her being gentle and tactful with them.

"I think that's the best way for a mother and son to be," John continued. "It would go in any other relationship, perhaps. But it seems to me that there is such a natural closeness between a mother and her child, that if it's allowed to grow stronger—I suppose that's the word—it becomes stultifying."

"You may be right. It doesn't matter a hell of a lot."

His voice was harsh. He said: "Yes, but it does. You see . . ."

I got it. People often use such skirmishes as these as preludes to harrowing soul searchings, which may be pretty pleasant to themselves, but definitely messy to the auditor; no one likes to see another change his underwear in public. I thought that if John had any conception of the embarrassment he would feel toward me after he had said what he was intending to say, he would have been silent. Heretofore, there had been merely polite formality between us. I had known him for a year, and he had never felt it necessary to lay his head on my shoulder; figuratively, that is, and Tell All. This reserve had given a certain desirability to his companionship.

Now it was to be ravaged because it was night, and he had won the tennis game, and had been alone too much, thinking. Everyone, at some time, spouts out the unfortunate details, but it was annoying that John should choose me as a confidant. I valued his friendship rather highly.

"I imagine you think I'm peculiar, don't you?" he asked, menacingly.

"Awfully peculiar."

That stopped him for a moment. I pointed out that I was trying to make a joke, however weak. He did not think it was funny. Neither did I, particularly.

The emotion within him gained speed. Now it must be spoken, whatever the consequences. He growled and began:

"Seeing you and your mother together made me think about my mother. She's so very different from yours . . . .

"See, when I was just a kid, five, I think, mother and my father were divorced. He must not have been much good. Drank, I think. I know very little about him, only saw him once after, when I was about twelve.

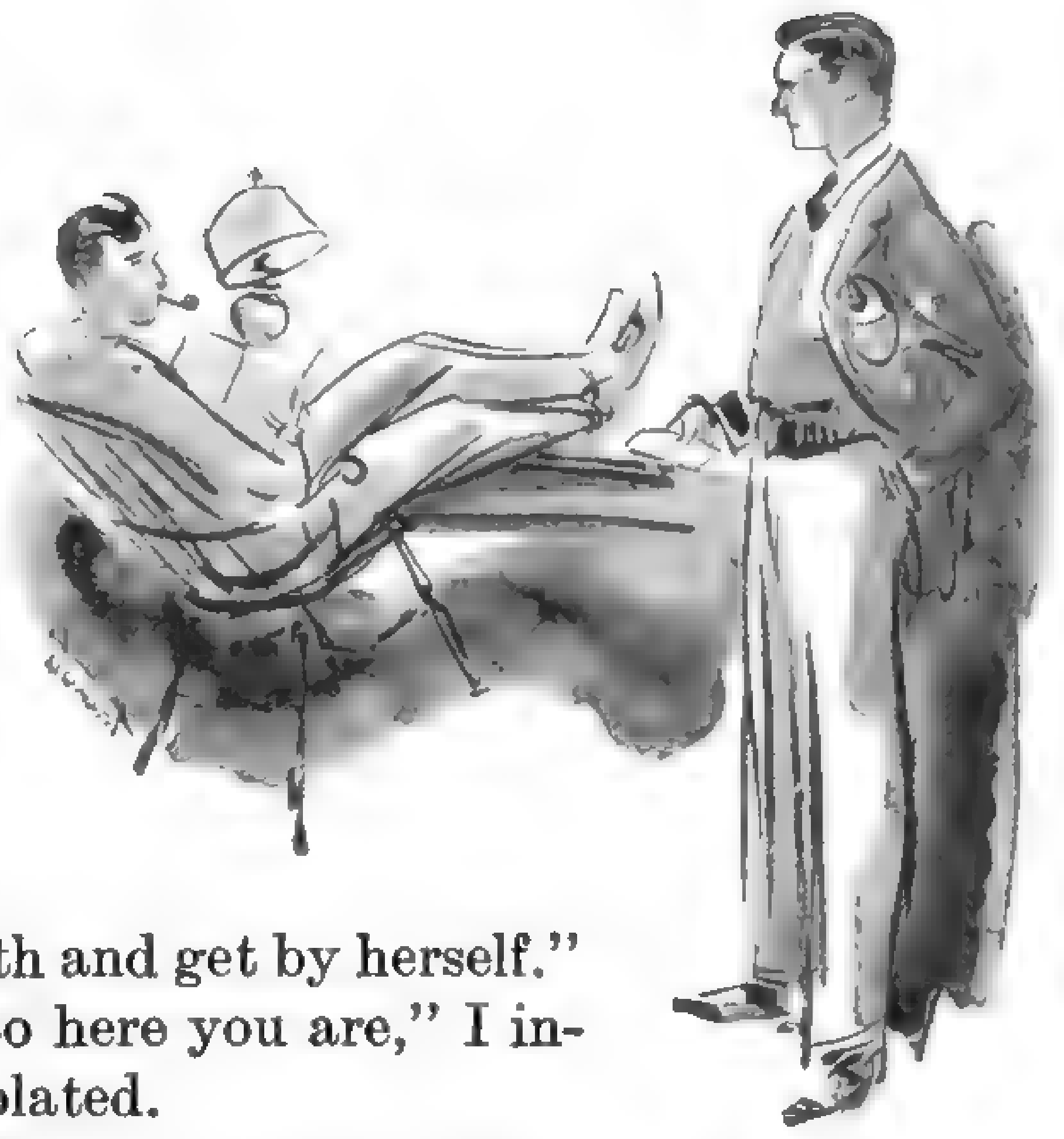
"Anyhow, the first thing of all I remember, clearly, is mother holding me on her lap and telling me it would be just the two of us after that, that we couldn't expect anything from my father. What made me remember it was her voice, so excited and almost happy.

"After the divorce, there wasn't much alimony, so mother had to go to work. She got a job in the alteration department of a store. She kept that for five years. Then we moved to another town, and she got another job, selling women's clothes.

"In a little while, when I was ten or eleven I started selling papers. Did you ever do that?" I had.

"Well, I kept that up until I was a sophomore in high school. Then mother felt it was interfering with my work, so I had to give it up. I wasn't particularly brilliant in high school, but I studied hard, so everyone thought I should have a shot at college.

"Mother figured she could send me forty a month and get by herself."



"So here you are," I interpolated.

"That's not the important part. It's . . . I can't say it right."

"Don't try then."

"I have to. First about the money. I suppose you've noticed I'm sort of funny about it."

It was true. I had noticed his seeming greed. We were all poor, but John resented it more than any of the rest of us. He hated makeshifts. Since I had first met him, I had understood that he desired, more than anything on earth, to make a great deal of money.

'That's why I so want to make a mess of money," he said. "For her. So I won't have to feel indebted to her for everything. So that I can go away, maybe, and still know that she's secure."

His tone was quite sensible. I was relieved; the revelation had not been hysterical as some, and it was interesting.

"Not that I don't love her," he said. He did not whine, but the suggestion was there. Most children are disillusioned about their parents quite early in life, but John must have believed for a long time that his mother was all powerful, all good, all generous. Finding she was not could have made him despise her.

"It's just that I always feel her depending upon me. Praying I'll be a big success and pay her back for my father's having been such a washout. There's never been enough money. She's always had to sacrifice. She's missed most of the good things in life, refused to marry again, centered her being on me. I guess I just don't like being the center of anybody's universe. She . . . hangs on.

"I'd be glad, honestly, if she yelled at me, or threw things at me. But she's always so damned . . . nice. 'Of course, John.' 'We'll get by, boy.'"

His voice was savagely sweet. She stood before me, the kind, grasping, stupid mother.

"She's a damn good woman. She's been straight and clean all

Continued at top of page 152

Defense of Eating with Your Knife

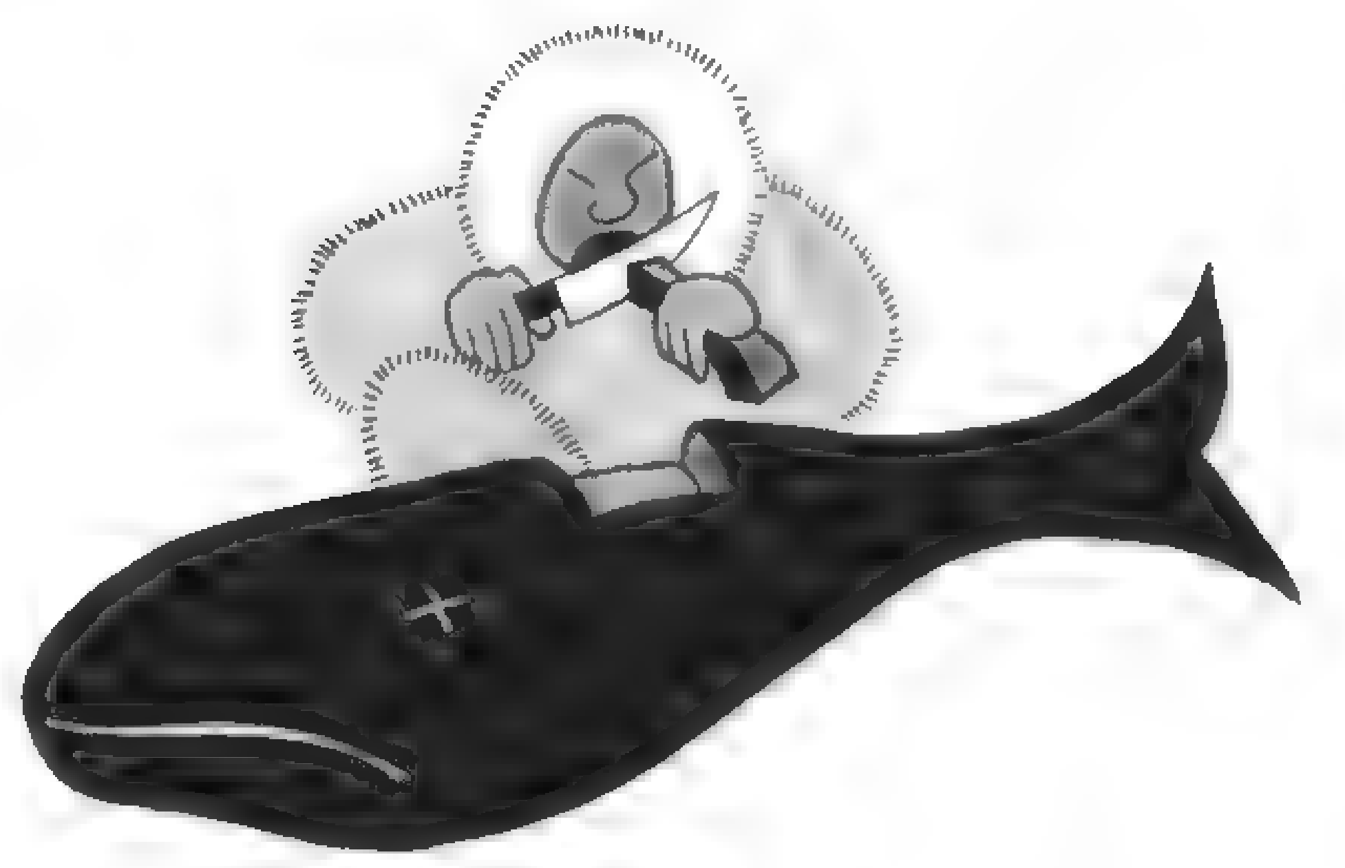
A bold plea for the graceful and daring knife eater, let the peas fall where they may

by FRED C. KELLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

For several years I have been conducting a quiet study of folks who eat with their knives. When I first began this study, I was interested chiefly in the technique of the knife eater. I was fascinated by his daring and dexterity. The first time I saw a man eating peas off his knife by previously pressing them into little knife-loads of mashed potatoes, it began to dawn on me that there is much more to eating with a knife than I had fully appreciated. Here, I reflected, was a form of native ingenuity worth looking into. Later it occurred to me that I was viewing knife eating from altogether too superficial an angle. The important thing about using a knife as an instrument of transportation is not the mere manual skill in steering it on its merry course, but its suggestion for character study. Today I look beyond the knife and try to figure out what manner of person is its pilot.

I have tried to determine if there are important traits which knife adepts have in common. My researches not only in hum-



quite true. But etiquette demands a disguise of one's real feelings.

When a well-behaved person eats grapefruit, he does not tuck his napkin where it will protect his vest and save dry cleaning bills, but puts it down in his lap, to give the impression:

"Oh ho! grapefruit wouldn't squirt juice on *me*. I don't need a napkin." Untruthful, you see!

Your knife addict, being honest, is little impressed by requirements of table man-

who wasn't friendly and the kind of person one would trust with one's pocketbook. If I happened to be at the same table with one of these knife experts, he was certain to greet me cordially, as I sat down, regardless of whether we had been introduced. But one day there came to the village inn a man who not only used his eating tools in the most scrupulously fastidious fashion, but was vexed because the waitress gave him no finger bowl. It turned out that he was traveling representative of a company dealing in bogus mining stock, and carried a sucker list as thick as a telephone directory.

The truth is that we seem inclined to take eating too seriously. I know a fat man who occasionally insists on my eating dinner with him in a fashionable restaurant. While he is fat from over-eating, this isn't because he is gluttonous so much as because he makes eating a solemn rite. In other words, he eats less because he is hungry than because of the fun of showing how much he knows about ordering.

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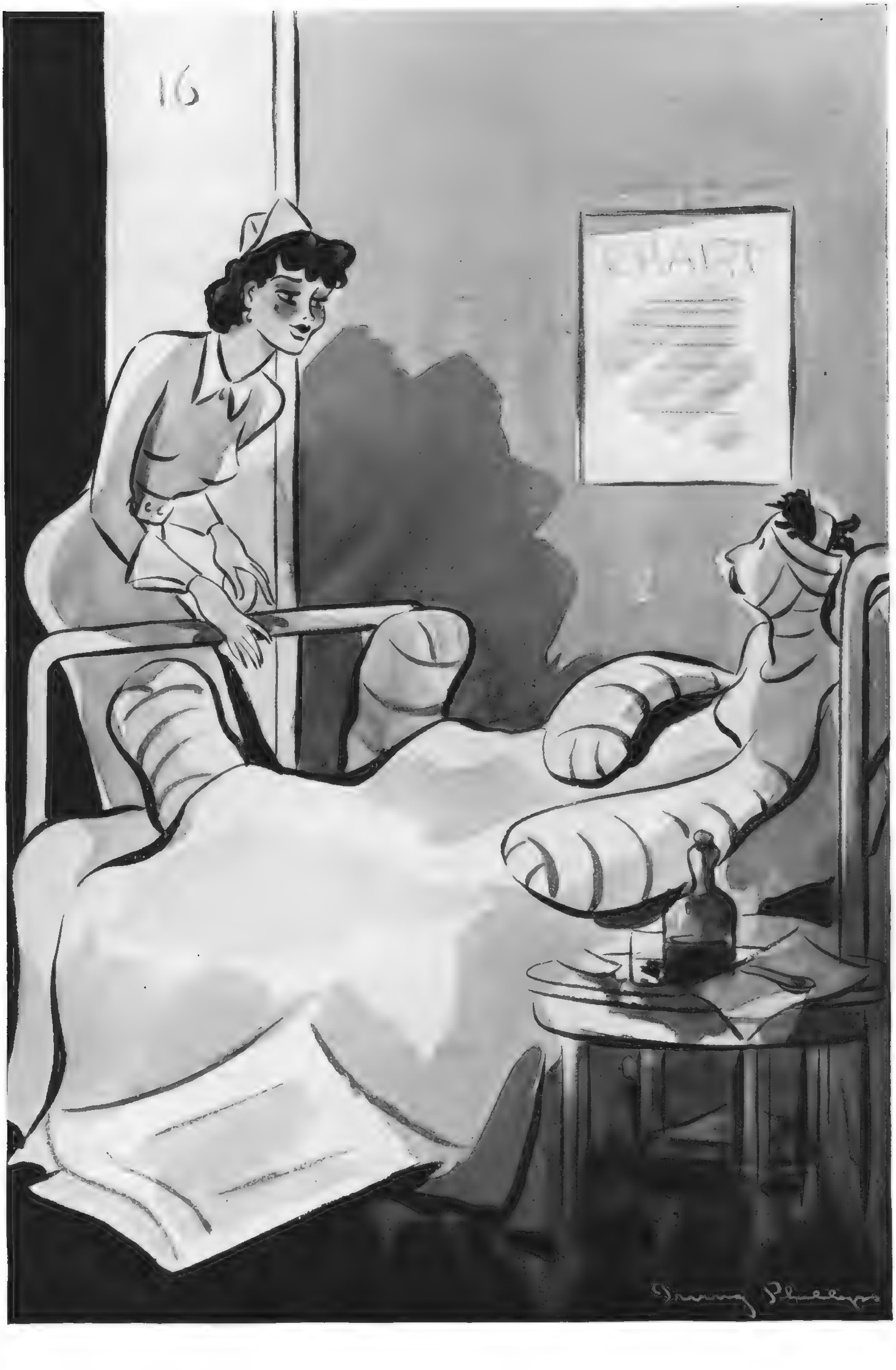

16
CHART
Irving Phillips

"Good morning, Mr. Walton—will you have breakfast in bed?"

Monkey Chatter

The young wife can take every trick with her body but the old man hides a joker in his shroud

by WILLIAM FITZGERALD, JR.

FICTION

Dolly has a car for her very own use now. She could have a dozen cars, two dozen cars, one for every hour of the day, if she only knew it. Vic would give them to her if he felt sure they would blot away forever the image of Tony.

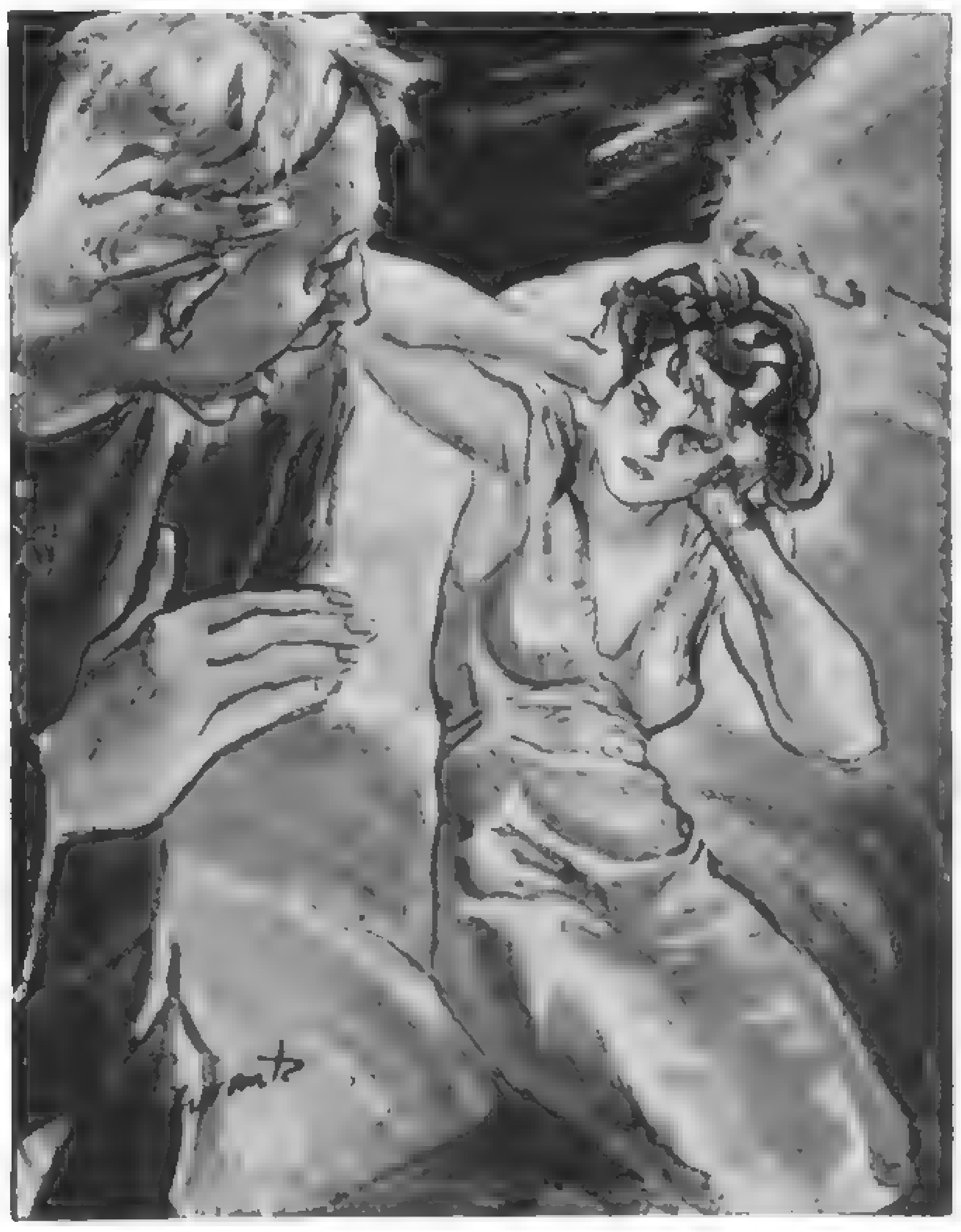
It's been a long time since her voice has carried the news from the conservatory to the kitchen that he is a mean, stingy, sneaking old thief. It's been almost two years now since Vic has had to beg her to please, please think of the servants and the people passing outside.

He doesn't ask her any more if the young squirts she chases round with at the Country Club could do half of what he does for her. And she doesn't answer that as long as she puts up with his crummy friends to please leave hers alone.

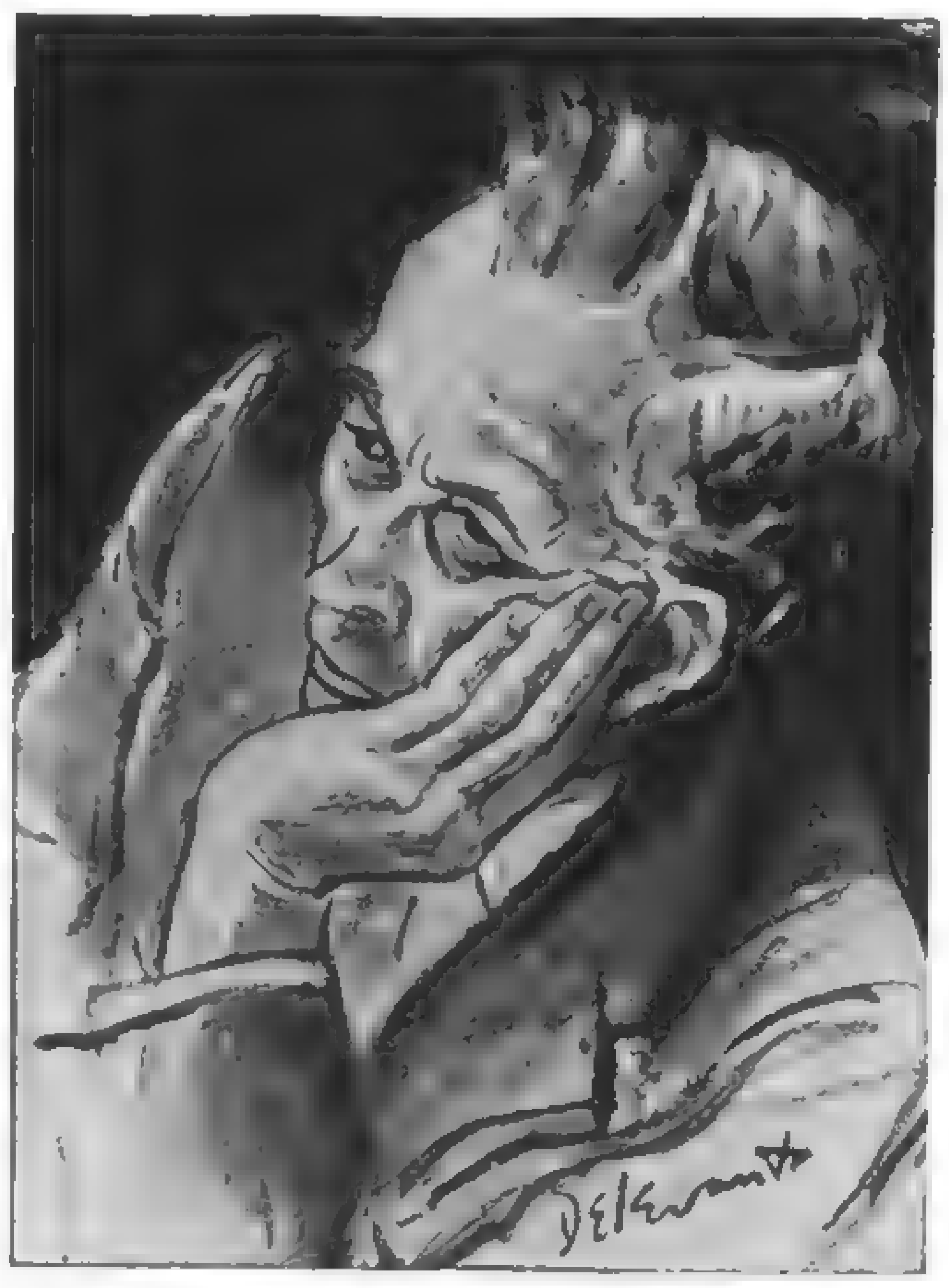
She doesn't storm up the stairs any more, making all the noise she can. Nor does she bother to waste afternoons now, locked in her room, trying to make Vic think she has killed herself.

And he doesn't ask her to stop calling him "Sugar" in public and find a word that doesn't go so quick with "Daddy." Nor do they have minor grievances when she sits out a dance or two. They never should have had them, either. For Vic wasn't like Mr. Grimwald, pawing through cars, marital filth streaming from his tongue. No, Vic was always dignified, as a gentleman by birth, breeding and fifty years of inclination should be. No, when he went looking for her, people would just suppose he'd stepped out for a smoke, or perhaps a drink.

And Vic doesn't worry about old Mr. Lane and the certain way he chuckles when asking after Dolly. Still, he never did worry much about that for he never knew how fast towards home old Mr. Lane's shriveled seventy-year-old legs would carry him when he had a fresh tid-bit about Vic and Dolly. Nor did he even guess how Patricia Lane would rise and leave the room the moment the story started.



This would have puzzled Vic. For all that was dead and buried twenty years ago. Vic wouldn't have understood the murky bitterness in old Mr. Lane's eyes as he would watch the still glorious figure of his wife pass through the door. Murky bitterness, but a precious lot someone must have cared once to give a continental now what happened to an ass like Victor Buckley.



Nor does Victor guess what two years of Tony have done to him. He still walks with the same strut as when he was a famous coxswain to a famous Yale crew. But in spite of his tan and a most competent tailor, there is an audible creaking about him.

Sometimes Vic feels he will lose his mind and he'll come to the foot of Dolly's bed to tell her so. He looks quite skinny in his night clothes, and his ankles are white and brittle looking. But he can't help that, and he doesn't care. All he wants is the truth. Is she going to tell him this time?

Daintily bored, Dolly always asks, "The truth about what?"

Then Vic's voice begins to rise. She knows damn well what truth he wants—the truth about her and Tony.

Her head turns on the pillow. "My God, is he off again?" she asks the ceiling. And then she says she hasn't seen Tony since—since—

Vic helps her out. Not since the morning he caught them sneaking in the conservatory at five o'clock, eh? So she's going to tell him that nice fairy story again. Feed him that same old bundle of clap-trap.

Dolly sighs. "If you don't believe me why come prancing in here?" Sometimes she says tartly, "Oh, go lay an egg," or just, "Get out!" But either way, her bare, shapely flesh is added tantalization.

Then Vic begins to storm. Just the sight of her insolently lying there makes dark spirals of suspicion tornado through him. Then he forgets he's a Yale man and a gentleman. Forgets everything and begins to bellow.

That makes Dolly sit up. Will he stop? Does he know how his voice carries in the night?

To hell with his voice. He doesn't give a hoot who hears him. What he wants is the truth, the whole truth about Tony. When did she see him last?

She never answers that. What she wants to know is, who asked Tony down here in the first place? Whose cousin is he anyway?

Cousin! Cousin! Vic looks like a tiny hand grenade about to burst and spatter all over the wall. Cousin! Why, that little rat can rot in the deepest hell before he'll ever be called cousin by Victor Rainsford Buckley. Yes, sir, by God, and don't forget it.

That always fetches Dolly. She's sick of listening to his kind of talk. She's going to get right up now and dress and go to the Colony's only hotel. Yes, right now—

"Oh, ho, so that's it," Vic mocks her. She doesn't like to hear a single word about her little pimp, Tony, eh? Well, let her go to the hotel. If she leaves this house it will be the last God-damn time she will ever step foot in it.

Would he stop making a scene then?

He'd stop making scenes as soon as she began to act a lady, and now—

So she wasn't a lady. Well, what about the night he'd gotten pie-eyed and tried to break her bedroom door down with an axe? And who was it fell and broke his kneecap, chasing her on the terrace? And she in her nightgown, too. Fine actions for a gentleman.

He wouldn't have done that if she hadn't lied to him and—

"I didn't. I didn't lie to you." Dolly is sitting up again, her lips wet and angry.

Well, they'd lied, both of them, about the flat tire. And trying to tell him that the jack hadn't worked! He'd tried it out the very next morning. And the man Sam, the chore man, could bear him out. Yes, she and Tony were a fine pair to talk about the truth.

A fine manly thing, to bring the servants in and—

Fine thing she'd done, going to New York next day. Never even said goodbye to him. Never cared about his kneecap.

Who'd blame her? After the scene they'd had. Who'd blame her not wanting to say goodbye to a raging maniac? Why, maybe

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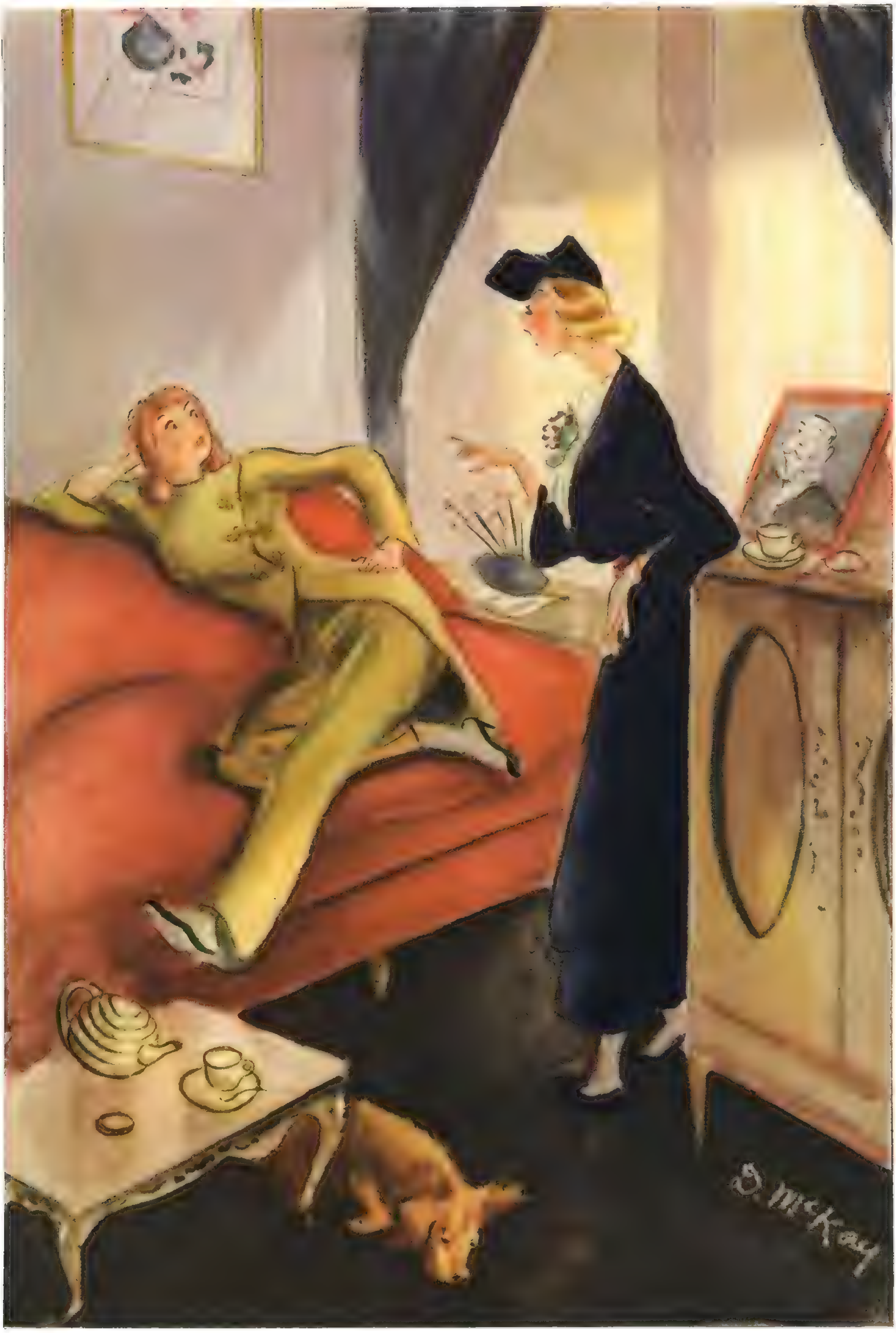
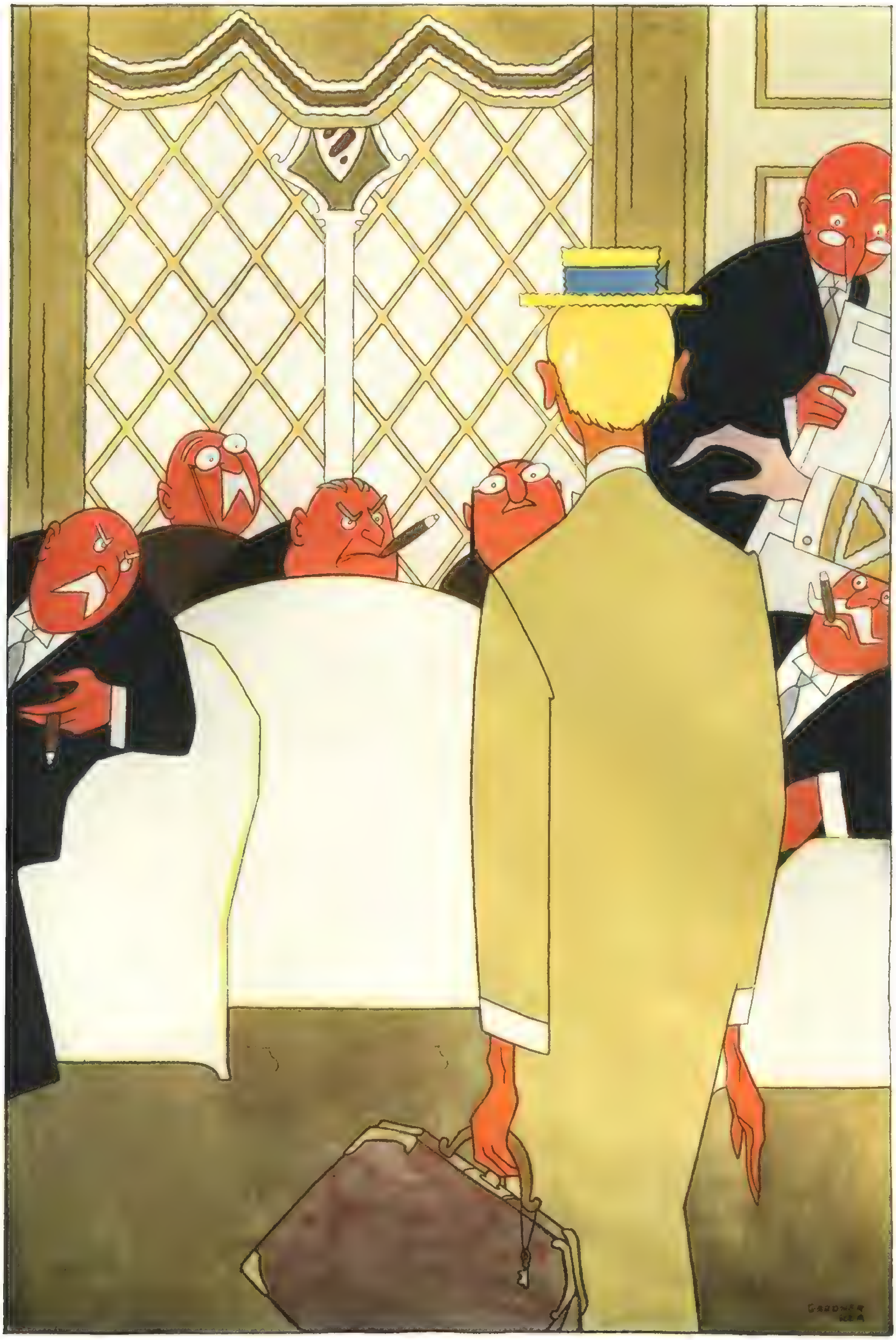


"You ought to get married, I always do"


GARDNER REA

"Pardon me, but is this the Y M C A?"

$100,000 a Year

Anybody can get one of those high salaried jobs, all you have to do is to ask for it

by STACY JONES

▪ SATIRE ▪

Mrs. Pool put down the paper, and looked at her husband. "Edward," she said, "there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't get one of these $100,000 salaries I've been reading about. If I were a man I'd go right into town tomorrow and apply for one." She went on encouragingly about his experience, his character, his family and hers, and what they could do with the money.

The next day was Saturday, and instead of working in the garden Mr. Pool put on the vest with the white edging, and the derby with the high crown, and went into the city. He sought out the office building of the Gangle Company, in lower New York, and took the elevator to the executive offices.

"Mr. Pool," he told the boy at the information desk. "Just say Mr. Pool of Montclair wants to see the elder Mr. Gangle about a matter of business."

The boy telephoned to the elder Mr. Gangle's office, and a young woman came through a glazed door. "Mr. Pool?" she said. "I'm Miss Galbraith, Mr. Gangle's secretary. Would you like to see Mr. Gangle *personally?*"

"Yes," said Mr. Pool. "It's a matter of business."

"Are you a stockholder?" asked Miss Galbraith, with just a hint of apprehension in her eyes.

"No," said Mr. Pool. "Just say Mr. Pool of Montclair wants to see him on a matter of business."

Miss Galbraith looked somewhat relieved, and led Mr. Pool through several doors and into a large corner room on the 21st floor, all paneled in dark wood. "Mr. Pool of Montclair to see you about a matter of business, Mr. Gangle," she said. Mr. Gangle rose from behind his desk, and they shook hands.

"Mr. Gangle," said Mr. Pool, "I've come to see you about one of the $100,000 positions with your company."

10 000
10 000

Mr. Gangle was evidently a little flustered. "For yourself?" he asked. Mr. Pool nodded in the affirmative.

"Well," said Mr. Gangle hesitantly, "I'm afraid we haven't one vacant just now."

"There are only two or three, you know," he added.

"Four, I think," said Mr. Pool. "Mrs. Pool found an item in the paper saying there were four: yourself, and the younger Mr. Gangle, and Mr. Peters, the Vice-President, and Mr. Hobart, the Treasurer."

"I believe you're right," said Mr. Gangle, "I believe you're right." He pursed his lips and tapped them with a letter opener. "But you see there aren't any vacancies." He looked rather appealingly at Mr. Pool.

Mr. Pool brightened. "I know there are no vacancies," he said, "among the four. I wouldn't want to take anybody's position away from him. But," and he pounded his point home with gestures of his right hand, "there is no reason why there can't be *five.*"

Mr. Gangle cleared his throat, and hesitated. "Well, but only four have been authorized," he said. "I really couldn't do anything about it unless it were authorized. Tell you what," he continued, "you fill out an application blank, and leave it with me, with your address and telephone number, and I'll bring the matter before the Board of Directors at the next regular meeting. Then if the Board acts favorably I'll let you know."

Mr. Pool was prepared for that. "I'd rather settle it now," he said. "Couldn't your Executive Committee do it?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it could," said Mr. Gangle rather doubtfully, "but—"

"Then," said Mr. Pool, leaning back, "let's call them together now!"

Mr. Gangle reluctantly pushed a button for Miss Galbraith.

"See if the Executive Committee members are all here today," he told her, "and if there's a quorum, ask them to come in."

While they were waiting, Mr. Pool accepted and smoked a cigar, and Mr. Gangle toyed with the letter opener. They talked about Montclair. It turned out that Mr. Gangle knew some friends of the Pools in Short Hills.

Within a few minutes, three men came in. There were the younger Mr. Gangle, and Mr. Peters, and Mr. Hobart. The elder Mr. Gangle introduced them to Mr. Pool, and they shook hands warmly, but seemed rather curious about the reason for the meeting. Mr. Pool's manner was cheerful, but noncommittal.

The elder Mr. Gangle cleared his throat when they were all seated. "Mr. Pool," he began, "has applied for a position with us at $100,000 per annum." There was a look of some apprehension on the faces of the three other members of the Committee, and he hastened to continue. "I explained to Mr. Pool that only four such positions had been authorized, and that there were no vacancies. Mr. Pool pointed out that there *could be* five. I offered to bring the matter before the Board of Directors at the next meeting, but Mr. Pool suggested that the Executive Committee act on the matter, and here we are. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

The younger Mr. Gangle and Mr. Peters and Mr. Hobart glanced at the Chairman for some sign as to what he thought was best, but he was staring out of the window. Mr. Peters looked Mr. Pool over with close attention, and upon the conclusion of the inspection his expression was one of approval.

"Well," said Mr. Peters, "if the others see no objection, I would be in favor of adding Mr. Pool to the staff at the salary he asks."

"When could you come?" the Chairman asked Mr. Pool politely.

"Monday," said Mr. Pool, and smiled at the four.

It was soon over. The younger Mr. Gangle put the formal motion, and it was unanimously carried. They rose and shook hands with Mr. Pool. On his way out he nodded pleasantly to Miss Galbraith.

Mrs. Pool looked inquiringly at him when he arrived home in Montclair. He kissed her, but said nothing of the results of his trip.

At dinner he paused between dips of artichoke leaves. "Oh, by the way," he said, "I got the $100,000 position we mentioned. I am to start Monday. They left the matter of a title pretty much to me, but I think it's to be Vice-President."

Mrs. Pool came around the table and kissed him. ⧺

A Walk in the Evening

The wife, in success stories,
is patient and understanding,
a true helpmate for her man

by ARTHUR SHUMWAY

• FICTION •

ONE evening Joe went home eager to begin a new story that had been working in his mind. It would be about a tragedy that had come up on the police beat. A harmless old Negro had been shot by a white rascal as the result of a chain of hearsay which ended in a half belief that the old man had made advances to the white's twelve-year-old daughter, while the truth was, the old Negro, who was stone deaf, only had been trying to amuse the child and somehow had frightened her. His death had been cruel, useless and pitiful and the story had been bothering Joe for several days. After dinner he uncovered his second-hand Remington and announced that he was on the trail of something worth while.

"Oh, dear," Margaret sighed. "Are you going to be writing again *every* night?" It was at a time when she always became depressed and irritable.

Joe tried to avoid a discussion. "For a little while, baby," he said, going ahead with his work. He put in a sheet of paper and tried to concentrate. Margaret, having finished with the dishes, came in and turned on the radio and sat down with the paper.

"William Powell's at the Arcade," she said. "I've been wanting to see him *so* bad in this new one."

"We'll go tomorrow night," Joe said, without looking up. "It's there three days."

"You're always putting off going to any movie *I* want to see. If it was one *you* wanted to see you'd drag me out of here tonight even if I had a broken leg."

He nodded absently and went on studying the top of the sheet of paper that stood out challengingly from the roll of his typewriter. There were so many good ways to begin this story. He could tell it from the old nigger's viewpoint, but that would hamper him a little. Let's see—

"Can't you even talk to a person any more?" Margaret asked, petulantly, rattling the paper.

"Huh?" He turned to her. "Sure, sure. We'll go tomorrow night."

Presently Margaret began to whistle in tune with the orchestra on the radio, *I'd Love to Call You My Sweetheart.*

The words turned over and over in Joe's mind. He found himself repeating them and wondering how the rest of the song went.

He got up and went to the icebox for a bottle of beer. "Beer, babe?"

"You know how I hate that stuff. It's just a waste of money your buying any for me."

He drank his beer in the kitchen, still trying to frame the structure of his story. He went back to his typewriter, lit his pipe and began to study the top of the paper again. Margaret sighed. Damn it, he thought, she knows I have to write once in a while.

Presently Margaret got up and changed the station on the radio. Damn all popular songs anyway, Joe thought. Trash, by God, all of them. What a depth of degradation for American music. What was the mass mind that went for the lousy things? How did normal human beings write them? Great God, couldn't they at least get decent lyrics for them? Why always these silly, ridiculous love refrains? Was sentimental, romantic love the sole theme in American life? Why not some honest-to-God humor, or why not serious songs with the real old guts? "I love you truly, I do . . ." Oh, hell. He got up, lifted the typewriter off the desk and carried it to the kitchen.

But the music penetrated even when he had closed the door. Finally, he strode into the living room. "Margaret—please. *Can't* you let me write in peace one of the few times I get the chance?"

Her eyes began to burn.

"Can't you, damn it?"

"You don't have to swear at me," she snapped.

"I'm not swearing at you. When I do, you'll know it."

"Yes? You're unbearable when you get to pounding that old typewriter. Absolutely impossible."

"Yes? Well, how the hell do you ever expect me to get anything done?"

"I don't—that way. What good has it ever done you, except to spoil all our evenings? I guess if you were a writer you'd be somewhere by now."

"What a hell of a fine, sweet helpful wife you turned out to be."

"You'll see what kind of a wife I've turned out to be!" She was losing control of her voice.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, go to hell, will you?" he said, turning to go back to the kitchen.

She was after him in hysterical rage. "*Don't* you tell *me* to go to hell! Don't you *dare* curse at me like that. After the way you've treated me and the way I've carried you around. I might just as well be a—an old chippy! The only interest you ever take in me any more is when you want to sleep with me. You bang at that old typewriter until I'm half crazy. Then *you* tell *me* to go to hell! I never want to hear another typewriter again as long as I live, do you *hear?* If you so much as clack that once more tonight I'll smash it all over the floor."

"Just try it, that's all," he said coldly, striding into the kitchen. He sat down and began banging at the machine aimlessly, intent only on hitting as many keys as he could as hard as he could. There was a swish behind him and an arm swept forward and pushed the machine onto the floor. It hit with a crash that chilled his blood.

"God damn *you!*" he said deliberately. He grasped her wrist and crushed it cruelly.

She was trembling. "Let go. Let go of me, you filthy pig," she moaned. "Oh, let me go."

He was looking at his typewriter. Its mechanism seemed to be torn from the frame. His typewriter. A week's salary.

She was scratching his cheek, tugging to free her wrist. He crushed it harder and coldly decided that he would slap her, hard. He drew back his free hand and slapped her face. Then he released her wrist. She looked at him, dazed, confused, hysterical. And then he felt the sting of her hand across his forehead, the bridge of his nose and his eyes. It did not increase his anger; on the contrary, it seemed to jar him back to realities. He ran a hand over his eyes to wipe away the tears and sat stupidly looking at his typewriter, broken, on the floor.

He got up and went into the living room. He opened the drawer of his desk and got out the portfolio containing all he had written and saved since his second year in high school. He walked over to the fireplace, took a story from the pile, lighted the edge of a sheet, watched the flame discolor and curl the paper. He threw it into the fireplace and laid the rest of the story on top, then put on the others, one by one. He knew he should feel wretched, but he did not. He was possessed by a sort of masochism. The flames were interesting, impersonally cruel and beautiful. While they were still high and bright he turned and walked out the door, down the dark street.

For several blocks he walked aimlessly, breathing deeply the heavy perfume of the semi-tropical night air. Somehow, he felt physicked, released, vaguely pleased. He felt

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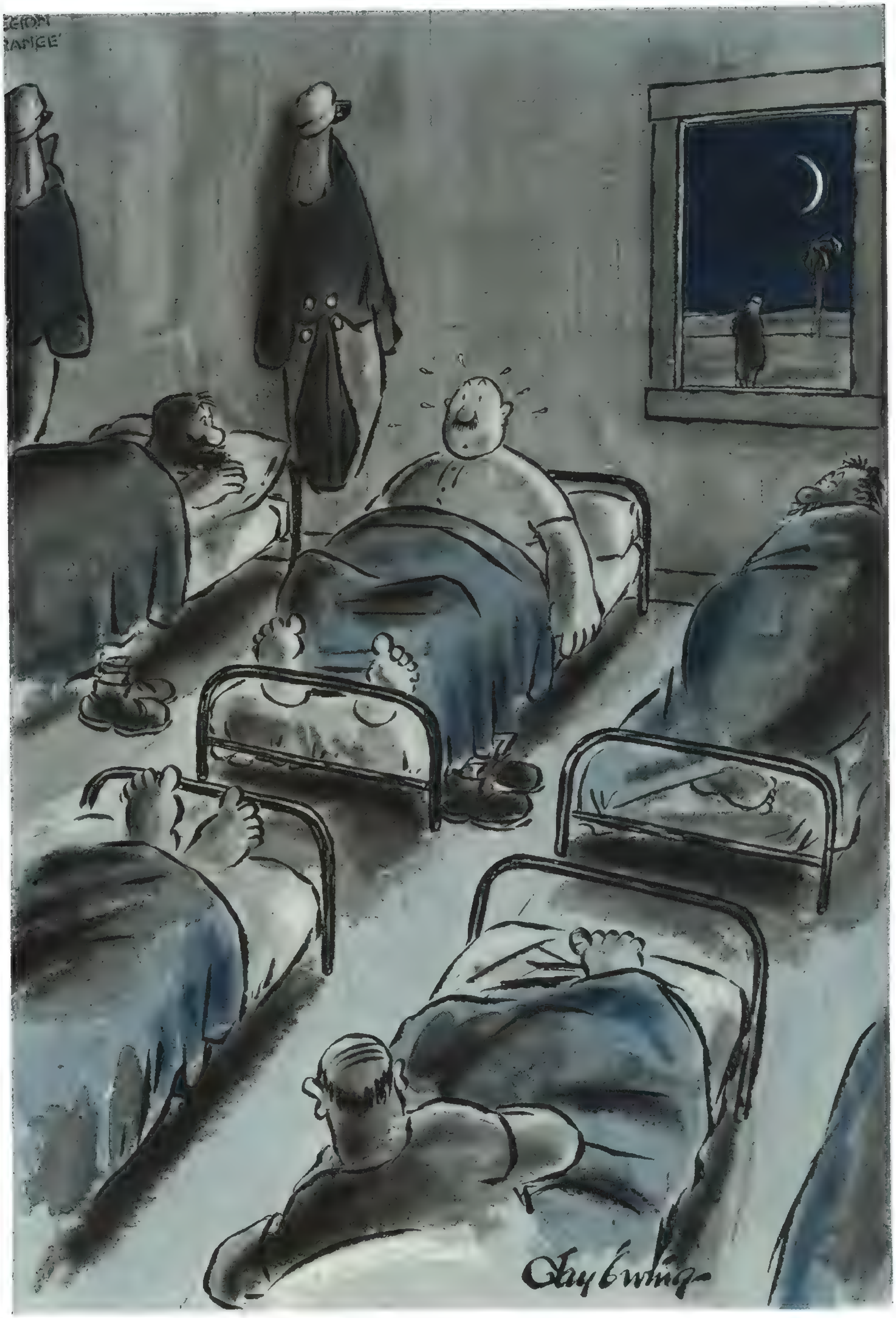

EGION
RANGE'
Clay Ewing

"I'd swear I was talking to Myrna Loy!!!"

Racketeers in Literature

Not too gentle advice to the young short story writer, warning him to avoid all literary confidence-men

by DAY EDGAR

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Some years ago Temple University asked me to give a course in short story writing. That one evening a week has brought me into contact with more embryonic authors, I suppose, than most professional writers meet in a lifetime. It has also given me a good look—in fact, a fascinated stare—at some shining examples of literary quackery.

The first of these I encountered when a young man, after my opening lecture, blocked my path as I was leaving.

"Will you read this?" he asked.

I took the thick envelope and we found a deserted corner. There I read his manuscript. The calibre of the story was made evident by the first few pages, but I read on to the end.

"Do you like it?" he said. "Is it any good?"

It was not, and to the extent of my ability I told him why. There were fatal structural flaws in it; needless gaps of time interfered with the story's progress; irrelevant matter clogged the action; nothing important or interesting happened; the characters repeatedly said and did things as inconsistent as they were implausible.

The story, in brief, had all the faults of the ungifted novice. No magazine would publish it—many rejections had already indicated that. It lacked even the spark of an idea or situation worth salvaging. And yet a man had spoken highly of it, had written a letter of enthusiastic praise.

The young author showed me the letter. The man who signed it saw gripping drama in the story, masterly characterization and suspense. He did not for a moment doubt that it would sell to a high-paying magazine and to the talking picture companies. Publication in book form would almost certainly follow.

To attain these rewards, the letter explained, the story needed changing. Frankly, it required a thorough revision by an experienced and competent hand. The writer of the letter stood ready to perform that service. He did not, however, ask to share in the credit—the original author's name would stand alone in the magazine, on the screen and on the cover of the book. In addition to the glory, the original author was to have every dollar that the story earned. The collaborator, for making all these things possible, asked only one reward: A money order for $25—in advance.

The author, an earnest youth, longed to see his story published. Poverty, however, had forced him to make a counter offer. Instead of $25 in advance, would the collaborator agree to deduct twice that amount from the story's first earnings?

"But he said his time was too much in demand," the author explained. "And he said I ought to be glad to risk $25 in view of what the story'd surely bring me."

The young author had hesitated because it took him many weeks to save $25. And he was troubled by the collaborator's refusal to share the risk.

"If he's experienced and competent," the author asked, "why would he bother working with me? Wouldn't it pay him better to work on stories of his own?"

"Certainly—if they sell."

"You think he's just a fake?"

That was my opinion; and, as it had been asked, I gave it. There was no evidence of the collaborator's ability; if he had ever achieved success with stories, alone or in partnership, he had avoided mentioning it—and this would have been his most powerful sales talk. Moreover, it was absurd that any writer capable of producing printable fiction should spend time on a stranger's bad story for a fraction of what he himself could earn from even the poorer-paying markets.

"Then it was just $25 thrown away?"

"Oh, you've already sent the money?" I asked, and the young author sighed heavily.

"Yes," he said, "eight months ago."

For a long time I have known that confidence men thus exploit thousands of the people whose ambition it is to write; but only during the past three years have I been a privileged witness of their activities.

As most people know, there are available dozens of courses in short story writing; few people know that a number of literary collaborators exist; and there are also scores of self-ordained critics who advertise their readiness, at so much per thousand words, to help young authors. The one point these various experts have in common is this: They are not short story writers.

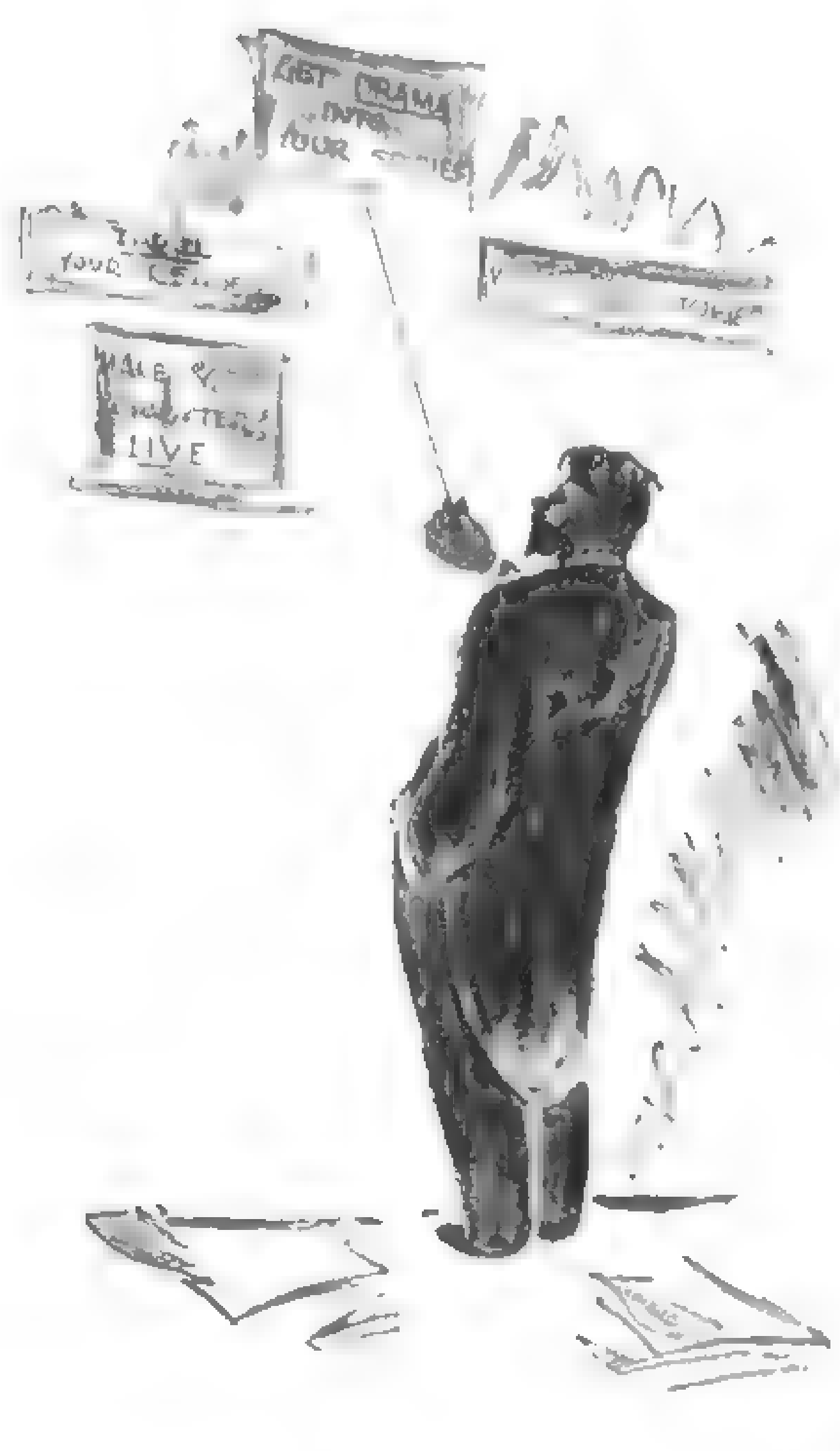
Not for a moment do I imply that all these teachers and critics are charlatans, and none but the unfit or dishonest ones can resent this account of certain actual experiences. Some of them are conscientious; a few can and do advertise definite results in the form of stories which they have sold for their clients. But there are also many who, at best, are incompetent; others are unblushing crooks, the racketeers of literature.

In making this statement I do not depend only on what has befallen the men and women I have met in my work at Temple University; I do not need to rely on vicarious experience alone, for in my time I, too, suffered.

The writing bug bit me very early. At fifteen I sold a story to *Top-Notch Magazine*. This, I felt, placed me among the established authors of the day; my future would be an unbroken string of published stories. And when the future proved to be something else, I, like thousands before and since, looked around for instruction.

I paid out money for a correspondence course; I sent manuscripts, with fees, to the critics whose advertisements offered the kind of help I needed.

From the correspondence course I got nothing. It may be that others did; I only know that I did not. In saying this I am not guilty of refusing due credit in order to pose as a self-made and self-sufficient genius. That course was worthless. It seemed so to me then, and when I recently looked through it again I confirmed my original conviction that no help lay there. Nor is this strange. The man who gave the course never wrote a short story himself. How could he teach me to write one?


GET DRAMA INTO YOUR STORIES
MAKE YOUR CHARACTERS LIVE

He could discuss Kipling and O. Henry, could quote theory as expounded by writers dead and gone, could repeat Flaubert's famous injunction to de Maupassant about the necessity of describing even a cab horse so that it would stand out from all the other cab horses in Paris. But I owned a set of Kipling and O. Henry myself, and had already read Flaubert's celebrated advice. What I needed was to be told *how* to make that cab horse stand out.

My experience with the critics was no more ben-

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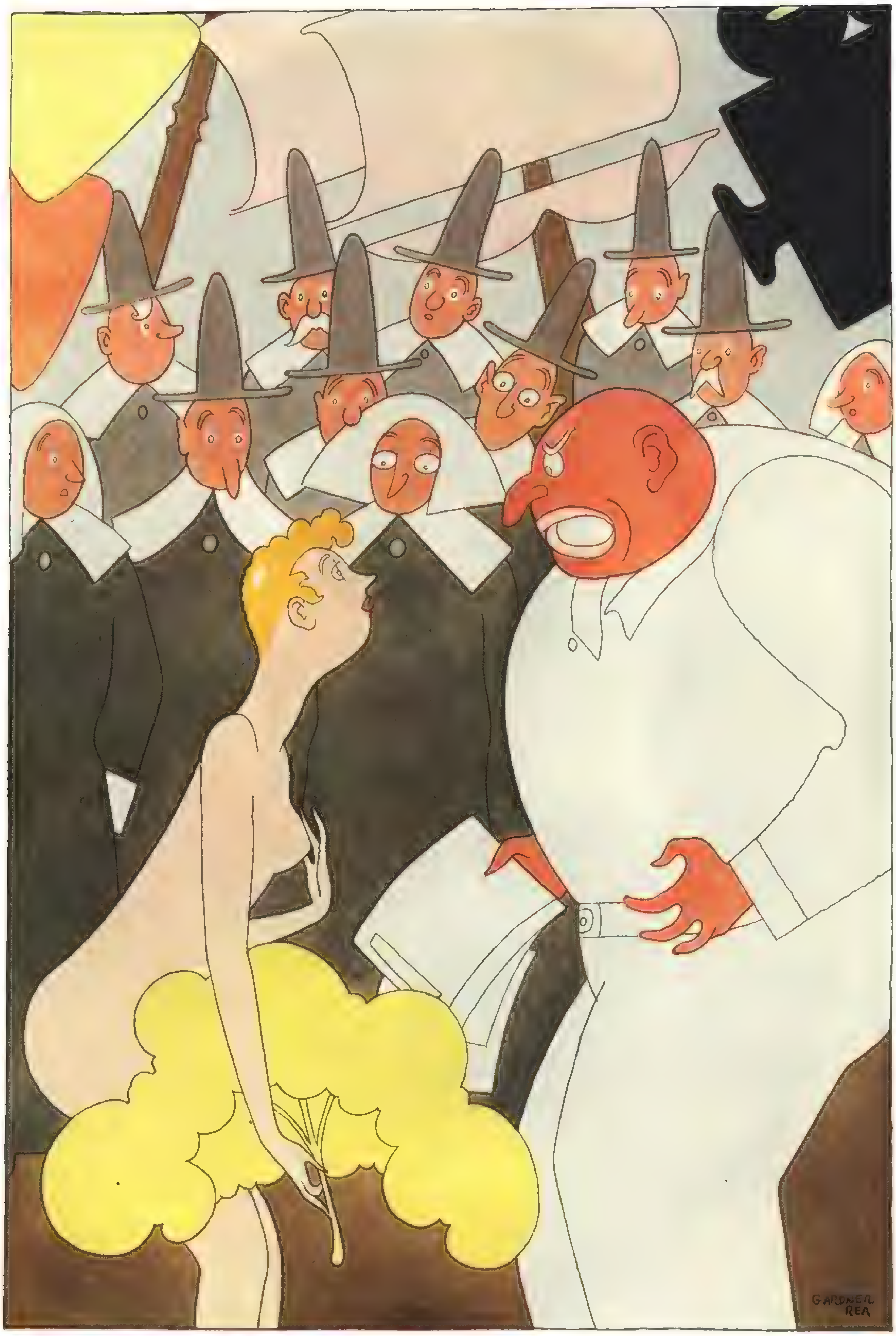
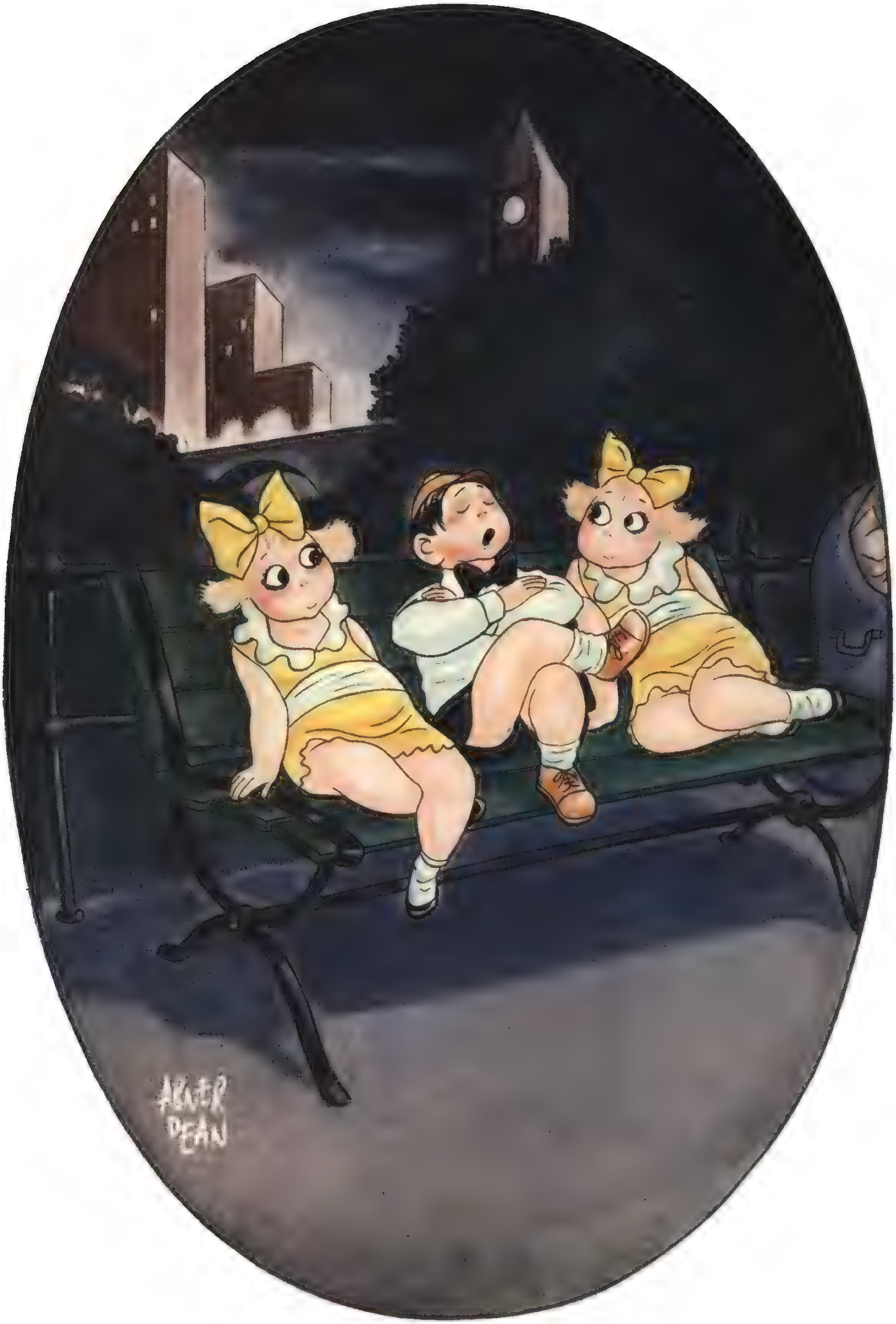

GARDNER REA

"Don't tell me we shot the landing of the Pilgrims with you in it!"



"I'm sorry—but one of you dames will have to go chase herself!"

Stuff the Little Children . . .

Radio advertisers are growing a nation of naggers by the theory that children write all checks

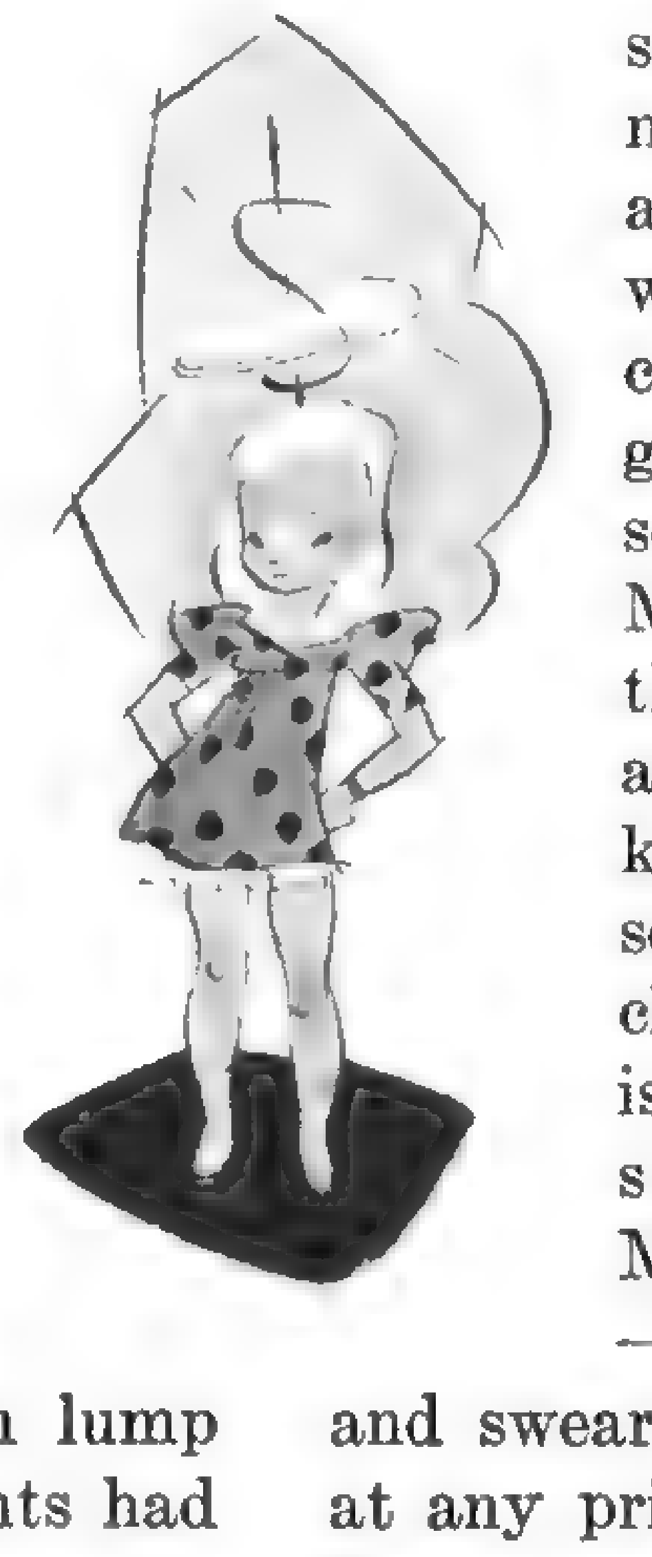
by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following has no prejudice against children—particularly his own.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The editor has a pretty good collection himself.*

THE next time you see all the children of Primary Grade No. 4, Public School No. 21 romping through the automobile show, bouncing merrily on the bumpers and trying to see whether a heavy body (probably female) can crash through an all-steel top if thrown from a balcony, do not assume that this is anything new in modern education or that somebody has gone haywire. The little ones will only be putting into practice an idea which the advertisers have carefully been inculcating for the last couple of years—the idea that the master of the purse in the American household, long supposed to be the wife and mother, is really the child and by all odds the youngest child. The process of high pressure salesmanship is definitely democratic and we can see its advantages by comparing the methods of fifty years ago with those of today. If you wanted to sell a locomotive fifty years ago, you went to the president of a railroad company; thirty years later—if the statistics are right—you had to exploit the charm and the grace of your engine and make it attractive to the president's wife; and now the way to sell a locomotive is first to sell, or even give away, a tin or cardboard model of the same locomotive to some seven million children who, by this argument, will stamp their little feet (wearing out their little and expensive shoes) and beat their little breasts, and lift their little and pestiferous voices demanding the instant purchase of Super Streamlined Comet locomotives.



Just when this discovery was made is a matter of considerable doubt. It was after the beginning of radio, I think, and it has something to do with breakfast foods and laxatives. But that is all that you can definitely say. Everything else you would like to say is probably unprintable. When you observe the spurious glee on the face of a child of seven because Mummy has at last got a Shakedown washing machine or Daddy has seen the light and ordered Cutie coal (each lump wrapped in cellophane) your thoughts had better be kept to yourself.

About the original proposition that women do eighty per cent of the spending in the United States of America I have considerable doubt, being a sort of heavy industry boy myself, and thinking that the hard-pressed wage earner has something to say about the particular brand of gasoline or type of motor car, the size of the radio, the quality of the electric toaster and other matters. But in the heart of the automotive industry I expressed my doubts before a mixed gathering of prosperous Americans and was shouted down not only by the women, who insisted that their great contribution to domestic happiness was in the purchasing department, but by the men, who said they would be hanged if they would bother, and gave the definite impression that it was rather sissy to have anything to do with spending the money that they earned.

Any good social philosopher can draw one thousand conclusions from these circumstances; a number of them, coming over from Europe, have expressed profound surprise at the freedom of American women to dash into department stores, cry out: "Charge it," and depart in triumph, but my interest lies elsewhere. I am only wondering what is going to happen when the shift of buying power makes the next step and moves down to the children, for it is perfectly obvious that the idea of selling to women is based on the thought that they are far more impressionable than men—until recently they had less training and could be more easily taken in. Now obviously women are becoming hard to sell, so baby takes their place.

In less time than you think we shall have developed a nation of naggers. They will all be children and a lot of people will wonder why they never heard of birth control in good time. If you can get a mug worth four cents by sending twenty box tops of Miracle Mustard (plus ten cents to cover the cost of postage and packing) and if the mug entitles you to be known as a member of a great secret society known as the Miracle Mustard Mugs, then Mother is going to hear about it for a considerable period of time and Mother will do one of two things—fetch her child a terrible slap and swear never to buy Miracle Mustard at any price, or—I fear more likely—buy the commodity in the hope that she is restoring peace to her household.

This sort of thing began with objects which had some logical connection with the life of the child. A friend of mine reported that her son seemed to have developed the most alarming symptoms of appendicitis, was put to bed, examined by a doctor and discovered totally fit except that his mind was touched by the idea that a certain household remedy was pleasant to take and the purchase of it would enable him (for ten cents to cover the cost of postage and packing) to get a much admired cap with a mysterious insignia upon it. As the cost of the doctor's visit was laboriously withdrawn from the boy's allowance, he has been in perfect health ever since.

Still you might call this legitimate advertising if the advertisers want to take the risk, but I do not believe that the "century of the child" was meant to indicate a century in which children dictated what kind of flour should be used in pastry and what new developments in motor cars are satisfactory to the entire family. Nor do I think that this is a good time, considering the general state of the world, to encourage children to interfere with the health of their parents and to make nasty remarks about their dispositions. So far this has not affected the printed word, but on the air many a childish treble is lifted to complain about Mother's nasty temper (she uses the wrong kind of ammonia or hairpins) or to call Dad a chronic grouch because his car won't start with the wrong kind of oil or his digestive system is not functioning properly owing to his failure to employ the one and only regulator, about which the youthful plugger, by coincidence, knows a great deal, in the very words of the elderly plugger who verifies all his statements later on in the program. That men almost universally, and a steadily growing number of women are utterly sick of cuteness and cannot stand precocity (because it makes them feel pretty stupid themselves) ought to be brought home to our advertisers. On the other hand, they may be right in thinking that a grown-up, presumably intelligent person, capable of earning enough money to buy a commodity, would accept the word of a child about the superior merits of one kind of carbolic acid as opposed to another.

Apparently in an effort to duplicate the radio appeal, newspaper and magazine advertising has run helter skelter downhill to impress the tots. As men could be persuaded by serviceability and women by attractiveness, children can be persuaded by something free (plus ten cents to cover the cost

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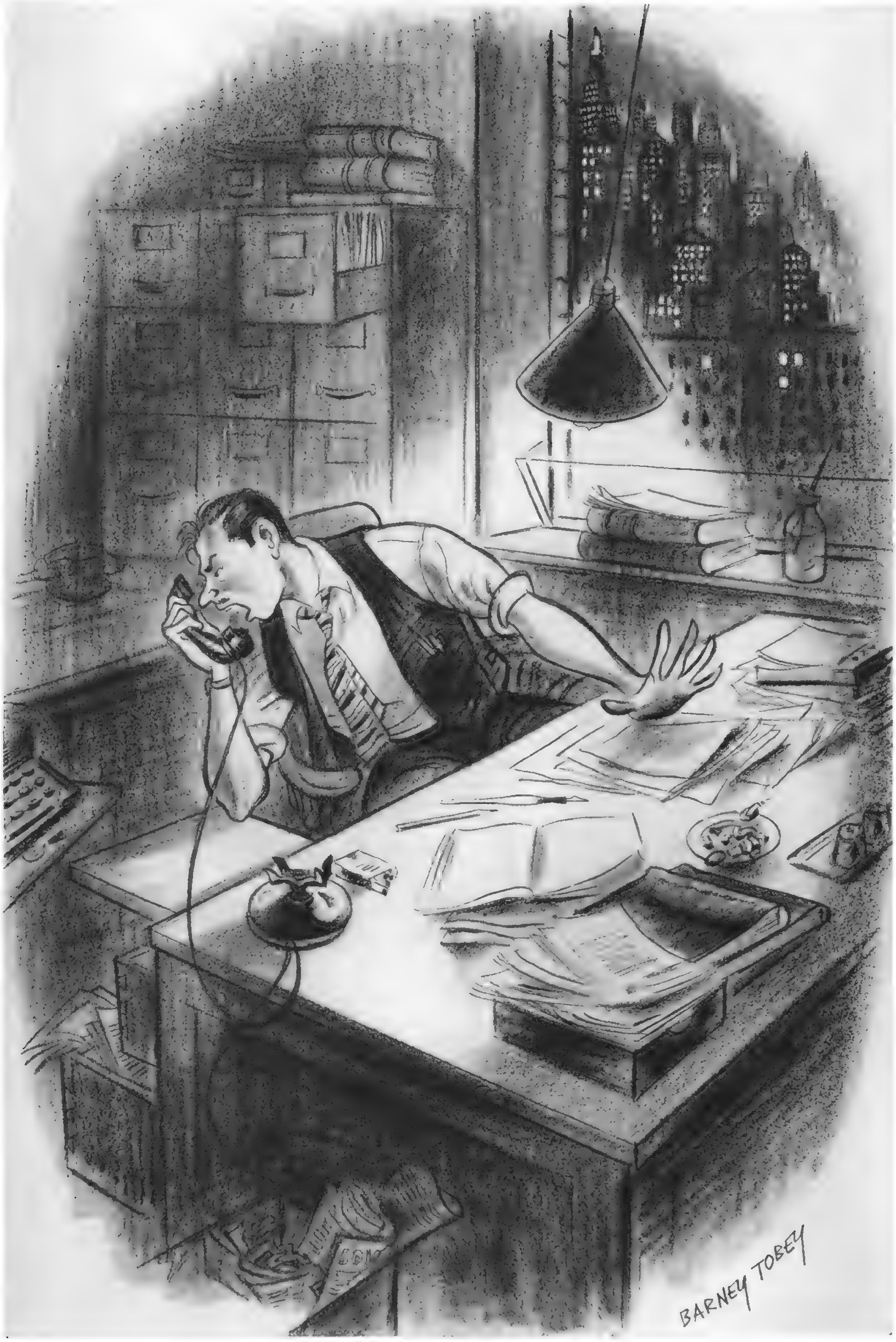

BARNEY TOBEY

"Allright! Allright! So I'm not in the office working—so I'm in the Waldorf dancing with Jean Harlow!"

The Candid Cameraman

Hollywood startles the world by producing a photoplay with an enlightened social attitude

by MEYER LEVIN

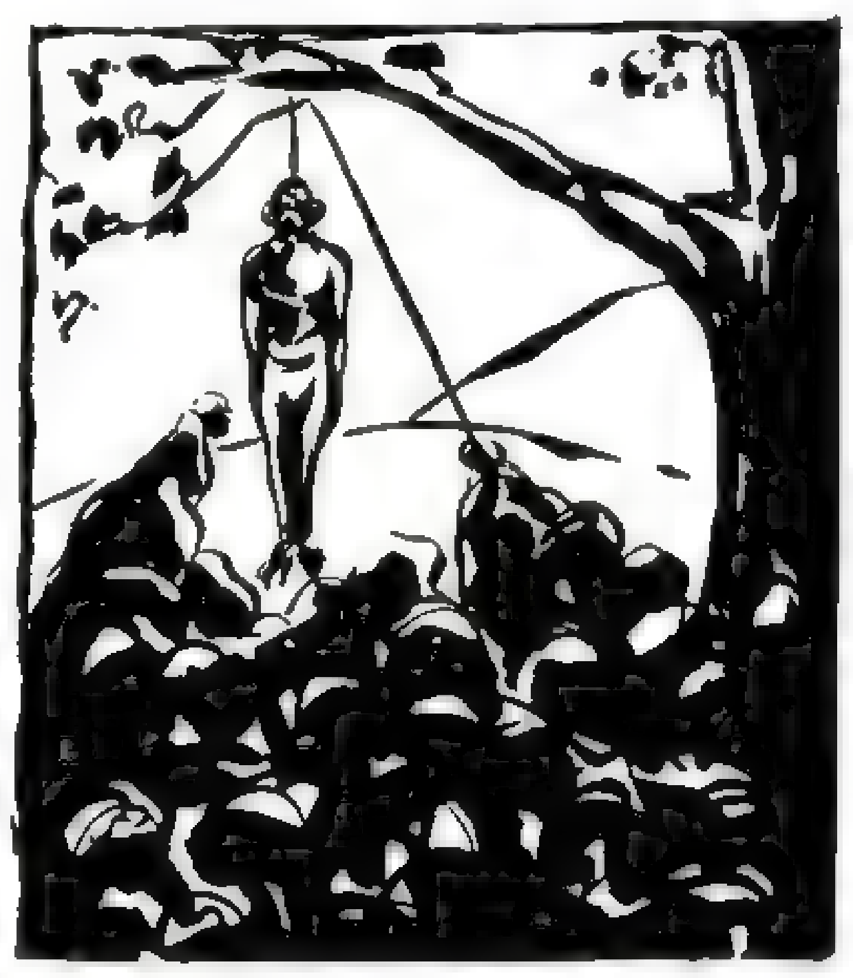
• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Fury: Originally entitled *Mob Rule.* A nearly great photoplay about lynching. See main review.

The Plow That Broke The Plains: The federal government gave a film critic an opportunity to practice what he preached, and Pare Lorentz turned in a classic. Hollywood producers, jealous and jittery, are preventing most theatres from showing this short epic. Demand it at your local theatre. See main review.



GO ALONG TO SEE

Bullets and Ballots: Detective busting up the rackets. Has an odd quality, jumping from an ordinary movie to something real. The "higher ups" instead of remaining mysteriously at the other end of the phone-wire, are actually exposed to be a group of bankers. Edward G. Robinson as usual, and Joan Blondell slightly subdued. You'll be amused to find that the numbers racket is only a cute game when Blondell runs it but a racket when the villains run it.

Showboat: A very smooth and entirely entertaining rendering of the old standby, whose chief worth is to remind you that *Old Man River* is the best song this generation has produced.

Trouble For Two: From Stevenson's *Suicide Club.* An unusually gripping adventure is murderous mystery. Has that macabre tone, plus sophisticated sauciness.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Early to Bed: A sometimes laborious and sometimes hilarious farce with wistful Charles Ruggles and opaque Mary Boland. He walks in his sleep.

Half Angel: Brian Donlevy is a newspaper reporter who saves the gal from a murder rap by his detecting.

Human Cargo: Brian Donlevy is a newspaper reporter, and the gal is a rival newspaper reporter, and he saves her from the racketeers by his detecting. This might have been a good picture about smuggling aliens into the United States but they dropped that idea as they went along.

The Princess Comes Across: That comedy romance team, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, on a transatlantic liner.

The King Steps Out: Evidently, the romantic appeal of royalty is back in the titles. Franchot Tone looks quite handsome as the young Austrian ruler, in the gay days of Vienna. Grace Moore yodels a few numbers and Walter Connelly stamps around with a mug of beer and it's all very very light and bright and opulent.

WASTE

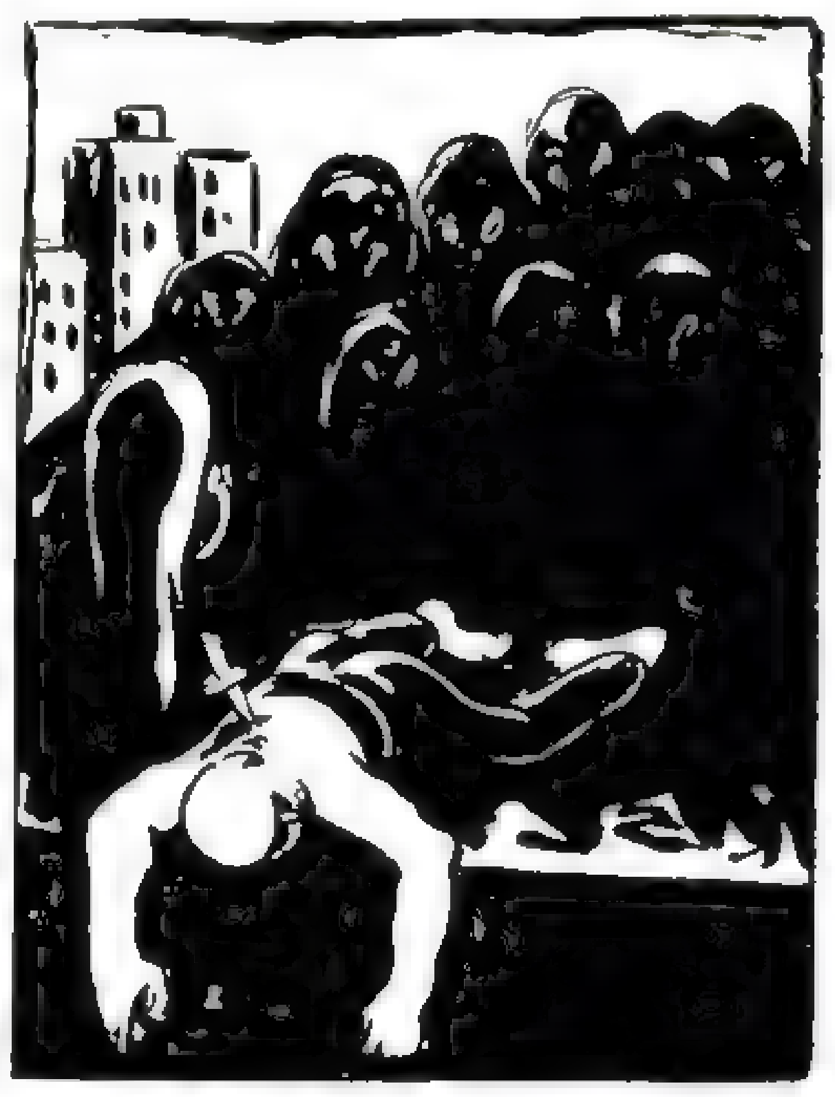
Border Flight: Now that the Coast Guard has planes, we seem due for a series of pictures showing dog-fights between the loyal pilots and up-to-date smugglers who smuggle by air.

HOPE

The film-makers are already rushing through a picture based on the recent sensational exposure of the Black Legion. And after the tremendous acclaim received by *Fury*, it is possible we are to receive a few movies that deal realistically with vicious mob forces in American life.

For the basic mass brutality exposed in *Fury* is the same that would have been exposed in the film version of *It Can't Happen Here*, if the studios had had the courage to make that anti-fascist picture in the face of Germany's threat to bar all motion pictures emanating from the same source. Pictures like *Fury*, and like what may be made of the Black Legion, and like *It Can't Happen Here* might have been, are morality dramas, and they can bring the photoplay directly into the tradition of the classic theatre, whose greatest themes are socialized commentaries upon right and wrong.

D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* opened the modern phase in the development of the technique of the film; and along with his innovations in the inter-cutting of scenes, in the use of camera movement and camera angles, Griffith brought an understanding that the photoplay, capable of becoming an American art, must be daring in its interpretation of vast themes for a native audience, from a native point of view. Unfortunately, Mr. Griffith was more interested in spectacular demonstration than in implication; I don't believe he ever thought through to the real meaning of the Klan activity which he pictured as laudable. He saw great dramatic material in the white-streaming masquerade of night riders, he used the excitation of thudding hooves, and the crude emotional stimulus of time-worn patriotic symbols.



Griffith made his audiences members of a mob.

It has taken a long time, but Hollywood has at last produced a photoplay that exposes this spirit of mob violence. Fritz Lang makes his audiences the judges of a mob.

We can only hope that *Fury* will prove to be a turning point and that this more civilized attitude will characterize future productions. Because a great picture happens to have been made from an intelligent point of view does not guarantee future authority to intelligence. However, we can offer thanks for *Fury*, and make our thanks loud in the hope that the film-makers will recognize the demand for this attitude in pictures. There is no guarantee that the next time someone out there remembers that a lynching sequence is exciting he won't film it from the viewpoint of the lynchers. Only this season, we have had the *Barbary Coast* and the *Frisco Kid*, both of which presented scenes of mob violence in a sympathetic light. It is true that in these films, and in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*, the brutal, unchecked release of gang justice was presented as characteristic of crude America of the remote pioneer days. We were supposed to be watching the gun-law of our lusty forbears, getting a horrified kick out of their lack of respect for government. We were supposed to congratulate ourselves that such things no longer happened.

And yet, at least in the case of *Barbary Coast* there could be detected an undertone of approbation. "This is the way to deal with son-of-a-bitch racketeers," it said. "String them up to the nearest lamppost. Don't wait for the law."

And from racketeers it is only a step to blacks, reds, pinks, and then to anyone who opposes the Boss.

I need hardly point out that the most consistently popular cycles in films have been those dealing with violent, anarchic "justice." From the ancient and evergreen western to the gang cycle to the G-man cycle, we have films of bloodlust and brutality, in which avenging death comes from the hand of anyone who happens to be around. Rarely is any attempt made to awaken a conception of right or wrong, of deliberated justice, except in its crudest form: the enlistment of audience sympathy for the hero.

In the westerns, vaguely authorized posses go out and shoot "the justice of the plains" into the hides of the villains. Sometimes a legitimate sheriff is employed, but more

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Rising above the accustomed level of book criticism to give a few tips on reading by and for sense

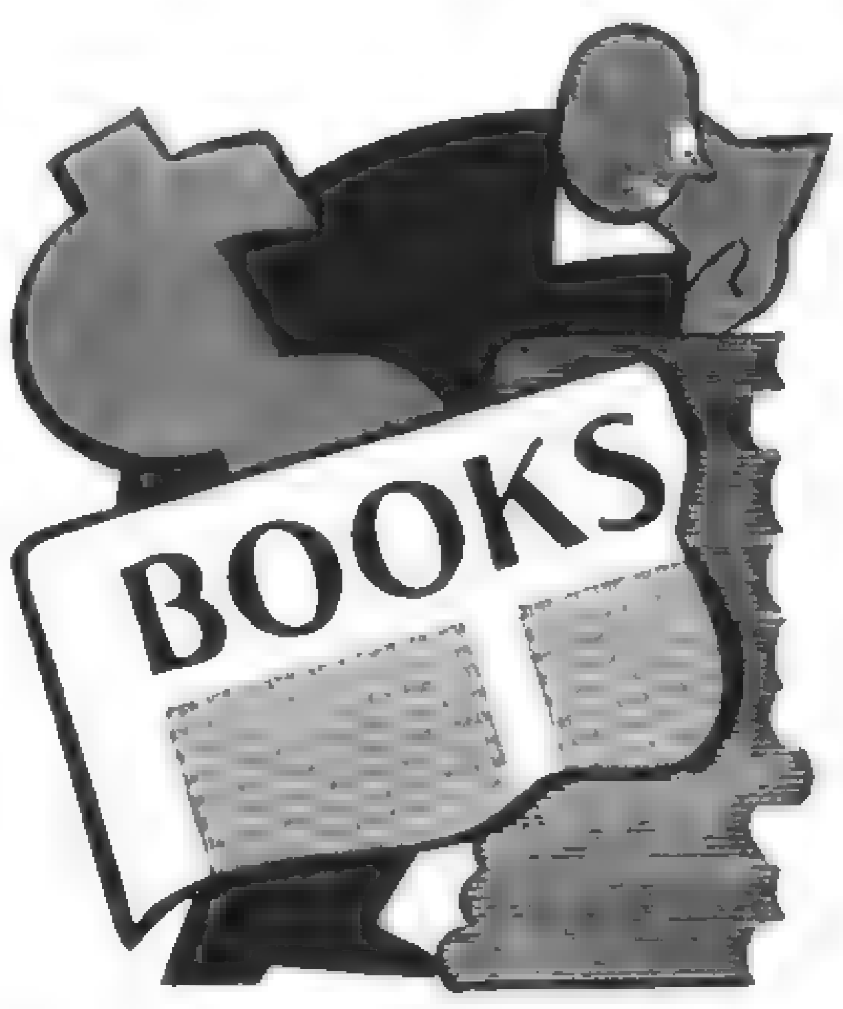
by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

On March 29th a public reading of Irwin Shaw's anti-war play, *Bury the Dead* (available now in book form, published by Random House, $1.), was given by Frederic March, Florence Eldridge and John Cromwell in the Hollywood Woman's Club before twelve hundred members of the film colony. This information I derive from the May issue of the *New Theatre* magazine, in which was published a stenographic report of the entire proceedings. The meeting was presided over by Donald Ogden Stewart. Among those who made speeches after the reading of the play were Onslow Stevens, Arthur Kober, Lionel Stander, Dudley Nichols, Clifford Odets and Francis Lederer.

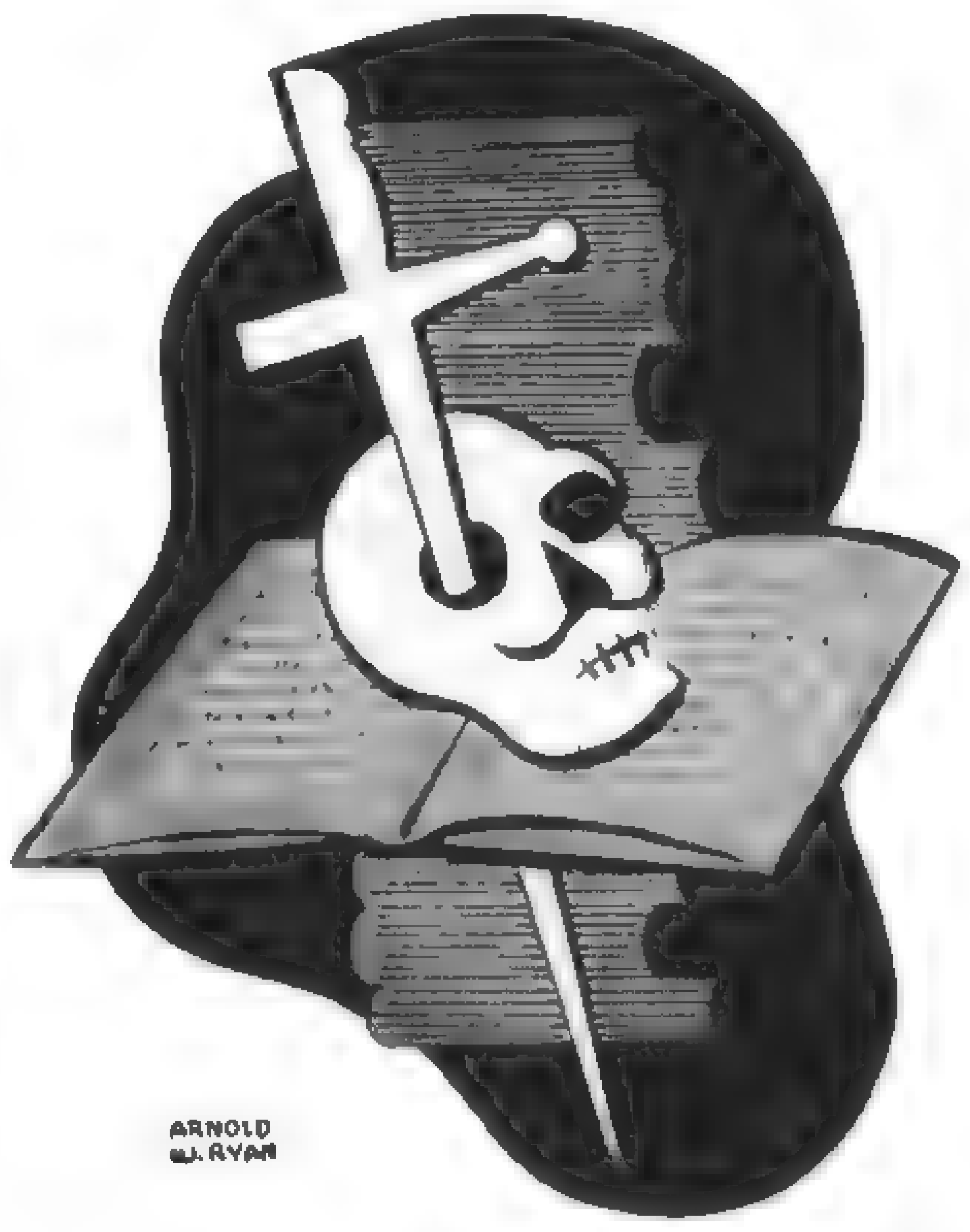
This stenographic report makes curious and instructive reading. The irony of the whole affair is both fantastic and saddening. It shows what a confused emotional state a great many writers have gotten themselves into; and it also shows how easily intellectuals can become a mob and gang up on and crucify someone who attempts to inject logic into their hysterical activities, even if it is the logic of their own position.

To clarify what I mean, it is necessary to lead up step by step to the dénouement and the anti-climax of the episode. A contest was sponsored jointly by the *New Theatre* in New York and the American League Against War and Fascism for a one-act anti-war play. Some two hundred hitherto unknown writers had been encouraged to enter plays in the contest, among them Irwin Shaw. He did not finish his *Bury the Dead* in time to compete; but the play was rehearsed and put on at the Forty-sixth Street theatre. It was almost unanimously acclaimed by the drama critics in New York as a stirring performance, and a powerful indictment of war. Gilbert Gabriel went so far as to say that young Mr. Shaw (he is just twenty-three) "stands in imminent danger of growing into one of the most powerful dramatists of this land and time." The play, however, was a box-office flop. Meanwhile . . .



Copies of the play had gone out to Hollywood and it was about to be produced by the Actors Repertory Company under the management of Alex Yokel and the Contemporary Theatre. The mass-meeting and public reading of the play mentioned in the first paragraph of this article were designed "to stimulate interest in the Los Angeles Contemporary Theatre's forthcoming production of the play." In other words it was a publicity ballyhoo.

Now you must bear in mind that in Hollywood it is very fashionable to be Communistic and the larger the salary you draw as a scenario writer the more fashionable it is to deprecate the work you do. Thus Mr. Stewart in his opening address said in self-disparagement that twelve years ago he was a younger man with literary ideals and aspirations. Now, however, "I don't know whether or not you have seen my latest contributions to the screen. One was a vehicle for Marion Davies, called *Going Hollywood*, and the other was Miss Crawford's *No More Ladies* (Laughter) . . . That was not what I meant twelve years ago. It isn't so funny at that. I don't feel very proud of myself . . . And I am not really blaming the movies for my downfall. Nobody came to me with a revolver at my head and said, 'You've got to go out and take this big salary and have three automobiles and live in that goddam sunshine' (Laughter and applause). It's my fault and I simply want to say a few things about my present situation and why I am here tonight."



He said them at some length, lamenting that he and other scenario writers were forced by the producers to write movies that are simply entertainment. "The whole ideal of moving pictures that you get when you get out here is that people go in to forget—they come into a theatre to lose themselves in some kind of Nirvana that happens to them when Clark Gable comes on the screen. They are there to get away from life. Ten million men are out of work, but the movies say nothing about that. Five colored boys are going to be sent to the electric chair in Alabama, but the movies are concerned with whether Dick Powell gets the girl.

"Now I say that isn't good enough. And I say that I am here in behalf of the Contemporary Theatre and the New Theatre League in New York which is the parent of this theatre, and *New Theatre*, which is the official magazine of all the new theatre groups. I am here because they offer something better than Hollywood. They don't want you to go into a theatre to get away from life. They don't want you to go there and forget your troubles. They don't put on these plays so that the rich can see the misery in the world and feel sorry for it. Help is not going to come from the top down."

After the reading of the play Arthur Kober, a scenarist and author of that brilliantly amusing study of character in dialect, *Thunder Over the Bronx* (Simon & Schuster, $2.), apparently became a little hysterical with emotion. He is a man of sense and talent, wit and humor; yet he said, "I have written fifteen screen plays, God help me. I'd exchange every goddam one of them for this play tonight." Dudley Nichols did not belittle his Hollywood work, but as an ex-officer in the war, he said *Bury the Dead* was "stirring" and that when he read it he felt any director could take it and produce it as a movie. Lionel Stander, the actor, said that "*Bury the Dead* is of a peculiar significance to those of us who are against war but who are puzzled as to just what to do about it."

Then something strange happened. Francis Lederer, the actor, got up and said, "We all think the same—that this play is great. However, in my opinion it has the same faults as many other anti-war plays that have been written—anti-war plays, books, motion pictures. It is not only sufficient in my opinion to touch upon a problem; it is necessary to carry that problem to its ultimate." He went on to state that the play stopped in the middle; that it sounded like the first act of a drama in which the problem is merely stated, no solution given or suggested.

It is pertinent to say at this point that Francis Lederer is a sincere and convinced pacifist; that, according to reliable report, he gives a large part of his salary to further anti-war propaganda. He talked with fervor and to the point in support of his convictions. And the gang there tried to shut him off; tried to laugh him down. Dudley Nichols became witty at Lederer's expense, interrupting him to say that Lederer "is suffering under a delusion about the purpose of the play. I recall that a rather great playwright, Ibsen, who dealt with injustice and social problems, said, 'It is not my function to solve problems, only to state them to wake people up to them.' You realize he was a great man, and yet he didn't venture to offer a solution—people found

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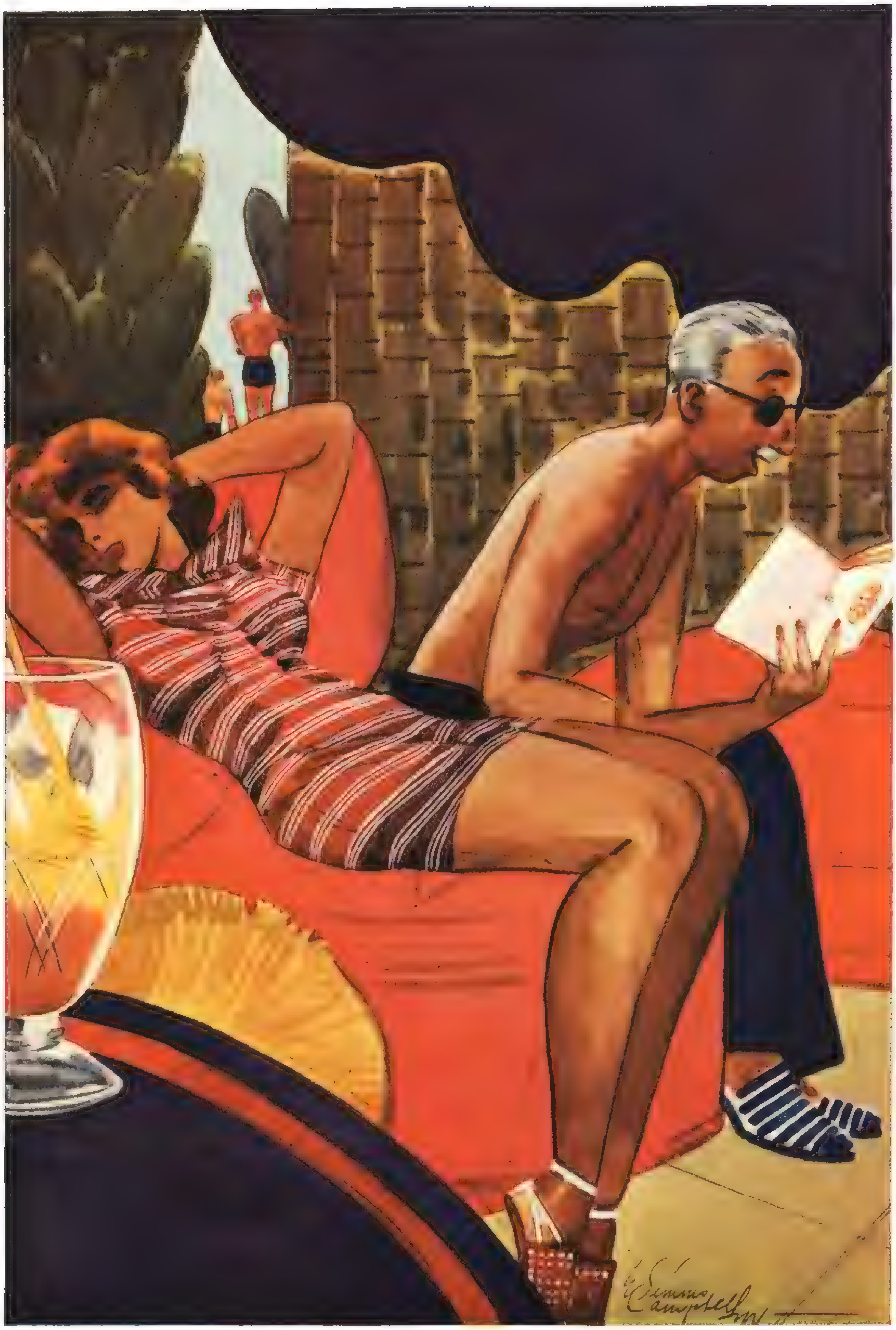

E. Simms Campbell

"—and let me, my darling, rest—my weary head upon your breast"

Gods of the Keyboard

From Liszt to Paderewski the piano-thumpers were anything but pianissimo on personality

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

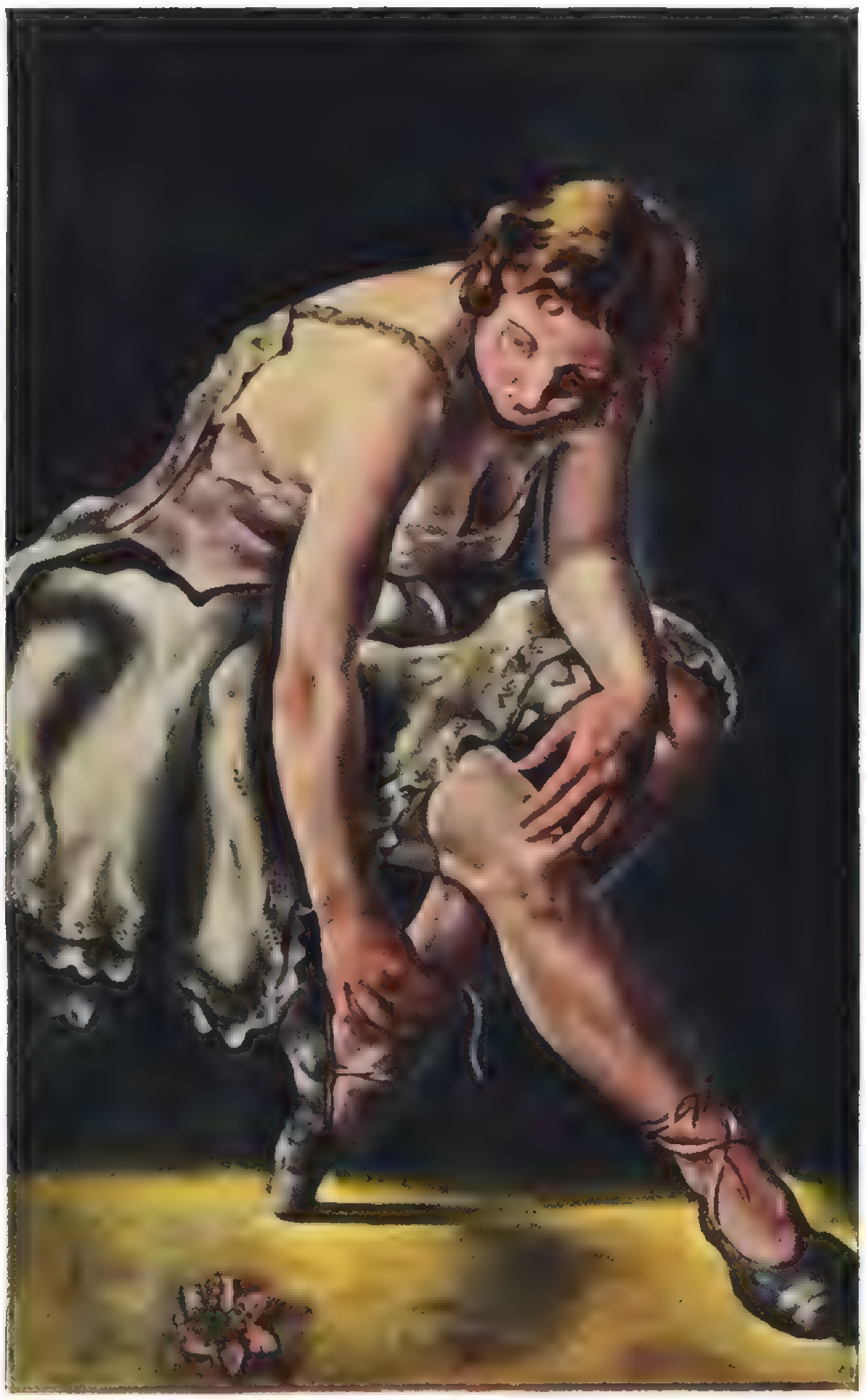
The piano is the Queen of Instruments and the one most frequently prostituted. She accompanies the reader, the crooner, the fiddler, and the "mocking-bird" whis-

[redacted]

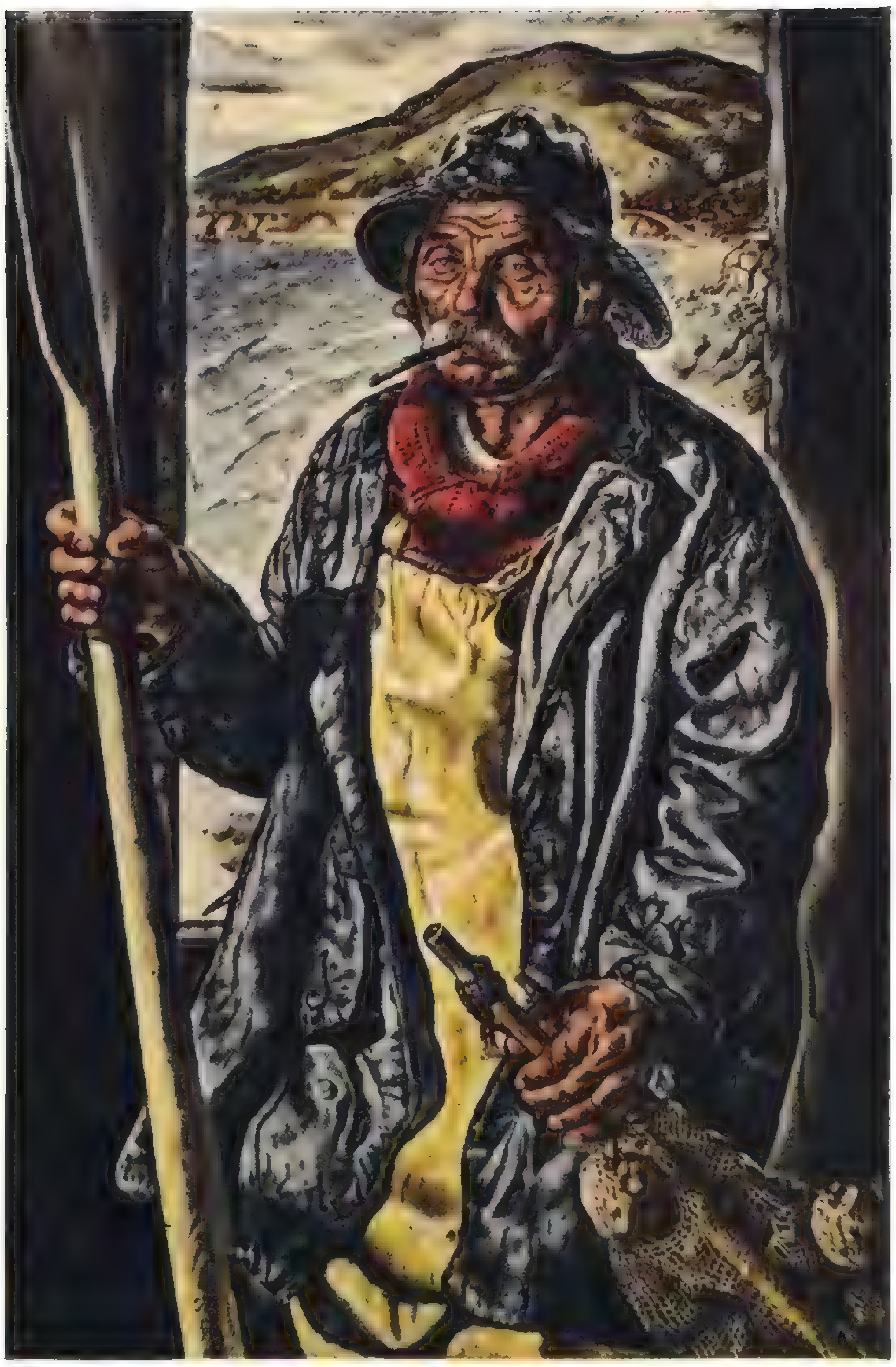
court. He attracted a retinue of hangers-on that any monarch might envy.

He was the undisputed *Emperor of Pianists*, and once when he was playing for the

concert halls. With him, everything was high-flown, showy, surprising, and thrown at the public. He did differentiate styles of music; and he inaugurated the recital as we



"There were no flowers tonight"



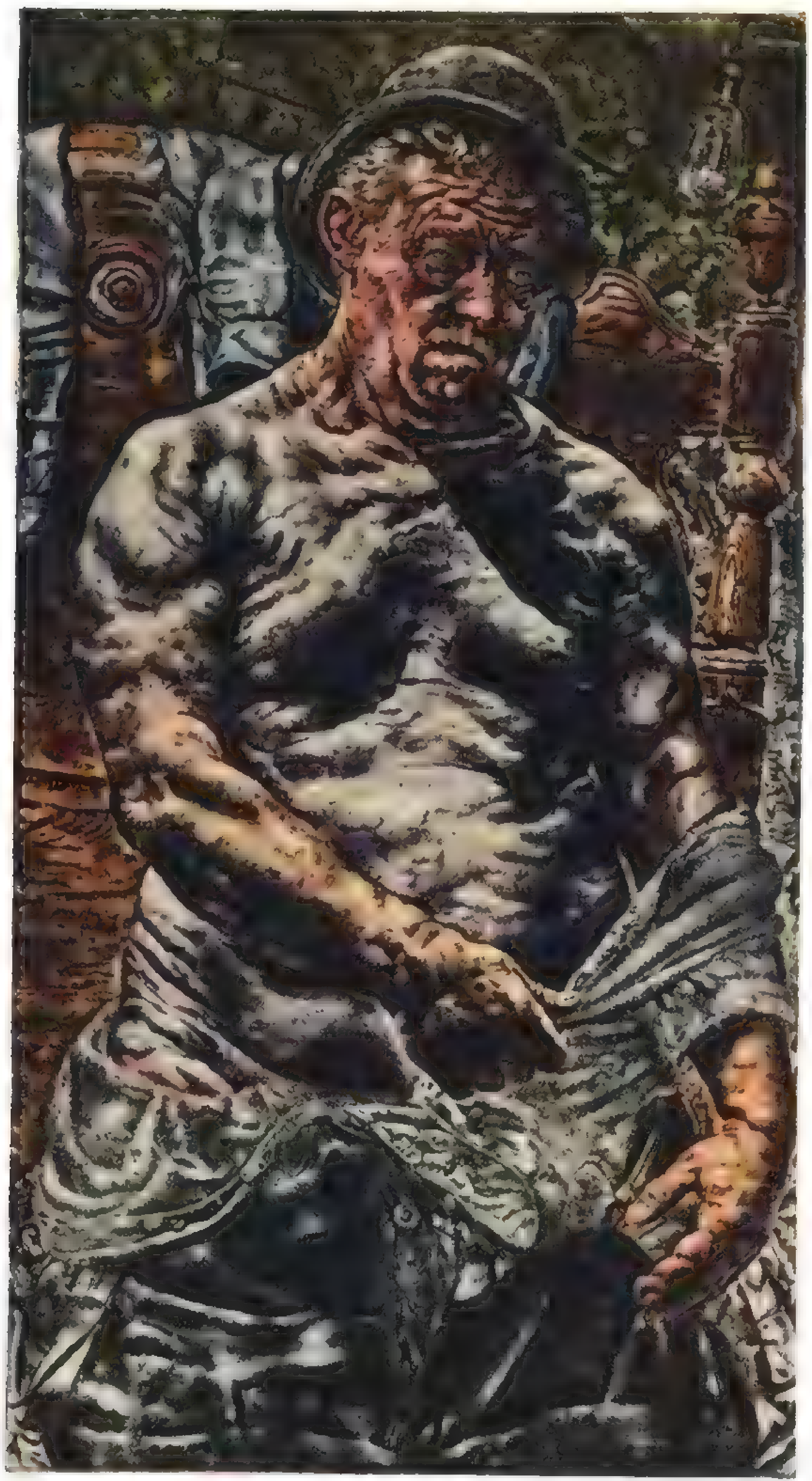
"Heavy the oar to him who is tired, heavy the coat, heavy the sea"

Latter Day Rembrandt

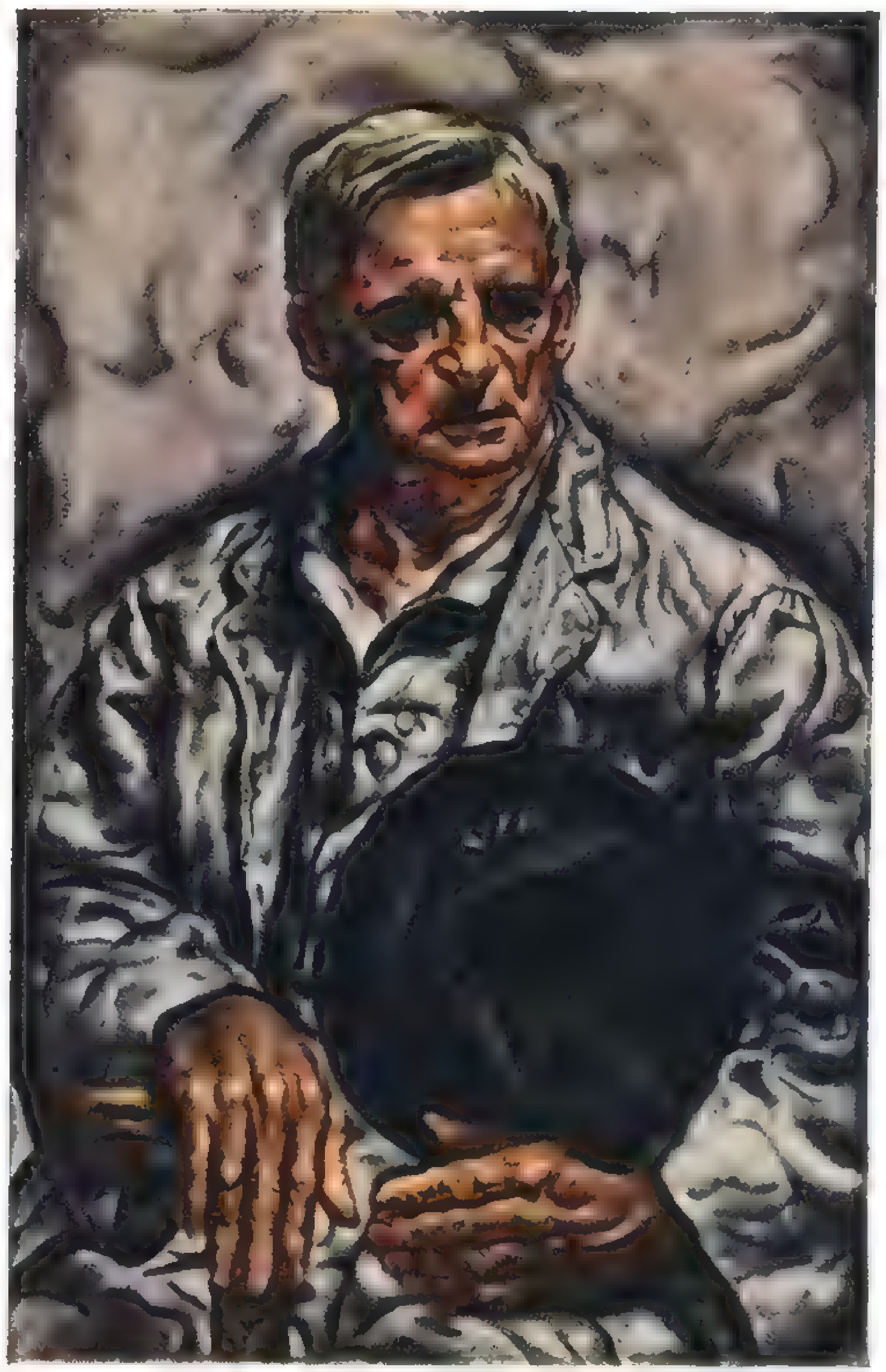
Four Paintings

by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright

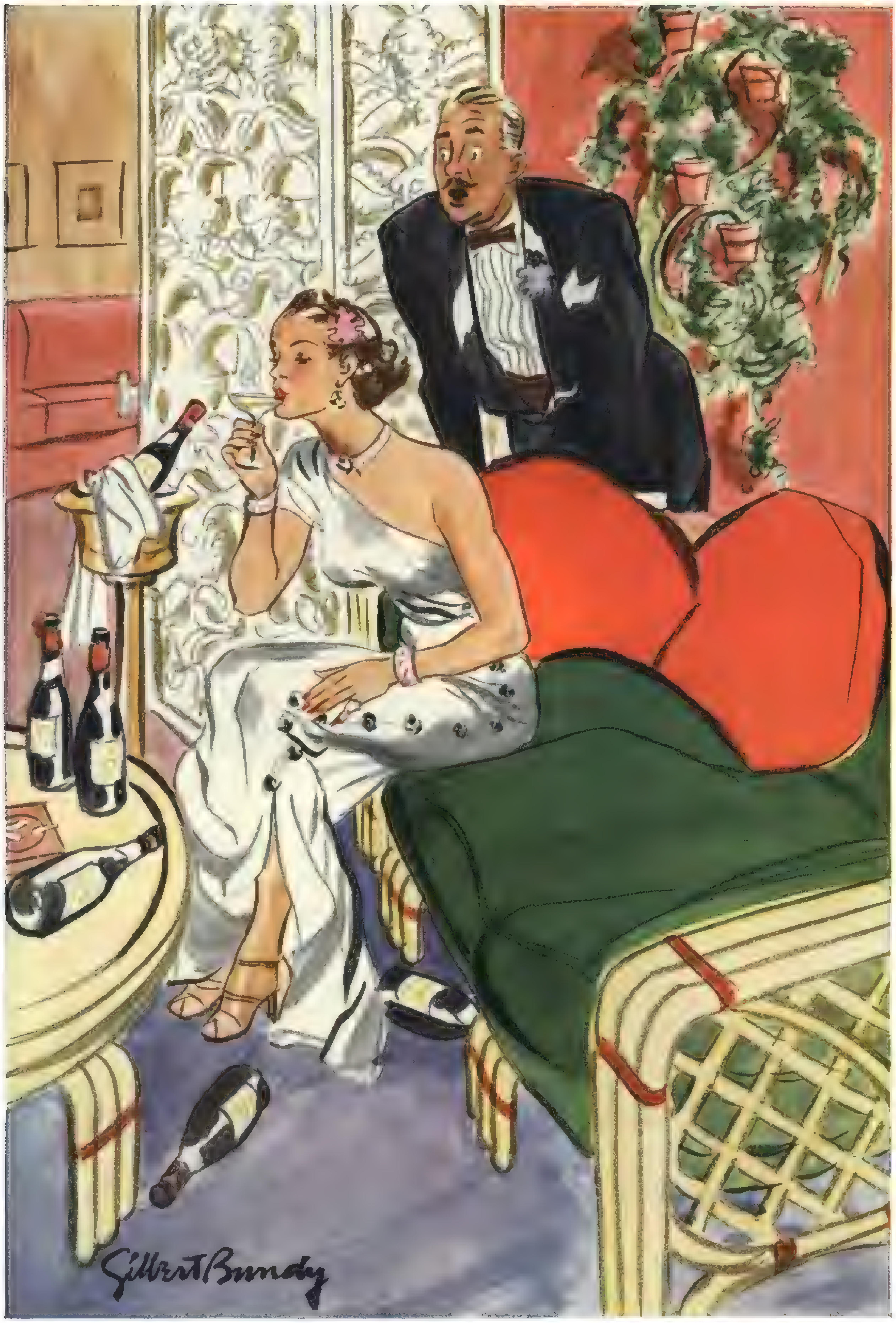
TIME means nothing and everything to Ivan Le Lorraine Albright. Nothing, in that he will work anywhere from one to four years on a single painting. Everything, in that time, the greatest enemy of us all, is the true hero of every drama that he puts on canvas, regardless of his apparent choice of subject. Time's inroads on the features and the skin of the living; Time's markings on the soul . . . this is his preoccupation. Son of a painter and twin of a sculptor, he lives and works in an abandoned Methodist church in Warrenville, Illinois, where, deaf to the carping of critics who say, "You may have to paint it that way, but we don't have to look at it," and try to explain away his super-realism as the morbid result of his wartime experience as an official sketcher of wounds, he hires his models by the year rather than by the hour, prices his paintings now at the figures he feels certain they will some day bring, lives literally by the Shakespearian advice, "To thine own self be true," and does not even deign to sneer back at those who say, "It's ugly, so it can't be art."



"Room 203"



"I drew a picture in the sand and the water washed it away"


Gilbert Bundy

"Oh, a dozen of these are nothing for a hyperthyroid, Mr. Byron"

Potions on the Grass, Alas

What to put in the washtub or thermos jug when you want a picnic without lemonade

by **MURDOCK PEMBERTON**

• POTABLES •

The learned architects tell us that man's first civilized instinct was when he came down out of the trees and built himself a sort of lean-to under the brow of the hill to fend against the wind and rain. Now he had a home. Some time later he added a few gadgets in the way of a place to build his fire and a hole for the smoke to escape and settled down to a quiet evening. And about that moment the little woman up and said, "I'm tired of sitting around this dump smelling old saurian bones and listening to you tell how you kicked the teeth out of that dinosaur. Tomorrow I'm going to pack a lunch and take the kids out to that field where we saw the daisies. Oh I know you're too busy with important things but I'm just telling you so that you'll know where to look for us when your belly gets empty."

And a hundred to one the old man would be there, grumbling about the sand in the food and drinking out of a gourd, but nevertheless a part of the picnic. You can't get much satisfaction out of the knowledge that women are to blame for picnics; they started it so early that it is too late now to make any but the feeblest protest. You'll be there because they always need someone to carry the basket, and to pull the corks out of the bottles.

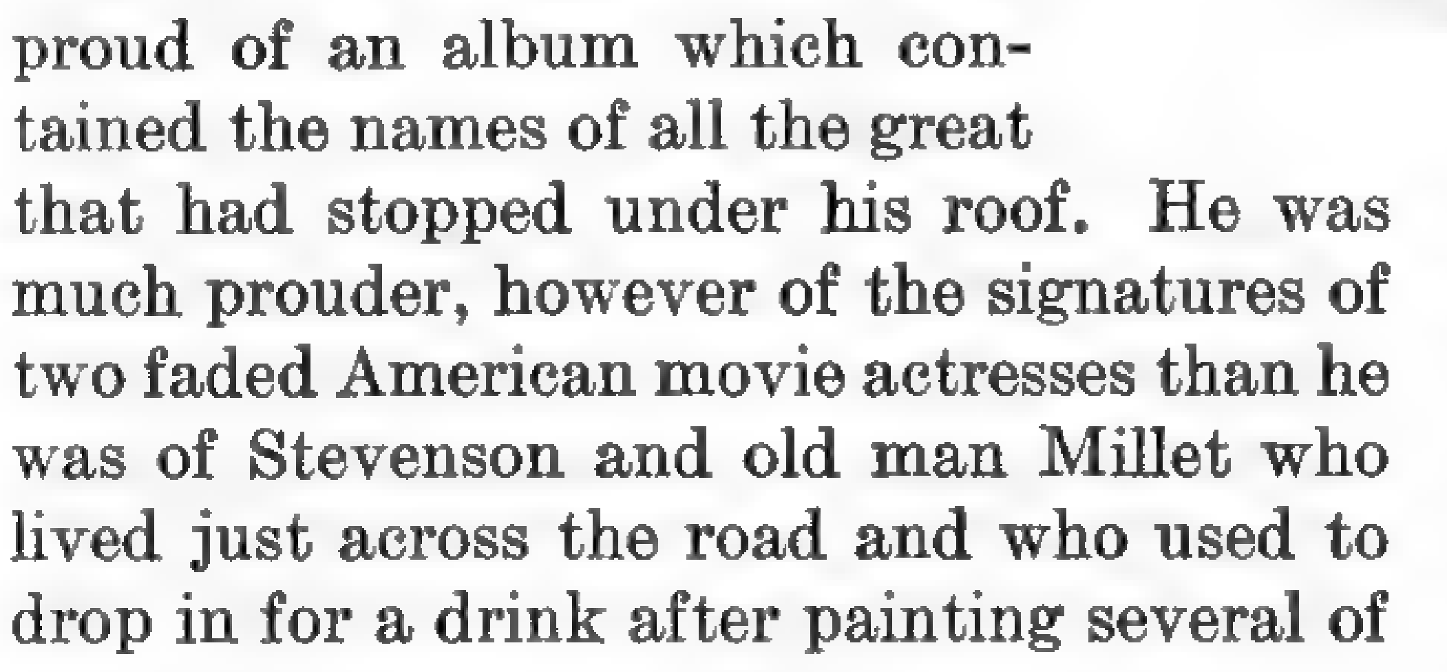
Your correspondent has made a survey of the case and finds that no race on earth is immune, except the Eskimo. (Up there when the girl friend suggests a picnic, the gentleman whirls her around, throws her a fish and considers the argument closed.) Even the French, considered a practical people, are forever leaving pleasant homes to go out into the woods for their supper on the grass. Where every American has a motor car of some kind, the fifty million French have a motor cycle with a bathtub annex for the litter, or at least a bicycle. It's pleasant of a warm Sunday to watch papa, mama and about three kids pump up the Champs Élysées on their two wheelers, each with a basket or a few bottles tied behind the seat. By noon the city is practically deserted except for the tourists and the attendant waiters.

One of our happiest recollections is of a picnic in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The children, recovering from measles, had been promised the picnic for some time. Every day the lady who owned the car was telephoned and every day a half hour later it rained. Finally, one day the lady arrived before the rain and we set out. First we stopped at Felix Potin and got a hamper of those little things that only the French grocer can contrive: pâtés of all sorts, stuffed lobsters and several bottles of Vouvray Monmousseau, the latter at a price that would make you ill to hear about. On our way down, the lady who owned the car, revealed that it had a certain idiosyncrasy, a floating clutch. This is not floating power, that you read about in the auto ads but more comparable to a floating kidney. Every ten miles or so the gear would shift from third to second without throwing out the clutch. This gave a jaunting car effect which the children thought part of the fun. This little trait had developed several months ago and some day the lady was going to have it fixed.

We got to the *forêt* all right and took a bit of refreshment at the little inn at Barbizon where Robert Louis Stevenson spent the happy year while he wrote his *Random Essays* and *Walking Tours*. The proprietor was very proud of an album which contained the names of all the great that had stopped under his roof. He was much prouder, however of the signatures of two faded American movie actresses than he was of Stevenson and old man Millet who lived just across the road and who used to drop in for a drink after painting several of those landscapes with which he later flooded the world. Toward sundown we got to the Palace, fed the fat carp that used to bore Napoleon, and then went into our hamper.

On the way back the lady who owned the tricky car knew of a place that was once a robbers' castle. In back of it was a well several miles deep. For a franc, the caretaker would light a swab of cloth and drop it down.

You could see it light this side of China, if you cared to hang on. They used to throw their old friends in there when arguments came up over the cards. I polished off two more bottles of the Vouvray and decided that picnics had their place. I'd go on another any day if I could locate just the right tipple.



At a Connecticut week-end recently two lovely things from town wanted a picnic. We were situated in the center of a hundred acre tract blessed by a lake and enough green grass for a Texas herd. But the girls wouldn't think of a picnic there. It had to be at least eighteen miles from the place where you sleep. Women are like that. As a matter of record some of the swellest open air performances your correspondent has ever encountered have been on those rock-strewn Connecticut fields. The Edward J. MacNamara beefsteak is something that you want to include in your picnic repertoire. Like most artists, Mr. MacNamara guards his formula and pretends that only he knows the secret. But I have understudied him so often (doing all the work so he'd have time for the bows) that I feel free to divulge the works. Procure from a good butcher a steak at least three inches thick. (One steak is good for ten persons.) Have it cut from the choicest part of the cow and take nothing inferior. When ready for the food part of the picnic, take the steak and cover both sides with pepper and salt. Then completely encase the steak in a coating of wet coarse salt to the thickness of a quarter inch. Next place some white paper napkins on top of this, to keep the salt in place. Prepare a fire of wood, or charcoal preferred, in a pit edged with stones. Place the steak in a heavy wire grill and cook for about ten minutes on each side.

Now knock off the outer layer of salt, which comes off in one piece. Then slice the porterhouse and sirloin down in thin strips. Throw these in a pan of butter which you have set on the fire. Serve the slices of meat on a half slice of bread which has been dipped in the butter. If you can contrive any better food, I'll eat it. I've seen the record for our community go up to twenty-four slices.

While all this is going on you ply the guests with cocktails made of gin or if you have a great many guests, a punch with a gin base. We used to take the old wash tub, put a cake of ice in the center, cut up a pineapple and a dozen lemons, throw in a gallon of gin, two gallons of dry white wine, a pint of rum and let go. This would take care of about thirty.

If you want to be real fancy and do the thing up as the professionals do,

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An American Tory

Continued from page 38

to make the road to fame difficult for the amateur. So they were condescending and a bit repressive towards Garden's really excellent and sound efforts. If Garden had been allowed to publish his results freely, his name would stand foremost in certain fields of American science. He was right, and Linnaeus was wrong, in thinking that the Florida Coontiebread is a cycad, and not a fern, the jessamine not a trumpet creeper, and the palmetto a palm and not a Yucca.

To recompense his unhappy submission to their authority, his friends named Gardenia after him, and by some trick of fate it was perhaps the aptest flower that could have been chosen.

For Garden earned for himself in Charleston the reputation for being highly fond of "refined female society" and old spirits. Not that this discredited him in the jolly city of Charles Towne. His marriage to Elizabeth Perroneau brought him into a First Family and his acceptance was complete.

But the days of his glory were drawing to a close. At first, when the Stamp Act was forced upon the Colonies, Garden wrote indignantly to Ellis, warning of the temper and strength of the Colonies. But when war actually came, Garden showed up as a conservative. He would not break with his King. Sincerely, out of his conscience, he remained a Loyalist.

After Cornwallis trounced the vain and much over-rated victor of Saratoga at Camden, Garden was one of the Charlestonians who came out to congratulate him. He witnessed many humiliations of the Revolutionaries—the surrender of Charleston by General Lincoln on hard terms, and the ruthless burning of the finest houses of the patriot planters by the incendiary Major Wemys and the sadistic Tarleton.

Alas for Garden, his own son was a major in the rebel army. The disgrace to the name, the frightful breach of filial obedience, were more than the furious old Garden could condone. (He is said to have had a way of laying about him with his cane when angry.) He refused every offer at reconciliation and would never see or speak to his son again. When the war was over Garden had to pay for his unfortunate stand. His property was confiscated, his patients attended no more upon his once crowded waiting room.

The real story of the American Loyalists has never been fully told on this side of the Atlantic. The reason is that the D.A.R., William Hale Thompson, and probably the Army and Navy Club in Washington would write you down as a black-hearted traitor if you tried it. It is seldom related now that many of the Tories were the most refined and educated and aristocratic members of the communities. There has never been a full exposé of the Nazi-like tactics of the Sons of Liberty who beat up, boycotted and terrorized all who disagreed with them (this before the revolution started) and carried the war against all who were even neutral or silent, and all who even bought from or in any way succored the Loyalists. Sam Adams' manufactured atrocity propaganda got away to a very early start, years before hostilities, but it did not find credence with everyone. Those who hesitated to believe in it were among the suspect.

If there is an atrocity anywhere it is in the broken promises of the several Colonies who, as jealous of Federal power then as now, refused, in spite of Hamilton's pleadings, to honor the word of the signers of the Treaty of Paris to treat the Loyalists with even partial leniency.

So when Charleston was at last evacuated by the British, and three hundred sail stood off the mouth of the Ashley to take away the troops, Garden, his wife and daughters went on board. He never again beheld the apple of his eye, his little granddaughter Gardenia.

Once on British soil again, Garden was warmly welcomed into just the world he longed for, that of wealth, society, and polite science. He was made—to his intense pleasure, for he thirsted after and sought such honors—vice-president of the Royal Society.

His duties there, and a round of entertainments, dinners, meetings, speeches, and high conviviality shortened his life, but he would not give them up. Witty, caustic, snobbish, gifted, highly mannered, and coughing, coughing, he circulated through England, Scotland, France and Switzerland, seeking his health but not in ways where it is likely to be found.

He died in 1791, at his home on Cecil Street, London, surrounded by his women folk. He is said to have left a great manuscript on the entire natural history of the Carolinas but it has perished unpublished with the rest of his reputation. Unconsciously American science has largely forgotten him. We wear his flower, but remember not his name. #

Potions on the Grass, Alas

Continued from page 105

start with spring onions, radishes and celery. And for dessert, the indicated tid-bit is a baby lamb chop broiled over the charcoal. Sounds silly but try it sometime.

If you live near waterways one of the easiest picnics is the boat ride up a river or down a bay. In our salad days we liked to go up to West Point or down to the Highlands with a basket lunch and a thermos bottle filled with a light wine punch. One of our favorites had a Sauterne base. If we thought about it in time, we took a few fresh peaches the night before (or strawberries in season) and let them stand in a bowl covered with brandy. Then we'd mash the fruit, strain off into the thermos and add a chilled bottle of Sauterne. This is especially recommended for beach parties where the bottle can be buried in the sand and where the sun cautions against too much alcohol. A trick used by soldiers in the desert is well to remember: you can keep liquids cool if you bury them in the sand and keep the surrounding territory always moist. Even under the hottest sun the contents will stay at their original temperature.

Another summer drink that meets with more favor among the card players than it does with your correspondent is the cucumber punch. This can be made either with claret or a dry white wine. You pare a lemon and add two tablespoons of soft sugar to the rind. When this is infused add the juice of two lemons and several slices of cucumber, with the peel left on. Use two bottles of claret to two bottles of sparkling water.

A simpler version of the claret cup is a bottle of claret to one bottle of sparkling water and the juice and peel of two lemons, with sugar to taste.

When there are staunch drinkers in the party and the sports are such that a pick-up is needed, some of the stronger mixtures are in order. Take a tablespoon of lemon juice and add it to one and a half tablespoons of sugar. Mix this in a half glass of water. Then add one half glass of Bourbon, one half glass of rum and one full glass of brandy. Ice and shake thoroughly.

In this category is another uplifter dedicated to fishermen. Take two and a half wine glasses of lemon juice, four tablespoons of gum syrup, four glasses of peach brandy, two glasses of cognac, two glasses of rum. Put in plenty of ice and serve.

The well-known stirrup cup has many variations. One of the best for summer drinking is made with fresh pineapple, one part, two parts of rum, juice of half a lime, teaspoon of brown sugar, peel of one lemon and ice. This can be multiplied for a larger party.

If you do not want to be bothered with directions, as most men on an expedition are in a hurry, here is a simple mixture that speaks in no uncertain terms. Take a pint of whiskey, one glass of rum, add slices of fresh pineapple and a lemon. Then mix with equal amount of sparkling water.

The problem remains, what to give the kiddies on a picnic without making too much of a martyr of yourself, as it is always a little experimental to let them drink the same thing you imbibe before they gain the age of two years. We think we have found the answer in a rhubarb punch. Don't laugh before you've tried it. Your correspondent is willing to vouch for it after one trial. Cook one and a half pounds of rhubarb in one and a fourth cups of sugar and two cups of water. Strain and add more sugar if necessary. Add one-half cup shredded pineapple, three-fourths cup of orange juice and one-fourth cup of Fresco lime juice. Dilute with sparkling water and ice. After the little tots have had their fill slip in one good glass of rum, Bourbon or brandy.

There seems to be something good for the body as well as the soul in apple drinks. A punch, which really is an enlargement of a cocktail popular during prohibition, is one of our favorites. Take one quart of applejack, one quart of dry white wine, several oranges and lemons, or grapefruit. Add ice and charged water. If too tart sweeten with honey instead of sugar. It brings on pleasant dreams.

The pedagogues will tell you that punch is really from the Hindustani word *panch* meaning five, as the drink usually had five ingredients. But no one worries much about that now. The East Indies which seemed to have started the whole thing, still make the best punches. One that comes down from the Seventeenth Century is made as follows: two-thirds of aqua vita (or rum) and one-third water. Add ground cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and a little bread crust with yolk of egg. (One egg for each unit.)

A home-made concoction, born out of the holy wedlock of that Eighteenth Amendment, is one that always delighted my guests. Take any fruit that is so plentiful, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, wild cherries, elderberries, blackberries; wash fruit and cover with sugar. Let stand, covered, for twenty-four hours. Pour over fruit a gallon of dry gin and let stand in a covered crock. After about ten days drain off into bottles and cork. See how long you can save it.

Variations on this theme are plentiful and if the need is sudden, not giving time for overnight seeping, good results can be had by merely crushing the fruit. One pleasing recipe is to take a glass of sherry and pour over the rind of an orange, some slices of fresh pineapple or any fruit available. Muddle for a few minutes. Add to a bottle of white wine and a bottle of charged water. Ice and serve.

A punch that can be made hurriedly if you are near a resort where the ingredients are sold is as follows: take a quart of orange ice, add a quart of dry ginger ale

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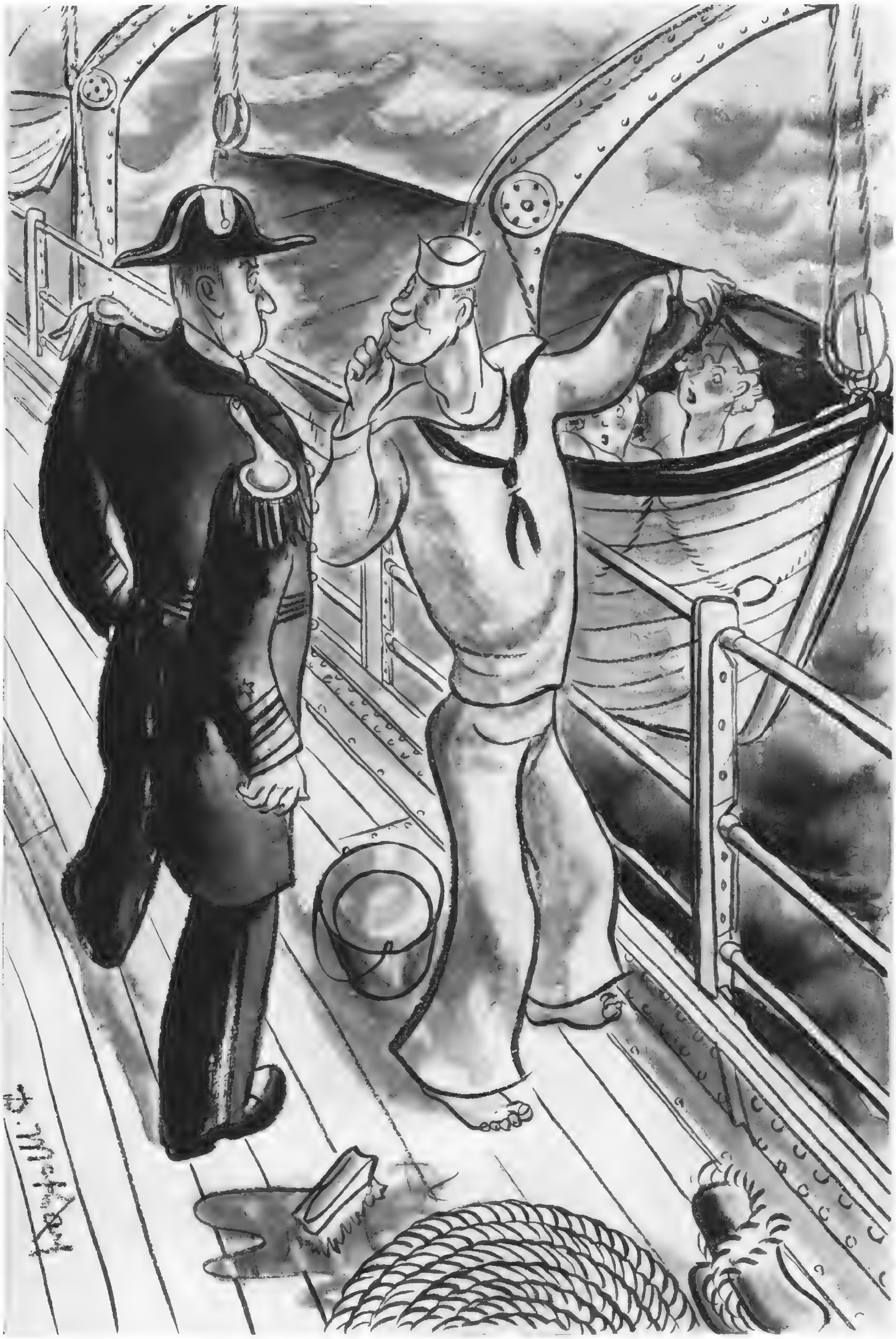

"*Look Admiral! — Dames!*"

Potions on the Grass, Alas

Continued from pages 105-106

and one-half bottle of gin or a quarter bottle of brandy. Stir until the sherbet is melted.

Speaking of the little ones, a healthful drink is the simple claret lemonade. The slight amount of alcohol contained in this will do them no harm and as a matter of fact will be better for them than the coal-tar products that come in cheap bottled drinks. Make your lemonade and then add one-third as much claret.

A somewhat fancy brand of the above can be made by adding gin and some slices of fresh fruit. A heavier tipple is made with Burgundy. You take a bottle of Burgundy, use charged water instead of plain and add a glass of Kümmel, then sweeten to taste.

Still another claret punch is made by adding a glass of Curaçao, a glass of brandy, two quarts of lemonade. Sugar to taste and ice just before serving.

Take two bottles of your favorite white wine, add the juice of two lemons, a small glass of maraschino, two bottles of sparkling water. Add sugar if necessary and ice to serve.

For those who are addicted to Chablis, infuse the peel of one lemon in a cup of boiling water and two spoons of sugar. When cool add a small glass of sherry and then a bottle of cooled Chablis.

Many prefer the fuller bodied Madeira to sherry. An excellent punch can be made for six as follows: Take one pint of picked raspberries and one quart of strawberries. Crush the fruit and press through a fine sieve. Add two cups of castor sugar and one and a half cups of water. Stir until well mixed. Then add half pint of Madeira and chill on ice before serving.

There are so many varieties of summer punches, as the tastes of families vary. Some can stand cucumber and some can not. Some lean to pineapple, some to apricot. The usual German prefers to mix his Rhine wine with equal parts of seltzer and let it go at that. But for large numbers always remember the trick of the caterers, any punch is improved, and made less expensive, by adding tea. When doing this use about one-third or one-fourth tea, making the tea infusion a little stronger than for cup drinking and allowing it to cool before adding to the main body of the punch.

The Candid Cameraman

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often than not the hero and his gang murder their enemies with impunity, with approbation. In the gangster pictures, the question of law was, of course, never raised. It was taken for granted that the machine gun was the final voice of civilization. The G-man pictures were little better, with shoot-to-kill a commonplace.

I do not develop this evidence of our bloody attitude toward justice as the fault of Hollywood producers. They are simply deepening the ruts in the public mind. If it can be shown that the very same melodramatic devices which make un-moral pictures exciting are equally effective when directed toward the awakening of a moral consciousness, I believe we will gradually get photoplays of greater human worth. An insignificant example of this same reversal is in the gangster to G-man cycle. The machine gun battle between law and the lawless proved just as exciting as the machine gun battle of the lawless. That sounds dangerously near to preachment, but it is this same simple discovery that makes the antipathetically presented mob scenes of *Fury* more exciting that the sympathetically presented mob scenes of the *Birth of a Nation.*

It was to be expected that Fritz Lang, the director, who is a refugee from Germany, would show a bitterly consummate understanding of the mob spirit. And for once a foreign artist, brought to Hollywood, has been permitted to produce a work which is not inconsistent with the photoplays upon which he gained world fame. If we discount the final clinch sequence, a Hollywood item that may be disregarded as easily as the blank end-papers of a novel, *Fury* is a dark poem of man's animality, constructed with beautiful sensitivity by one of the few living masters of motion picture rhythm.

We know that the story of America's four thousand lynchings in the last half century, the lynch-murder that takes place every three days, is not so often the story of a kidnap suspect mobbed in a mid-western town. We know that the typical lynching victim is not a white man. It is perhaps even more effective to show us the inexcusable, criminal mistake of mob violence in a case of this sort than it would have been to show a southern mob lynching a Negro—if we could even dream of Hollywood daring to produce such a film. For, in the present instance, the citizens of the lynch states can look at *Fury* without the defense of their own prejudices, and squirm.

As in the cases of *Black Fury*, *The Informer*, and *Riffraff*, we have to point out that while *Fury* merits extraordinary praise, being so far in advance of the usual Hollywood twaddle, it is nevertheless regrettable that it had to be end-twisted to conform to the romantic formula. The resurrection of Joe Wilson is, of course, merely a cinema device. It does not belong in this picture, as it splits the story; it is a story in itself. The true film would have proceeded from his death to the trial; there should have been an execution or at least jail sentences for the criminals. As it is, *Fury* degenerates into a legal quibble and a scene of sappy renunciation.

One thing which it brings out, however, will not be lost. And that is the vicious group-lie of the whole town, which refuses to identify a single participant of the jail burning. Even the sheriff who defended the jail until he was knocked unconscious gets on the stand and refuses to recognize any of the townspeople, blaming the riot on "foreigners." The subsequent scene, in which a newsreel introduced as evidence identifies the lynchers, is the most terrifyingly effective film sequence of the year. The spectator feels himself actually gloating at this coup. And aside from its sheer brilliance as a dramatic device, it underscores the deepest accusation of the photoplay group condonement of group murder.

Practically everyone connected with this film deserves a prize. Actually, scores of actors in the cast prove that Hollywood is crammed with artists of serious intention and ability, once they are given a chance.

The film is replete with subtle touches. As the mob leaves the saloon, for instance, a Negro boy jumps fearfully out of the way, huddling back on his shine-stand until they are gone. A citizen who is clear-headed enough to oppose the lynching, at first, is later seen in the mob, swept along by the group mania. In the saloon, a big bozo who has just "been up to Capitol City doing some strike-breaking for the street-car company," stimulates mob fury. As the jail is set on fire a woman holds up her baby to give the angel a better sight of the man burning to death.

Fritz Lang's sets actually look as though they were being lived in. They make all other Hollywood backgrounds look painted.

It may seem out of place to list a few flaws, but they should not go unnoted. The hen-cackling stuff to convey the idea of gossips is a worn device, and the trick of having the boys feeding milk to a puppy while murderously discussing revenge is too obvious for a film of this importance.

Joseph Mankiewicz, just elevated to the post of producer for MGM, is responsible for putting through this film; more power to him and I mean it.

GOVERNMENT IN PICTURES

Even more significant than the production of *Fury* is the U. S. government's production of *The Plow That Broke The Plains*, a three-reel documentary film history of the drought area. For while *Fury* may be an isolated event, I think the government film marks the beginning of a great program.

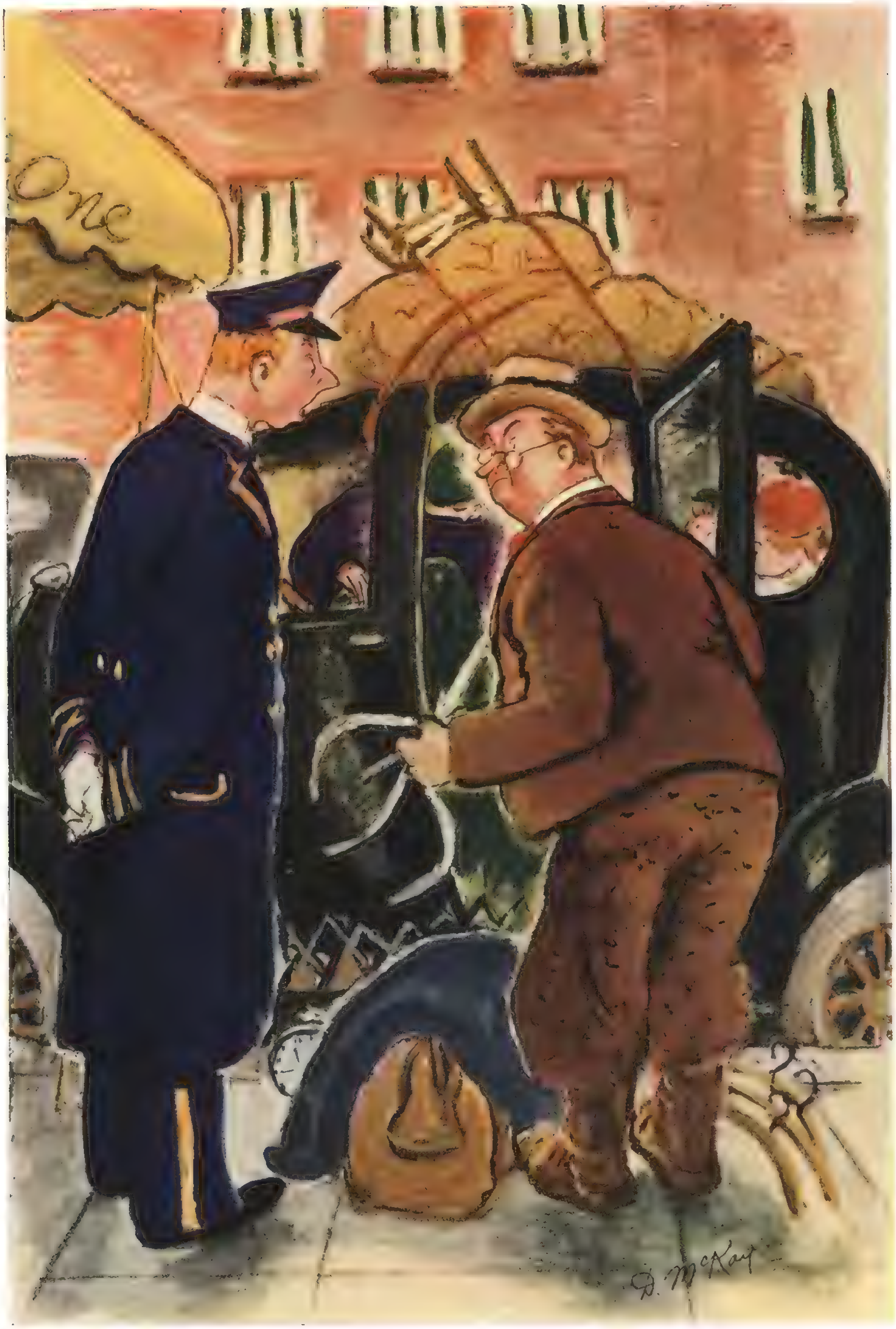
Politics seems to have had little to do with the government's choice of personnel in the various art projects connected with relief measures. Rather, the government has exhibited excellent taste in many of its commissions. Directors have broken their heads in Hollywood, trying to get opportunities to put honesty and beauty into films. But Ralph Steiner, world famous for his experimental films, and Pare Lorenz, whose theories on film technique are no secret to Hollywood, had to wait for the U. S. government to give them their opportunity.

The Plow That Broke The Plains is, like *Man of Aran*, a classic photoplay of man's relationship to nature. But as *Man of Aran* was an epic of struggle, the *Plow* is an epic of misuse. It shows how the great plains of the midwest, adapted to grazing, were forced into agriculture; how war-needs stimulated mechanized crop production, and post-war overproduction. It shows how this vast area of "no rivers and little rain" was used up, and how the drought of the last few years was only nature's climax to man's careless depredation. And finally it shows how the Department of Agriculture is working to prevent this area from becoming the great American desert, and how the Resettlement Administration is working to prevent its inhabitants from becoming the great American derelict population.

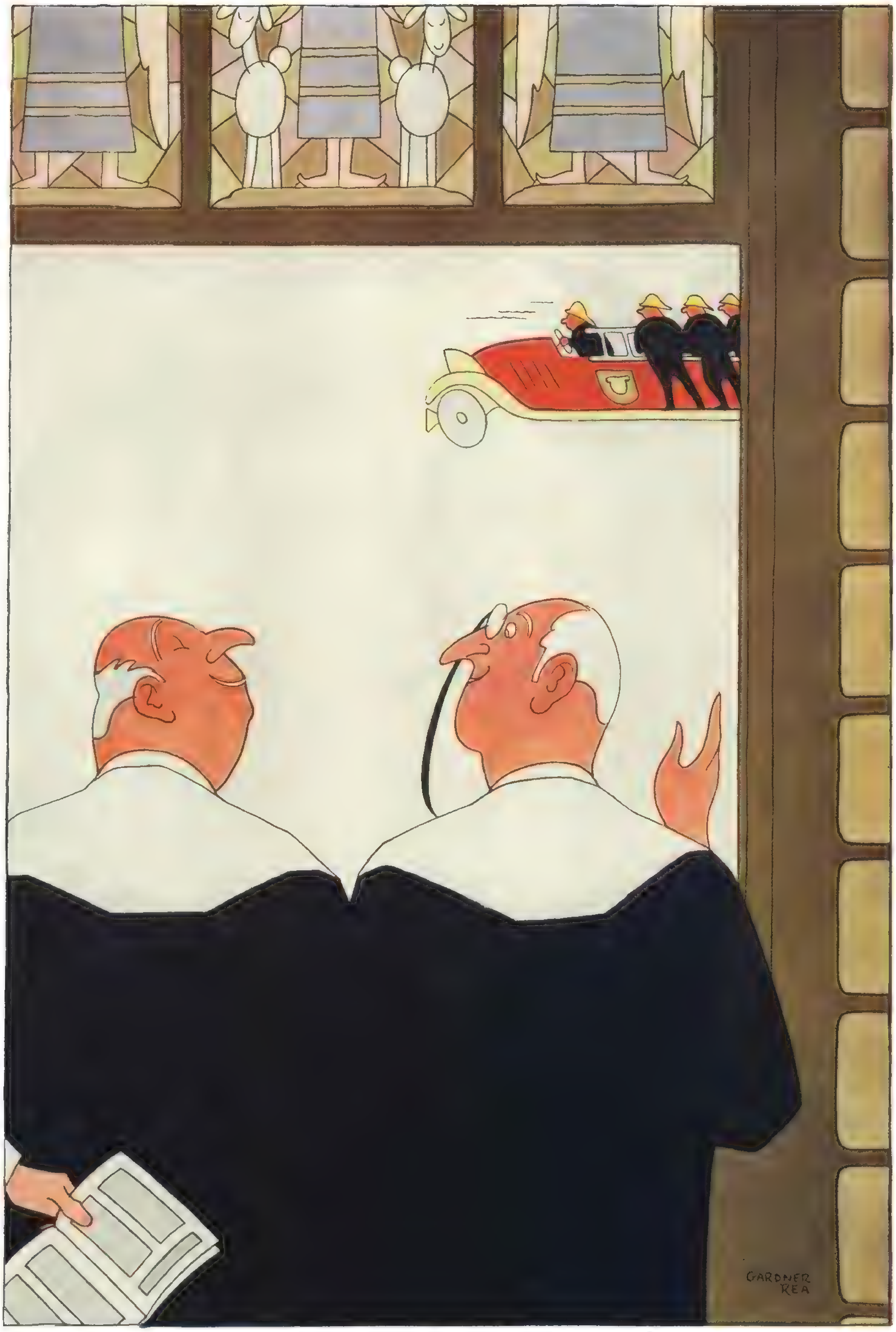
The photography, by Ralph Steiner, Paul Strand, and Leo T. Hurwitz, is at once poetic and dramatic. There are no lingering effects, but simple, moving compositions that constantly further the exposition of the theme. The conception of the film, by Pare Lorenz, is masterful; his direction, cutting, and mounting are flawless.

Add to this the most functional musical score yet written for a photoplay, and you have the definition of a film masterpiece. The score, by Virgil Thompson, is so suggestive that a few bars of *Mademoiselle From Armentieres*, played against a sequence of combines on a grain field, causes the spectator to simultaneously visualize soldiers on leave, soldiers in the trenches, and all the multifold scenes of war.

Film producers, afraid that the government is "going into the movie business" are boycotting this film. They won't even look at it, much less exhibit it. They might well look at it; if they made these necessary films, the government wouldn't have to make them. And they might well exhibit them, or other means of distribution will be found.



"Leaving?"


GARDNER REA

"Here they come Reverend—like a bat out of Heaven"

The Wrong World

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He climbed up, took off his clothes, filled up the wash bowl, stuck his face gingerly into it, slopped the water over the floor, mopped it up with a guest towel, cleaned his ears with a wet finger, changed the one stocking that was torn, plastered his hair straight up in the air, cleaned his shoes with the wet towel, tied his four-in-hand into a figure eight, surveyed himself in the mirror and found himself good. Then, while he was there, he thought he might as well go over his cowboy-hero part. He drew his pistol and pointed it at himself. He was Buck Jones. "Stand thar or I'll blow ye to smithereens," he called sternly. "Ye kidnaper! How dar ye steal them cattles? Thar'll be a round-up tonight, and if I ketch ye stealin' them cattles, I'll blow ye to smithereens." He flipped the six-shooter back into the holster, turned with a nonchalant bravado and walked away from the mirror. Suddenly he twisted, whipped out his revolver, and fired at the glass. "Shoot me in the back, would ye? Ye ain't quick enough on the draw, Simon Degree. I guess it is best to put such insecks out of their mystery. I'm the Texas Killer, mister, that's who I am, the fastest-shootin' cowboy on Elm Street!"

"Whatever are you doing all this time up there?" his mother called. "Come down instantly. I want you to run over to Schmidt's for a bottle of milk."

He came down.

"And don't drop it," she said. "And don't drop the money. And don't lose the change."

Outside, William straightened the reins of his straining huskies, spread his legs to fit the runners of the dog-sled, and snapped a long imaginary whip. The two great barking lead animals were named Mush and Oatmeal, and now he yelled, "Hey, Mush. Oatmeal. Hey!" and the sled shot away over the deep path of snow to the grocery store. William slid along the sidewalk, wearing the soles from his shoes. But that medicine had to be fetched to save all the dying babies on Elm Street.

His ears tingled with the icy draughts, regardless of the heat of the midsummer day, and he breathed heavily. He *must* bring back the searum or every baby on Elm Street would be dead of hydro-fopia in an hour. "Hey. Mush. Oatmeal!" He pulled up the wild team of huskies, panting, before Schmidt's grocery, and went in. "Please, a bottle of Grade A searum—I mean milk, Mr. Schmidt."

"Here you are sonny"; the grocery man waited, his brows lifted.

"Thank you. I got to go now. The babies'll die if they don't get this right away."

"But, William," said Mr. Schmidt. "Thirteen cents."

"What?"

"Didn't your mother give you the money?"

"The money," said William.

"Yes," said Mr. Schmidt.

William swallowed. The quarter had been in his palm. It wasn't there now. He put his hands into his pockets, but he knew it wasn't there.

Mr. Schmidt said, "That's all right, William. You bring in the thirteen cents next time. How is your mamma?"

"I guess I lost her," said William absently. He took the bottle of milk. He walked home, looking in the gutter. His feet went slower and slower. Soon he wasn't walking at all.

He sat down on the curb. The afternoon sun was drawing down behind the spreading trees. A bee buzzed somewhere. A creaking car went by. It became very quiet. The milk in the bottle was cold. The sensation went up through his arms and chilled his heart. The leaves above his head mumbled in some unintelligible language. The air hurt his lungs when he breathed. The still day stopped. He wished he had a quarter.

Suddenly he felt as though he'd got into a strange, unrecognized world by mistake. He didn't live here at all. The houses seemed odd. He didn't know where to go. He didn't know what to do. A vague terror seized him. He thought that if he wasn't a detective and a sea captain and a cowboy he would cry. #

Debunking Swing

Continued from page 79

takes his turn at improvising a chorus. As he extemporizes, the other musicians form a rhythmic background of an orderly nature. The rhythm usually has tremendous lift that literally "sends" the performer who is taking his turn for the moment as the soloist. The tension among the listeners is terrific, and it is in a Jam Session attended only by musicians as participants and listeners that Swing reaches its truly great heights. Such sessions are created for the edification and enjoyment of the musicians only, and resentment is apparent when the rank and file intrude. Ultra-modernists who facetiously embrace all current crazes without attempting to understand them, consider Jam Sessions the proper thing to attend and often flock in such droves that the musicians themselves are forced away from their own sessions. So, a new word has been added to the jargon of Swing: The boys call them "ikkies"—and look for a new hang-out in order to escape them.

In contrast to extemporized Jam comes Swing in its other form—"arranged." The performers in the great Swing bands interpret according to the mood of the arranger. Harmony is carefully noted, licks and riffs as well as unusual passages are incorporated in the arrangements. At times the individuals swing out apparently extemporizing, yet the entire ensemble is perfectly organized and under complete control—which emphasizes the perfect musicianship that is characteristic of a good Swing band.

When Jazz first came into existence unfortunately the entire country did not have opportunity to study it at the hands of its creative masters. The musicians in the Southland who first introduced it gave Jazz a style that has remained intact to the present day. Some of the smaller Swing combinations continue to play Jazz in its original Dixieland and Memphis styles, proving that Swing is fundamentally Jazz. Because Jazz marked the beginning of a cycle paralleling the hysteria of post-war conditions, it was taken up by all types and sorts of musicians and its final points were reduced to a blatancy which the majority of people believed to be true Jazz. Since it represented an epoch in music that was contrastingly different, it seemed hysterical though tremendously virile in its style. As musicians began to understand Jazz and realized how its originators had intended it to be interpreted, stabilization set in. Paul Whiteman, seeing possibilities in Jazz symphonic arrangements refined Jazz by elevating it to a state of sophistication. In Whiteman's jazzphonic arrangements the original structure was not disturbed—his was merely a digression or refining process. As the cycle expired, Jazz retired in dignity.

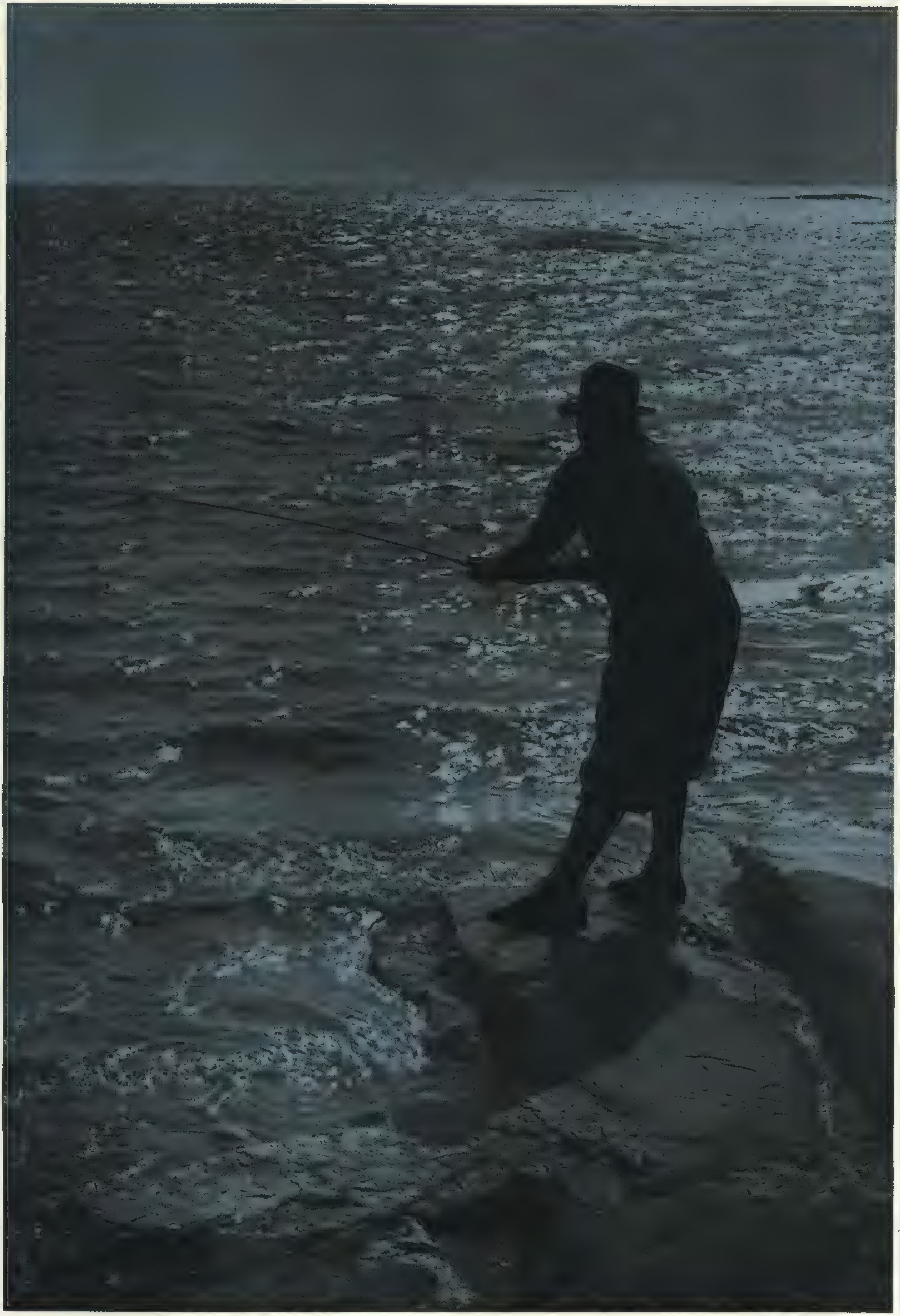
With the advent of symphonic arrangements musicians saw the great possibilities in orchestrations. Some excellent numbers were composed, arranged, and recorded. As an outgrowth of these arrangements, Style Bands came into existence. Here orchestras created musical styles by which they were recognized. Call them "sugar" or "sweet" bands—rib their vibratos and glissandos if you wish—call them monotonous, "umcha," or "corny"—but the fact remains that their appeal was tremendous and so they carved for themselves a permanent niche in style presentation. Some Swing enthusiasts now call them "die hards" because they represent the conservative element that refuses to give way to Swing. It is predicted by unbiased observers of both orders that if Swing is to be perpetuated, there must be a counter-balance. "Sugar" bands, being opposite, supply that necessary factor. We are assured also of sufficient other bands which are neither "sweet" nor Swing but represent a happy and versatile medium. These are the flexible organizations destined to maintain an even keel.

Since Swing is allegedly here to stay or at least until its normal cycle expires, we might as well make an honest effort to understand it. One can still remain conservative and yet enjoy the rhythms of Swing. Its emotional appeal may be observed rather than participated in; one does not need to consider it an emotional outlet nor attune himself to its tempo; neither is it necessary to sacrifice his allegiance to "sweet" music. Take Swing as it comes, but accept it with understanding. Its buoyant effect will provide a good mental stimulus, and cares and worries have a way of vanishing as its rhythms invade your consciousness.

At the present you may be one upon whom Swing acts as a physical allergin. Of the conservative element, you may have been sensitive to blatant Jazz and found that it devastated your peace of mind. If Swing now arouses your ire and seems senseless, then take it with tongue in cheek and observe its reaction on the emotionally unstable. To you and to them, a desensitizing treatment is recommended. In your case, injections of understanding are suggested; but for those emotionally opposite, more "sweet" music and less Swing is necessary.

The first step in the desensitizing treatment requires that you hear Swing at its best. Tune in Benny Goodman, Casa Loma, Joe Venuti or others professionally recognized as good Swing bands. Presently you will find yourself enjoying it as Swing's infectious rhythm becomes attuned to your mood.

The next logical step is to listen to the rhythmic background—its various patterns, changes, and beauty. Note how carefully this has all been planned by the arranger and how masterfully it is executed by the musicians. Remember, you are listening to rhythm, which, after all, is a basic inheritance of all people and the moods of Swing are simply innate rhythms refined. Against the background augmented by the band, listen with interest to the spontaneity of the soloist or featured section. The whole presents an intelligent picture that none but the utter tone deaf can ignore. Given the chance, Swing will bring you a new and understanding enjoyment . . . but . . . don't say you haven't been warned! "Swing Fever" may get you! Yea, Man! You'll roll your eyes and wave your arms like all the cats. It'll "chill" ya, Gate—but Pops, you'll really be sophisticated. #



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

GEORGIAN BAY 'LUNGE

Freshwater Barracuda

When it comes to a fighting heart the jungle beast has nothing on the muskellunge

by CAL JOHNSON

• SPORTS •

THE tigers in this story are not the pussy-footed beasts of the tangled jungle. They are the sleek, cunning aquatic denizens of clear lakes and rivers of North America which possess a tiger-like disposition and an ability to fight their way out of a tight place when necessity arises.

The mighty muskellunge (*Esox Nobilior*), those splendid game fish of the weed beds and darkened bays, play the leading role. We term them "tigers," and rightfully so, for they display the fighting heart of the jungle beast when hooked and landed on light weight tackle.

The muskellunge is the major objective of thousands of summer vacationists. New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, New Englanders and other Eastern fisherfolks hie to the waters of the St. Lawrence river region, or to the lakes of northern New York state where the famous Chautauqua muskie resides—the true "tiger" muskie, named thus on account of the tiger-like stripes which adorn each side. This species is also well-known in the Ohio river valley area and is sought there by many Mid-Western and Eastern anglers.

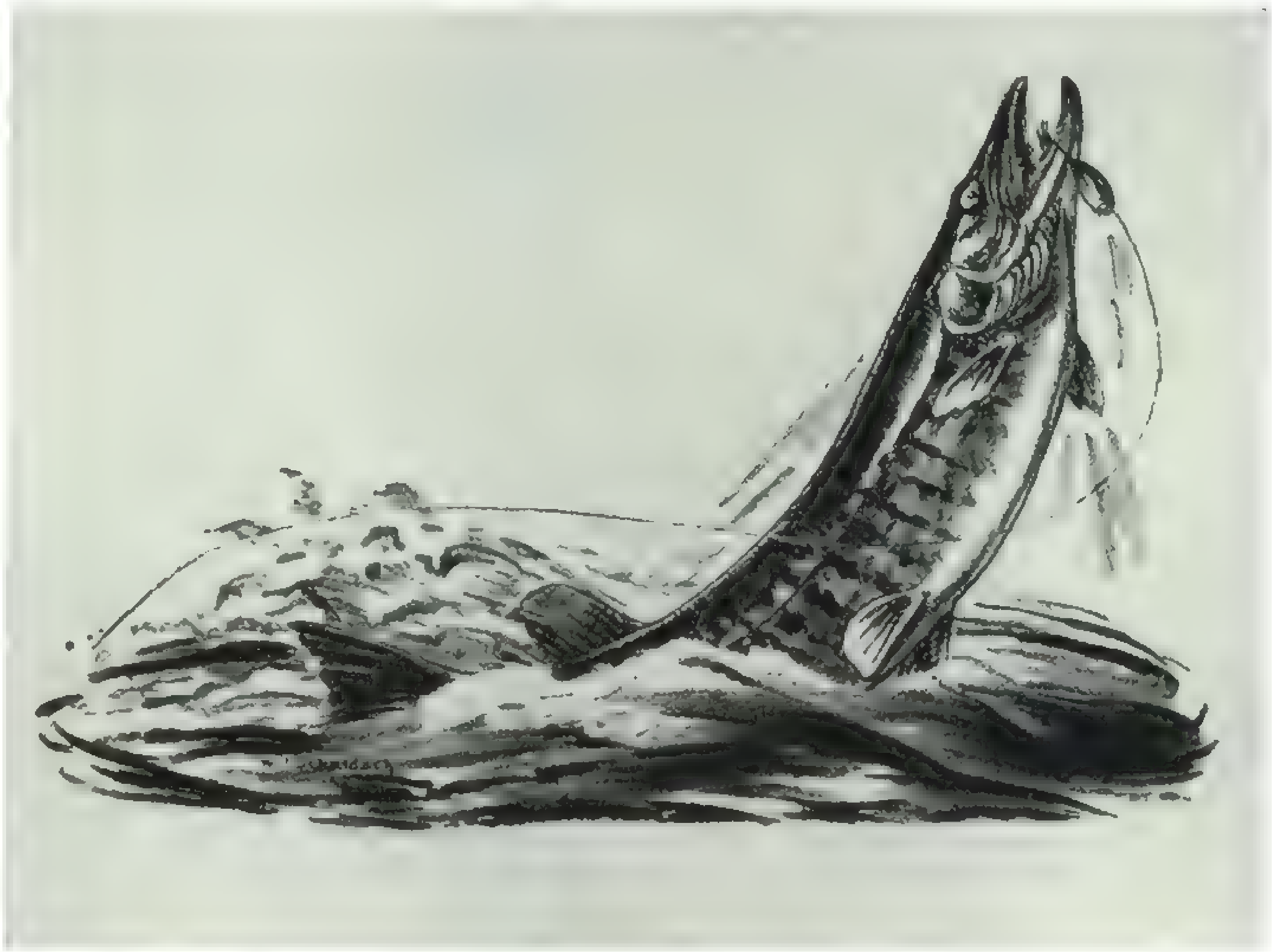
Perhaps the largest delegation of muskellunge fishermen is found angling in the waters of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Ontario each season. It is in this great circle where the greatest number of muskie lakes and rivers are located and where the famous northwoods tiger is always found at his best. Old timers and novices, women and youngsters, each enjoy their individual hours of muskie fishing—and, strange as it seems, it is not only the experienced fisherman who manages to bring in a successful catch.

That's muskie fishing, of course, and a condition which really helps to sooth the conscience of the novice 'lunge angler, but sometimes proves disastrous to the inmost thoughts of the experienced fisherman who has been outdone by a beginner. No doubt the grave uncertainty of muskie fishing is what tends to make it the thrilling sport that it is—and that's why so many anglers follow this individual phase of the fishing fun.

There are times when the hooking and landing of a muskie proves none too successful.

It all depends upon the mood old Esox Nobilior happens to be in, or the skill possessed by the angler in manipulating his tackle.

Sometimes the fish will strike almost any type of artificial lure or natural bait with zest, then again he may not be interested in the most choice morsel found on the menu of the pike family. Maybe the 'lunge has a tendency to become temperamental at times, or perhaps he is cunning enough to detect that all is not well and wisely refuses to gobble the hook-bedecked contraption cast in his direction by the anticipating fisherman.



DRAWING OF MUSKELLUNGE BY WM. J. SCHALDACH

There may be what is termed the ideal muskie fishing day, such as overcast sky, riffle on the surface, storm in the offing and surface waters darkened, wind in the south or west, but it rarely means much to the average muskellunge, so it seems. I have taken them when the sun was shining brightly and the surface waters as smooth as glass, as well as on days when conditions really appeared satisfactory for both fish and fisherman, hence the best rule to follow is to fish for them when the urge strikes your individual fancy—you may, then, catch one, and you may not. But one important rule we do know is that it takes patience and requires skill if continued success is to be experienced. Muskie fishing is not a sport for weaklings. The fellow who is on the waters at dawn and fishes hard and faithfully until his prize eventually lays glistening in the bottom of the canoe, even though the success of the venture required more than a single day, generally proves to be the most consistent angler of the party.

Of course, there really is such a thing as luck when fishing for muskellunge. We have seen novice anglers go out and catch a muskie in less than half an hour after leaving the boat landing, but they happened to troll their lure over the correct location at the psychological moment, hence their ability to hook a 'lunge could hardly be contributed to any individual skill or knowledge of the sport.

Such occurrences rarely happen the second time for the beginner, but with the experienced fisherman it is a different story. The latter manages to "raise" muskies under conditions and in places unfamiliar to the occasional fisherman and his average success in bringing in muskies is far above that of the novice or fisherman who does not take his recreation seriously enough to study the habits of the fish and the intricacies of handling rod and reel.

"What is the best time for catching muskies?" is a question we are asked upon numerous occasions during the year.

We wonder whether anyone really knows. In sifting many recommendations, as extended by so-called experts and old time guides, men who really should know, we find ourself bewildered and in a quandary as to any definite decision which we can respect with any degree of complete satisfaction.

Some claim the balmy month of June, with it's aroma of fresh budding foliage, whining mosquitoes, buzzing insects and croaking frogs, as the ideal time for 'lunge fishing.

Others say late summer or early autumn, when the leaves display evidence of Jack Frost's handiwork and the crisp atmosphere tingles about the waters, is the real time for big muskies to sit up and take notice.

Now, as a matter of fact, records show that some of the finest catches of muskellunge are made during July and August, at a time when the fish are supposed to be doctoring sore gums and loose teeth. The fish becomes less active during the extreme warm periods of mid-summer, but even at that time we have found days when the 'lunge were fully pepped and just as vigorous as they proved to be during the month of June or during the early autumn days.

It is perhaps true that the largest muskies are taken during June or during the late

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Freshwater Barracuda

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season period, but the number of catches are no greater than that experienced during July and August. A greater number of anglers is usually in the fishing country during mid-summer, hence more lines and hooks are in the waters and the muskie is tempted from every corner of the lake by some dazzling plug, spinner or juicy bait. He becomes shy then and seems to practice greater care in the selection of what he thinks to be a harmless piece of something good to feast upon.

Perhaps the most important consideration governing the taking of muskellunge in the United States and Canada is the time of day, rather than the time of season. Some waters produce excellent fishing during the early hours of dawn when the 'lunge are feeding in the shallows—where an artificial lure becomes extremely conspicuous if cast near their abode. Late afternoon is usually good in any section of the country when fishing either lake or river.

It is also not unusual to make a catch during mid-day—so perhaps it might be well to figure it out yourself. Experience has taught me little in so far as the best time of day to catch muskies is concerned, for they seem to bite whenever they feel like it, regardless of the time of day, stage of the moon, weather conditions or period of the season. Funny fish, the muskellunge.

The ambition of most muskie fishermen is to catch a very large fish. Visions of fifty pounders clutter the minds of many vacationists, due to their sincerity in reading resort booklets, railroad folders and other publicity which tells of the big whoppers which reside in certain lakes and rivers, hence their belief that all muskies are big fellows is not easily corrected.

It might be a startling surprise to many fishermen to know that the average size of the North American muskellunge is not over twelve pounds, less if anything. More muskies weighing around ten or twelve pounds, or less, are taken each year than fish that tip the scales over the weights specified. A twenty pound muskie is a real he-man's fish, and don't giggle at that.

Certain waters, of course, produce larger average muskies than others, but, even at that, the average fish is nowhere near the weight many vacationists visualize. The famous Lake-of-the-Woods area of northern Minnesota and Ontario produces many very large muskies—masquinongue to you Cannucks—as does the St. Lawrence river region.

The world record muskie taken on hook and line, said to weigh over sixty pounds, was taken from the Canadian side of this large fishing region. Another huge 'lunge weighing 56½ pounds was taken from the Minnesota side a few years ago and proved a world record catch at the time.

Twenty and thirty pound muskies are not unusual, but fifty pounders are an "event" when taken on rod and reel. So any angler who travels into the north country in quest of muskies and manages to catch a fifteen or twenty pounder should thank his lucky stars that he did not find it necessary to appeal to the good-natured guide to dig him up a muskie from some remote section of the ice house—kept there for just such occasions and purpose—so that he could return home to his fellow citizens and display the fish *he* caught. Such specimens are also extremely handy for adding atmosphere to pictures taken at the fishing camp.

There are three distinct methods of angling for muskellunge. Namely, they are: trolling, bait casting and still-fishing. A fourth method is also in the making, but is confined to the most skillful muskie fisherman—that of taking these warriors on fly-fishing equipment. The long fly-rod usually employed for black bass or salmon is cleverly manipulated by the experienced angler and great sport is bound to be experienced every time a fair sized muskie strikes the large feather-trimmed floating bug.

Granting that taking these great fish on fly-rod equipment is the most scientific or most difficult method, it is not a method which will ever become universally popular. The reasons are several. First, the cost of equipment is too great for the hazards encountered in fighting the heavy fish. A broken rod is not unusual. Then, too, it takes plenty of skill and practice before anyone can successfully handle the fish with a lithe fly-rod and artificial bass-bug, or any single-hook spinner lure usually used by the fly-fisherman. Of course, the job is comparatively easy for the experienced fly-rod enthusiast, but not so easy for the average fisherman.

The most thrilling and invigorating method of taming these mighty northwoods tigers is catching them with bait casting equipment and artificial lures. Trolling ranks second and is a very successful method of attracting muskies.

Some of the largest fish are taken when trolling along the fringe of rushes just before sundown. Still-fishing rates a poor third and is a method practiced by few muskie fishermen. The muskie, itself, likes action and is more successfully attracted by employing a method of angling which causes them to perk up and strike the bait with a bit of suspicion.

Still-fishing does not offer these opportunities, hence the devout muskie fisherman rarely resorts to a still-fishing outfit when angling for the tiger of the northern waters.

When bait casting for muskellunge it is necessary to possess some knowledge of where to cast the lure and how to manipulate the tackle so as to attract the fish more readily. While the saying goes, "A muskie is usually found in spots where he is least expected and at times when he is not supposed to strike," we have discovered that anyone who fishes for these gamey tigers consistently knows that such is not the rule. Anglers who know where the sandy and rocky bars are located, where the shallow bays are, where the rushes and other aquatic vegetation are the thickest, and where the small rivulets flow into the limpid waters of the lake, are the fellows who catch the fish while less experienced fishermen spend hours of time without a nibble.

Muskellunge feed upon minnows, suckers, redhorse, frogs and occasionally upon a crawfish. Such foods are always located in shallow to semi-shallow waters where vegetation is present, hence the muskie swims around among the lily stems, pickerel weeds and rushes in quest of something to satisfy his craving for food. Almost any of the artificial lures designed to represent the natural food of the fish will prove attractive to the 'lunge when he is nosing around for food.

One of the greatest thrills possible to receive when bait casting for muskies is when the big fish bores upward through the waters and grasps a surface lure. Silvery spray and sparkling foam are cast in all directions as the 'lunge leaps and swirls in full view upon the aquatic stage. When a surface lure is cast over the weed bed, or along the fringe of rushes, the muskie recognizes the splash and is seen to swim swiftly toward the bait.

A dark hump in the waters is first detected, then a "wake" of disturbed waters follows the rushing fish. When the muskie is seen to swim toward the lure, the angler knows that the bait has aroused curiosity and something is about to happen. The lure should not be slowed up in its movements, but rather speeded up if anything, for then the 'lunge will think the object is about to dart away and he will speed up his own activities and strike all the harder.

There are times—all too frequent during the warm weather period of mid-summer—when the muskie will follow the bait to within a foot or two of the boat, then with a sharp swirl that sets the waters into a spinning eddy he departs without striking. Just why the fish performs this stunt is a matter of conjecture for the most part, but it portrays how careful they can be at times before deciding to strike a bait which appears suspicious to them.

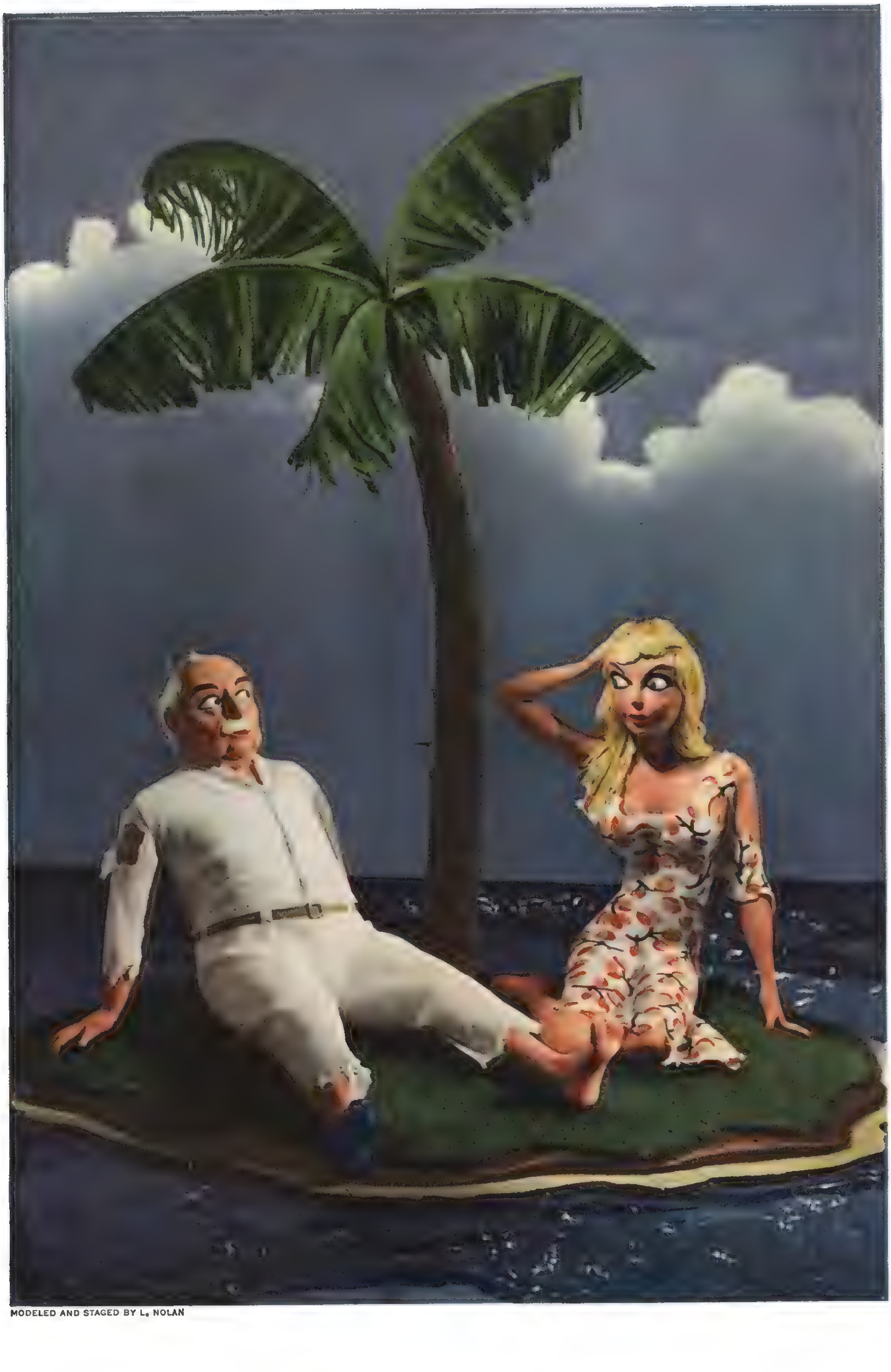
Rarely will a muskie strike a lure in the event the fisherman stops reeling when the fish is following it, but when the lure is kept moving and stirring up plenty of commotion on the surface the 'lunge becomes more and more curious and eventually clamps down on the plug with his vise-like jaws.

It is quite likely that a great many muskellunge have sometime in the past come in contact with the sharp pointed hooks of an artificial bait. Whether the fish possesses enough intelligence to remember the incident, hence avoiding funny looking doo-dads in and upon the waters ever after, is a difficult matter to decide, but it really seems to me that the average muskie is becoming more careful and extremely shy when challenged by a rainbow colored lure of modern manufacture, which, we must admit, all too often resembles no earthly or aquatic form of life.

Surface lures which are good muskie catchers certainly do not resemble any living thing, but the spinners attached create a commotion upon the surface that gives the 'lunge every reason to believe that it is something alive and perhaps good to eat. One thing certain, no muskellunge is alarmed or afraid of a bait which makes a noise or jumps and dances upon the waters. Any bait can be cast over the waters and dropped down with a loud splash close to where the muskie is fanning the liquid with his fins without frightening him. His warry nature does not permit him to dash away from anything as small as a fishing lure, even though it happens to be one of the large, over-sized wooden plugs seen in the tackle store today. One of the muskie's characteristics is to display an antagonistic attitude. That is perhaps why the great northwoods tiger, the fighting fool of fresh waters, is so highly respected by most anglers and coveted as one of the grandest prizes of a fishing expedition in the North.

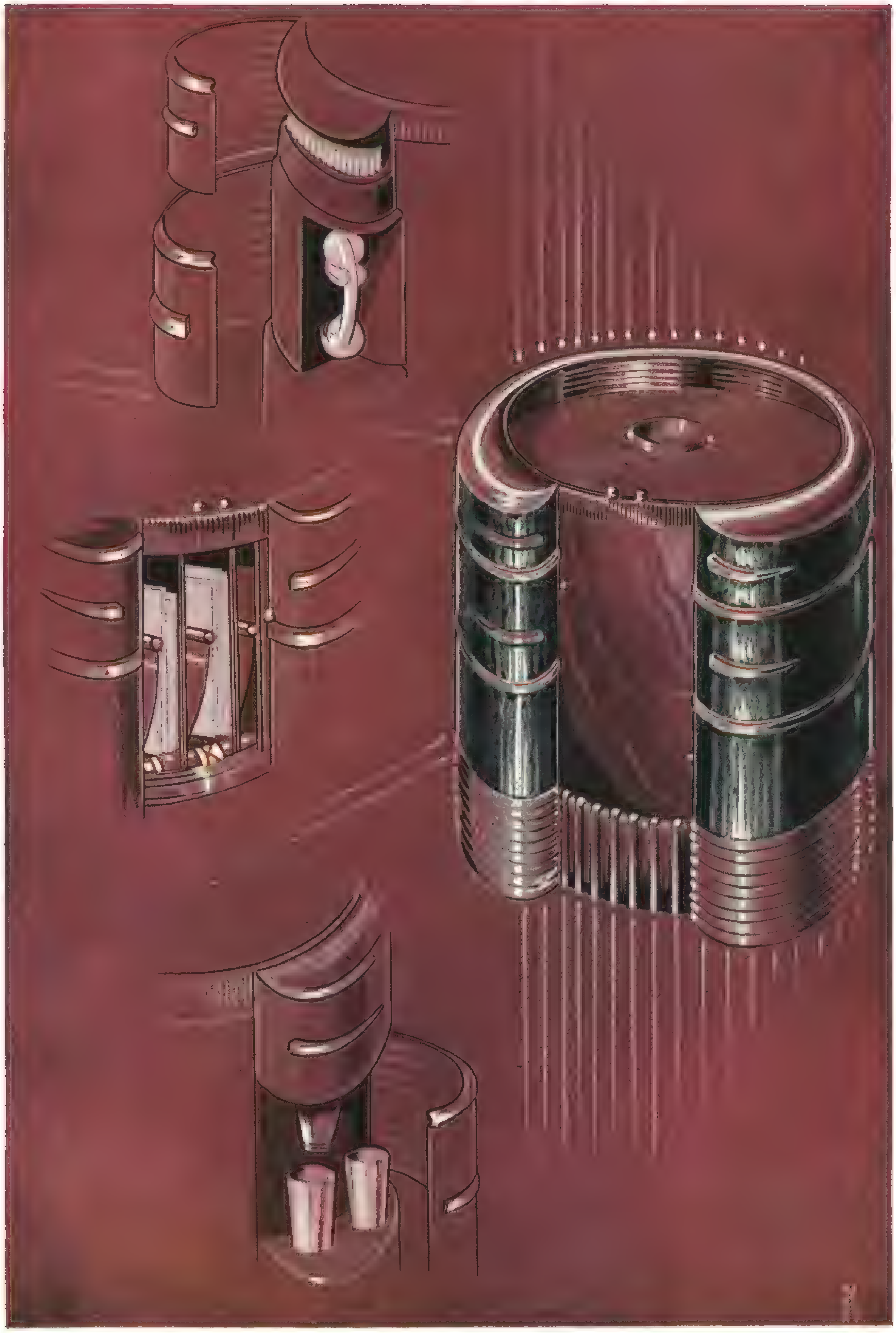
Muskies can be successfully taken on almost any of the large size lures built for black bass fishing. It is not necessary to resort to the over-sized plugs to attract the bigger fish. In fact, the world record muskie and other 'lunge of large proportions taken during the past few years were taken on medium sized lures of the artificial types. Wooden plugs shaped and painted to represent live minnows are very popular for muskies, but such type lures are fished beneath the surface and the angler is not extended the opportunity to see the fish before it strikes, as is experienced when fishing with lures of the top-water types. Sight of the fish before it actually strikes is about the most exciting thing that can happen.

Continued on page 117



MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"Agnes—will you marry me?"



RICH MAN'S PLAYTHING *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Feeling that he just can't do enough for the adult infantilist, the artist offers another design for harmless diversion—a confidential filing cabinet. In the upper sketch the left side is shown with the oval doors open, revealing a humidor and a telephone. In the drawing below, at left, the center panel is open showing the revolving files which are held upright by steel springs and labelled by illuminated letters. The sliding door is secured by a fool-proof automatic catch. The illustration at right center shows the cabinet closed. Indirect lighting around the rim at the top shines on the ash tray (center) and the two radio controls in the foreground. (There's nothing duller, of course, than a filing cabinet without a radio.) The loudspeaker opening, at the bottom, is decorated by vertical bars. In the sketch at the lower left hand corner are the without-which-nothing thermos tank, tap, faucet and glasses.

Freshwater Barracuda

Continued from pages 113-114

Still, the whole operation, from strike to landing, has its thrills and many a heart is caused to flutter excitedly throughout the experience. No two fish seem to perform the same, hence every catch is a new chapter written in the book of the muskie fisherman.

When bait casting for muskies one should practice extreme care in handling the fish after once hooking it. More muskies are lost a minute or two after the strike than at any other period of the operation. The major cause for losing muskies after the strike is through failure to handle them *lightly* enough. Invariably, the average fisherman becomes excited after seeing the big fish poke his racy snout through the waters and as a result he "bears down" on the reel handle, causing the rod to strain dangerously under the pressure and the line to become as taut as a piano wire. If the hooks are well set and the fish not too large, he will come skimming over the waters without apparent effort and the tackle will hold.

However, should the muskie be a fair size one, or in the prize class—one never knows what size the fish that strikes may be—the chances are that the line or rod will break, or the hooks will be torn loose, before the fish is moved very far.

It is necessary to avoid leading the muskie if he is to be successfully landed. Play him easily and carefully. Permit him to run if he desires, but always hold a fairly taut line and when the fish commences to roll and display the white of his under side, then reel him to the side of the canoe and lift him quickly from the waters with a gaff hook inserted through the gill cover. However, don't let the old warrior fool you. There are times when the fish will play 'possum and permit the angler to reel him without much effort alongside the canoe, then when an attempt is made to insert the gaff into his gills he suddenly comes to life and causes plenty of trouble and concern before he is finally whipped and landed. Many fine muskies are lost at this point of the game. Purely a display of wits on the part of the fish and a trick which makes one believe that the 'lunge possesses far greater intelligence—or whatever you might wish to term it—than most fishermen wish to bestow upon him. The more one fishes for muskellunge the more one realizes that it is very necessary to practice patience and care, reserving plenty of thought for the unexpected antics that always come as surprises during moments when one thinks the 'lunge has given up the ghost.

Several years ago we were extended a splendid opportunity to experiment with and study the life of the muskellunge in waters which had, up to that time, rarely seen a fisherman toting modern fishing tackle. The region was near Hudson, Ontario, known as the gateway to the famous Red Lake gold district. Here we found a paradise for one who loves to trek into the depths of nature and battle muskies under conditions quite different than any other we had experienced before. We found the fish plain dumb in so far as knowledge of new-fangled artificial baits was concerned. In fact, the fish needed little taming to bring them near the canoe, such as is necessary in most well-fished waters of the more populated regions. Large 'lunge were seen laying over the rocky bars in clear, crystal waters, only a few scattered underwater plants waving to and fro on the bottom to occasionally hide them from view.

When a surface lure was cast upon the waters the muskie eyed it momentarily, then quickly darted upward to within a few inches of the bait. As I reeled the lure over the surface the fish followed closely behind, but when I increased the speed of the bait the fish suddenly rushed forward and grasped the bait tightly between its powerful jaws, then, upon feeling the piercing prick of the hook, leaped skyward and poised momentarily in full view above the surface, its sides glistening in the sunlight and its fins and body quivering like an aspen leaf in a summer breeze.

Then the fish dropped with a splash into the cool waters and dove deep. My rod throbbed and vibrated as I let the line slip from the reel.

Soon the fish stopped its wild rush and played 'possum among the green weeds near the bottom. A slight jerk of my rod sent him on another rampage which eventually brought him to the surface for another display of leaps and dances and swirls. Again he dove, again he sulked, again he leaped and fought, but it could not go on forever. Finally the big fish tired and I reeled him to the side of the canoe and carefully lifted him from the waters, extracted the single hook from his upper jaw, then let him slip through my hands into the clear waters of the lake, where he could remain as long as he managed to avoid gobbling some other fisherman's baited hook.

The muskies did not strike the surface lures in the same manner that they struck the underwater or semi-underwater types. Lures which resembled live minnows were taken slowly in the deeper waters, but the surface types were struck hard and with a rush which proved exciting enough at times. Live baits, such as large minnows and suckers, were "mouthed" slowly and carefully for a period before the fish made any attempt to swallow the bait.

In analyzing the actions of the fish we have come to the conclusion that the 'lunge strikes a bait for other reasons than mere hunger. More often the result of the strike is pure curiosity and a desire to kill the peculiar "wiggler" which has suddenly and boldly entered the kingdom of His Highness Esox Nobilior, the 'lunge.

I have also watched squirrels swim across a small bay where I knew muskies to be present without seeing a fin disturb the waters—and squirrels are listed on the muskies menu. However, when I cast an artificial lure with spinners attached to each end, the bait being of the surface type and of red and white colors, the muskie struck with a wild rush before I had reeled it half way across the bay.

Now, why didn't the fish gobble the squirrel—it was good to eat—but the furry animal was passed up for the wooden lure which was bogus from the nth degree. Apparently the muskie was not hungry, but preferred a scrap or desired to crush the life out of the strange thing which caused the commotion on the surface. The experience in so far as the muskie was concerned resulted disastrously, for the fish eventually wound up in the bottom of the camp frying pan.

Muskellunge are daylight feeders. It is the exception rather than the rule for them to be taken after dark. They feed at dawn and sometimes throughout the day and on until dusk, but when darkness blankets their aquatic home they apparently retire to the weed beds until morning. I have heard of muskies being taken on trolling rigs after dark, but the fish were apparently laying in the shallows or close to the surface and the bait happened to be drawn close to their noses.

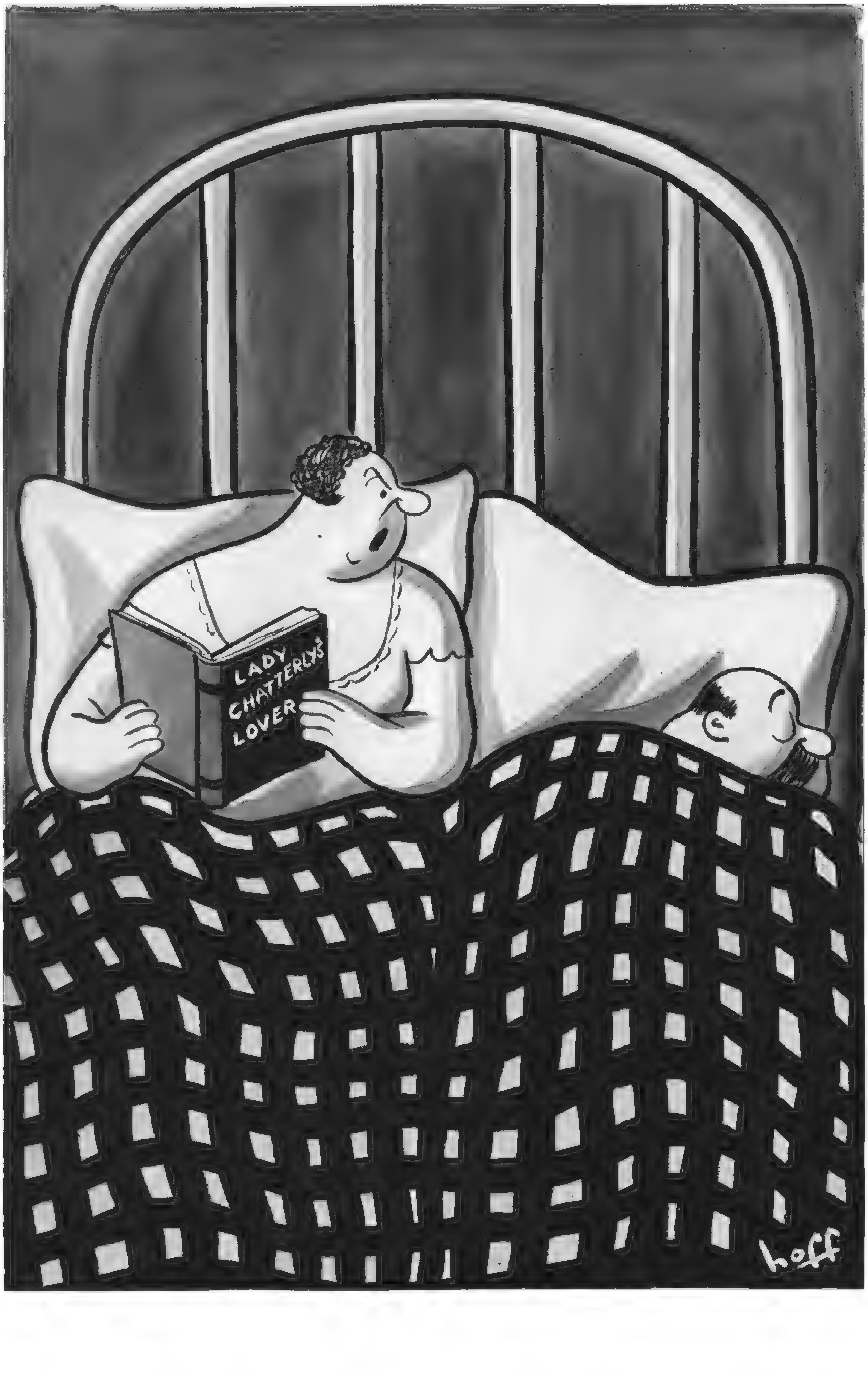
There is really only one rule which spells success when angling for muskellunge—and that's *patience*. The northwoods tigers are not willing strikers at all times. They are moody some days and cause the angler to give up fishing for them in disgust. On certain occasions they seem to delight in merely following the bait to the side of the boat, then with a swirl they disappear in the darkened waters, sometimes casting a fan-shaped spray of water over the angler by striking the surface with their broad tail fin. Then all of a sudden they liven up and commence to strike in earnest and more real sport and exciting action is crammed into a half hour of fishing than most anglers think possible. But that's muskellunge fishing—and the fellow who can wait his turn and not become too impatient between strikes will reap the greatest reward and the most enjoyment when attempting to tame these great aquatic tigers of the northwoods.

Unfortunately, the work of propagating muskellunge has not progressed as successfully or as rapidly in America as that of rearing other species of fresh water game fishes. The state of Wisconsin is leading the way in the scientific propagation of muskies, but the success of the venture will not bring real fruit for several years as the muskie is extremely difficult to handle. The eggs are very delicate and cannot be handled by inexperienced hands. The baby fish are heavy feeders and require certain foods, such as water insects and bugs, minnows and other small aquatic life. The problem of feeding the growing fish is perhaps the most serious factor in their propagation.

The most successful method has been to pen the adult 'lunge when they seek the shallows to spawn and when the fish has spawned the adult fish is liberated and the eggs guarded artificially. Turtles, herons, certain animals and species of fish life prey on the eggs and thousands of potential muskies are destroyed before the eggs are given an opportunity to hatch. Once the baby muskie attains his growing ability and strength he forges ahead and seeks his own food, but more than one of the little fellows fall prey to the long jaws and sharp teeth of their own family who have been more fortunate in escaping the many hazards which suddenly take their lives—including the human who lowers himself to the level of wild predators and robs the lakes and streams during the closed fishing season.

When the artificially propagated muskies have reached a size suitable for transplanting they are shipped by the state conservation department to various lakes and rivers which need restocking. The small muskies soon become hardy and thrive once they become acclimated to their new environment. Time will tell whether the present methods of their production is successful. The 'lunge is an excellent game fish for the rod and reel enthusiast, a splendid dish for the table menu or campfire meal, and an all around worthy member of the pike family which should be established firmly in all original waters suited for natural propagation.

The northwoods muskellunge is really synonymous with the pine-clad lake regions of North America. He dates deep into the rich and interesting history of the pioneer Indian and early settler. His white flaky flesh helped to stock the larders and grub sacks of many woodsmen and vanished tribes of red men. Today the muskie is mostly a means of increasing the enjoyment found along the northern waterways by enthusiasts of rod and reel, but his picturesque features and the environment in which he spends his life will always tend to warm the cockles of the hearts of those who love nature and the peacefulness and satisfaction received from the sport of angling. #


LADY
CHATTERLY'S
LOVER
hoff

"Phooey!"

The Story's End

Judge, reporters, prosecutor, defense, defendant and defendant's wife, all of them waiting for the story's end

by M. C. BLACKMAN

▪ FICTION ▪

THE jury sent word it would be ready to report soon, probably within half an hour.

The judge concealed his impatience behind a Jove-like expression he had schooled himself to wear, at will, like a mask. He appeared at once impassive, kindly, tolerant, wise, firm—in short, judicial.

The sheriff reported the jury had prayed for Divine guidance, and the judge thought humorously: "It's an insult to the court to ask Divine guidance after the lucid instructions I gave them. Almost grounds for contempt action. Wouldn't it be a sensation, if I held the jury in contempt for praying to God instead of appealing to the court for further instructions?" Although this thought gave him quiet amusement, no sign of it showed through his careful mask.

He speculated idly on the probable verdict. If they found him guilty, the defense attorneys would appeal, of course, and his rulings would be subject to attack for reversible errors. The judge felt pretty safe, though. He had been extraordinarily careful and deliberate in his rulings, and he felt confident the higher court could find no flaw in his record upon which to base a reversal. Still, a not guilty verdict would end the matter at once; it would slay quickly and forever his particular bogey, Reversible Error, as far as this lawsuit was concerned. It would—

The judge halted his train of thought and was mildly shocked at himself. "I have nothing at all to fear," he reminded himself.

"Half an hour, eh?" The judge looked covertly at his watch and hoped those bumpkins on the jury had not been too optimistic. If they got through within half an hour, or even an hour, there would still be time for a bridge game with the Watsons. These night sessions had interfered seriously with his bridge, and the Watsons had had four days in which to gloat over their last victory. If only he hadn't given away his hand by doubling that three no-trump bid . . .

The two newspapermen paced nervously between the courtroom and the pressroom. They were vigilant, alert, tense, as the climax approached. They checked their bulletins, already written, one to take care of each of several verdicts the jury might render. They conferred again and again with their telegraph operators. They watched the clock. They watched each other.

"Ten more minutes to catch the early street. Your rag holding?"

"I guess so."

"Mine, too. And they'll blame me, if they're late. Me! Can yuh imagine it?"

"Yeah. What's it gonna be?"

"Damned if I know. I hope they don't come in with a compromise verdict. That certainly would give us a lousy lead."

"Yep. First degree, or not guilty, either one would be O. K."

"A natural."

They smoked cigarettes chain-fashion. They watched the clock. They watched each other.

The prosecuting attorney chatted amiably with the defense attorney, but he was restless and disturbed. It looked bad, the jury staying out that long. He had built up a pretty strong case, he knew, but it had its weak spots and he had counted on his masterful, impassioned closing argument to stir the jury to prompt agreement on a conviction. He had moved them profoundly; he knew he had. But there must be a holdout among them, or they wouldn't have stayed out so long. Maybe he was just holding out for a compromise verdict. Well, that would be all right. He had demanded the death penalty, and such a verdict would mean a clear-cut victory for the prosecution, but he would be satisfied with less. Anything except an acquittal.

A conviction right now would mean a lot to the prosecuting attorney. It would still be fresh in the minds of the people when he sought re-election a few weeks hence. It would strengthen his record considerably, and a prosecuting attorney had to have a strong record when he sought a second term. He had never worked harder on a case than he had on this one.

"Why the hell doesn't the jury come on in?" he fumed.

The defense attorney chatted amiably with the prosecuting attorney, and he felt amiable. He was a bit weary, but satisfied with himself and the way he had handled this case. Moreover, his client was satisfied, and, if the verdict should be unfavorable, would not hold it against his lawyer. Sort of a queer duck, anyway, his client.

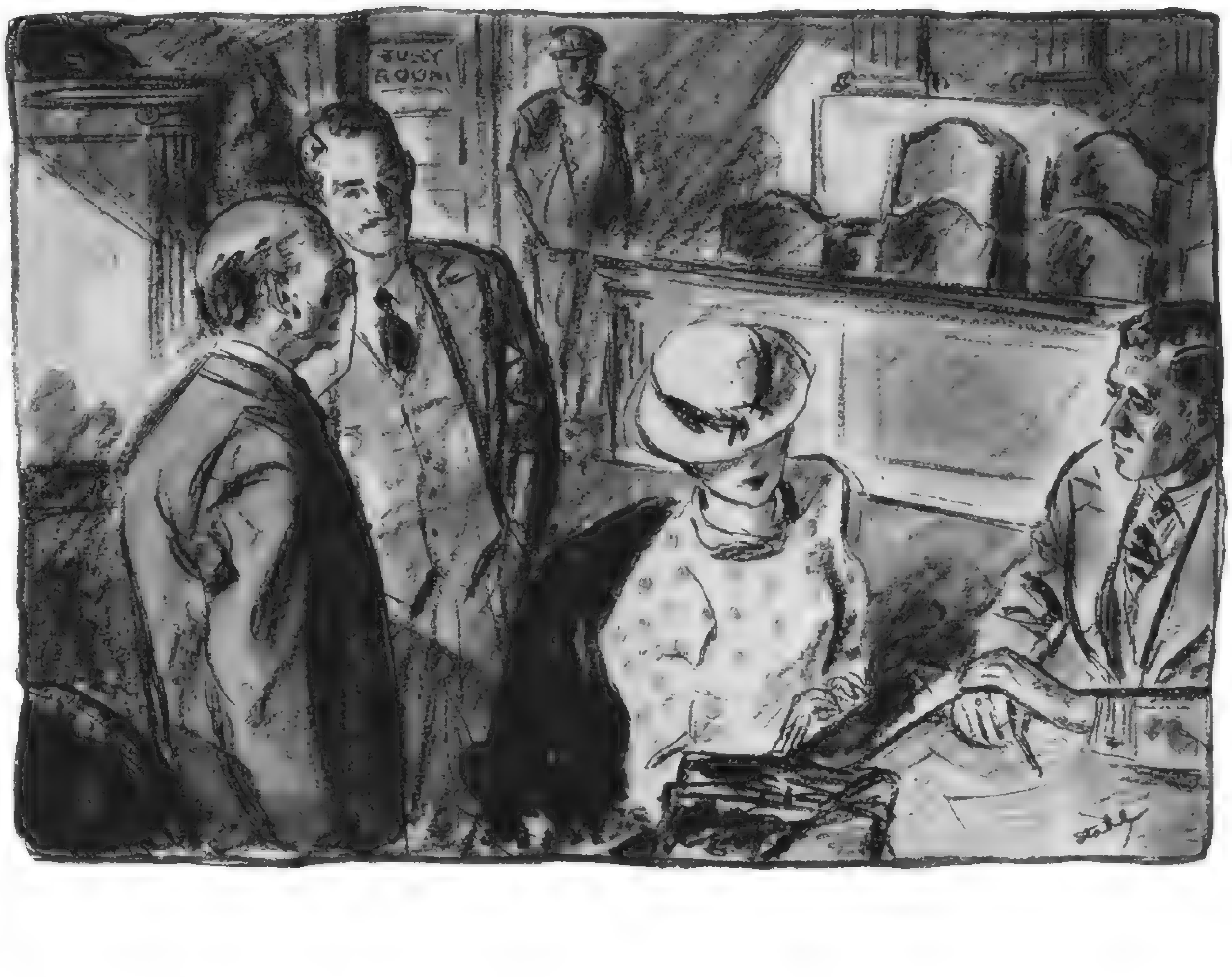
The attorney had not the slightest notion concerning what could be expected of the jury. The prolonged deliberation might mean anything—or nothing. Deep in his heart, he didn't care. Perhaps he should care, but he didn't, and there was no use trying to deceive oneself.

Of course, an acquittal would be a pleasant victory, and it would attract prospective clients. On the other hand, a conviction would not be held against him, and it would mean another fat fee for handling the appeal. There was more money there somewhere; it would be produced when it was needed. And he had a few technical aces up his sleeve which he felt he might play successfully for a reversal. Now, there would be a victory worth striving for, a victory bringing both profit and glory.

The defense attorney relaxed, smoked his cigar with enjoyment, and was secretly amused at the obvious anxiety of the prosecuting attorney.

The defendant's wife wanted to scream, and this hysterical desire grew out of sheer fatigue, nothing else. She was so damned tired of sitting here, posing as a loyal wife, a woman weak but with a heart of gold.

Continued in center of page 156



A Walk in the Evening

Continued from page 92

no sorrow for the loss of his stories. There had been something satisfyingly dramatic about their destruction. He did not think of Margaret, to whom he was usually tender. He merely walked.

He arrived finally at the docks along the river front. Under a dim moon the water was black oil. There was a gentle lapping on the piling and on the side of the small boats moored there. Tonight, he told himself, was a time of climax and change in his life. Something definite should happen. It would be a good time to board some big freighter and sail for distant ports, anywhere far and interesting. Margaret would be glad to get rid of him probably. His stories were ashes. His job did not matter. Somehow, it would happen as in a dream.

Tomorrow morning, perhaps, he would wake to hard work with the hot sun on his neck and regret in his heart, but then it would be too late to turn back and his fate would take care of itself.

He wandered along the docks. Of course it was a dream. Ships did not hire hands at night and take them at once far out to sea. Ships were business institutions, like newspapers. Or like magazines that returned your stories with printed rejection slips, that when condensed and translated, meant: "We don't want your story, but we don't want you to think we're bad fellows at heart or quit buying our magazine."

Finally he was tired. His feet stumbled over ropes and rough boards. He looked back. There was the city, Jacksonville, where he was a feature writer on the *Blade*.

He felt as if he were seeing it from another planet. Thousands of people in that city who were now asleep had read his signed stories and would read them tomorrow, without knowing or caring what happened to him. He was tired. Back in that city were his bed and his house. Mostly he thought of the bed. Strange that he did not worry about Margaret. She was the small, simplehearted girl he had married, and she would be there when he went back, and fortunately would not take notice of his return. Or if she were not there, whose business was it but her own? He had been mean to her. He had pinched her, slapped her and cursed her. Those weren't the things for a decent, civilized man to do, but they had been done. He did not feel especially sorry. She had angered him and had slapped him. That did not matter. He was tired. Life would go on in the morning. Let it. He started toward town. #

Better Try the Neck

Continued from page 81

has had his share of anguish over grizzlies that were supposed to be dead and weren't—and vice versa.

His most unnerving experience came when a certain scheming old silver-tip, after being wounded, crouched behind a windfall straight above Mr. Karstetter and waited quietly for him to ascend the steep hillside to investigate.

Mr. Karstetter crawled up on all fours, extended one hand to grip the top of the windfall, and had pulled himself almost up to eye level when the fuming animal took aim at his slightly bald, gray head and brought a trip-hammer forepaw up and down in a blurred smack that showered the hillside with splintered bark—and skinned the nose of his *vis-à-vis*.

As the bear reared, Mr. Karstetter fired and fell over backwards. The bear plunged forward after him. At the foot of the rocky slope, with the brute's ample torso draped over him, Mr. Karstetter spent an agonized period of speculation before deciding that his crushing coverlet was, thank God, entirely inanimate.

For all you hear of the grizzly's vast strength and indomitable savagery when aroused, it is exceptionally rare for one to make an unprovoked attack on man. Let him catch any suspicion of a hunter's presence and, 99 times out of a hundred, he will disappear like a wraith. But when you corner a grizzly, step suddenly into view and startle him, or harass a she bear with cubs, you are asking for it.

Put a poor bullet into one, under these conditions, and, in all probability, ye shall receive.

There are, roughly, three possible responses to a roaring charge: first and best, a determined renewal of fire with—*Deo volente*—more judiciously placed shots; second, immediate ascent of a stout tree; third, flight on foot. It might be added that the latter course is most ill-advised, for the human who can outrace a bear has yet to do so. As a matter of fact, a grizzly can cover ground as fast as a horse. In rough country he can outrun a horse, and keep it up indefinitely. Pay no attention to this, however, if *you* can outrun a horse.

If you climb, make certain of the species of b'ar you are seeking to abandon, for while grown grizzlies are unable to climb—due to their long, blunt claws—black and brown bears practically gallop up trees. And the tree you select for refuge should be sturdy; the baffled enemy dearly loves to rip great gaping wounds in the trunk with fangs and claws, and hurl his 350 to 800 pounds hopefully against it.

Finally, if you climb, let there be no dallying in the lower branches. Many a sanguine citizen has been tagged whilst his legs dangled a full eight or ten feet above the earth. (Those rascals are tall when they stand and reach upward.)

Until 50 years ago, the noble subject of this essay was to be found in abundant numbers throughout the western states, roaming the plains, zoologically speaking, as *ursus horribilis horribilis*, and penetrating the rocky headlands as *ursus horribilis bairdi*. Due to an unfortunate state policy of classing the breed as predatory, and to a long and unchecked campaign of extermination carried on with especial fervor by sheep and cattle growers, the handsome and impressive mammals have been utterly effaced in Washington, Oregon, California and Idaho. Utah and Colorado have been almost depleted.

It is to Wyoming and Montana, where they are receiving belated partial protection, that the legitimate sportsman must turn for his closeup of the grizzly—and he may spend an entire season afield without so much as a glimpse through the glasses.

The best grizzly sections in Montana are along the Whitefish Range, west of Glacier National Park; along the Middle Fork of the Flathead River, south of Glacier; and in the Beartooth, Gallatin and Absaroka National Forests, north of Yellowstone National Park. Three of the largest grizzly specimens ever taken between Alaska and Colorado came from the region north of Yellowstone, according to official records.

In Wyoming, the best sections are in the Cody and Jackson Hole country and in the area surrounding Yellowstone, including Park, Freemont and Teton counties. A few silver-tips may be encountered in the Big Horn Mountains.

Wyoming sportsmen are attempting to create protective zones in which the grizzly will be classed as a game animal. He already is so classified in Montana (but to what avail, with no closed season and no bag limit?).

Want to go out for one? All right:

If a non-resident of Montana, or a resident of less than six months, but an accredited U. S. citizen withal, you may obtain a Class B-2 license, entitling you to hunt game animals, for $30. Aliens, resident or non-resident, must pay $50. The Montana Fish and Game Commission also frowns on the use of dogs, traps, snares, poison, salt licks, artificial lights, automobiles, boats and airplanes.

If a non-resident of Wyoming, or a resident of less than one year, you may pay $25 and obtain a special bear hunter's permit, entitling you to three grizzlies during the year of the permit's issue. For $60 you may have a non-resident's hunting and fishing license, limiting you to one bear but throwing in, for compensation, such sundry items as one elk, one male deer with forked horns, game birds and game fish.

Hunting grizzlies is an occupation not ordinarily undertaken, even by old hands, in solitude. As might be surmised, a secondary defense is not alone stimulating but often extremely gratifying. In Montana and Wyoming such companionship is to be found in the person of a professional guide, licensed under state regulations. Wyoming gives no option in the matter; no non-resident may hunt game animals in the state unless accompanied by a qualified guide.

Guides' fees range from $5 per diem upward—considerably upward. It all depends upon the renown of the scout you select and upon the quantity of equipment you ask him to provide. If he is called upon to furnish your complete outfit as well as his own, the trip may cost anywhere from $15 to $50 a day for 10 days, two weeks or longer. A top-notch guide will guarantee you a shot—provided you agree to keep going long enough.

You may set forth in spring (roughly, April 15 to June 15) or in fall (September 15 to November 15), depending on the weather. Arrangements may be made to stay with a rancher living in good bear country, and hunt from the ranch house. Many prefer to hunt from a line camp far back in one of the ranges. Still others like to pack their outfits along and explore a wide territory.

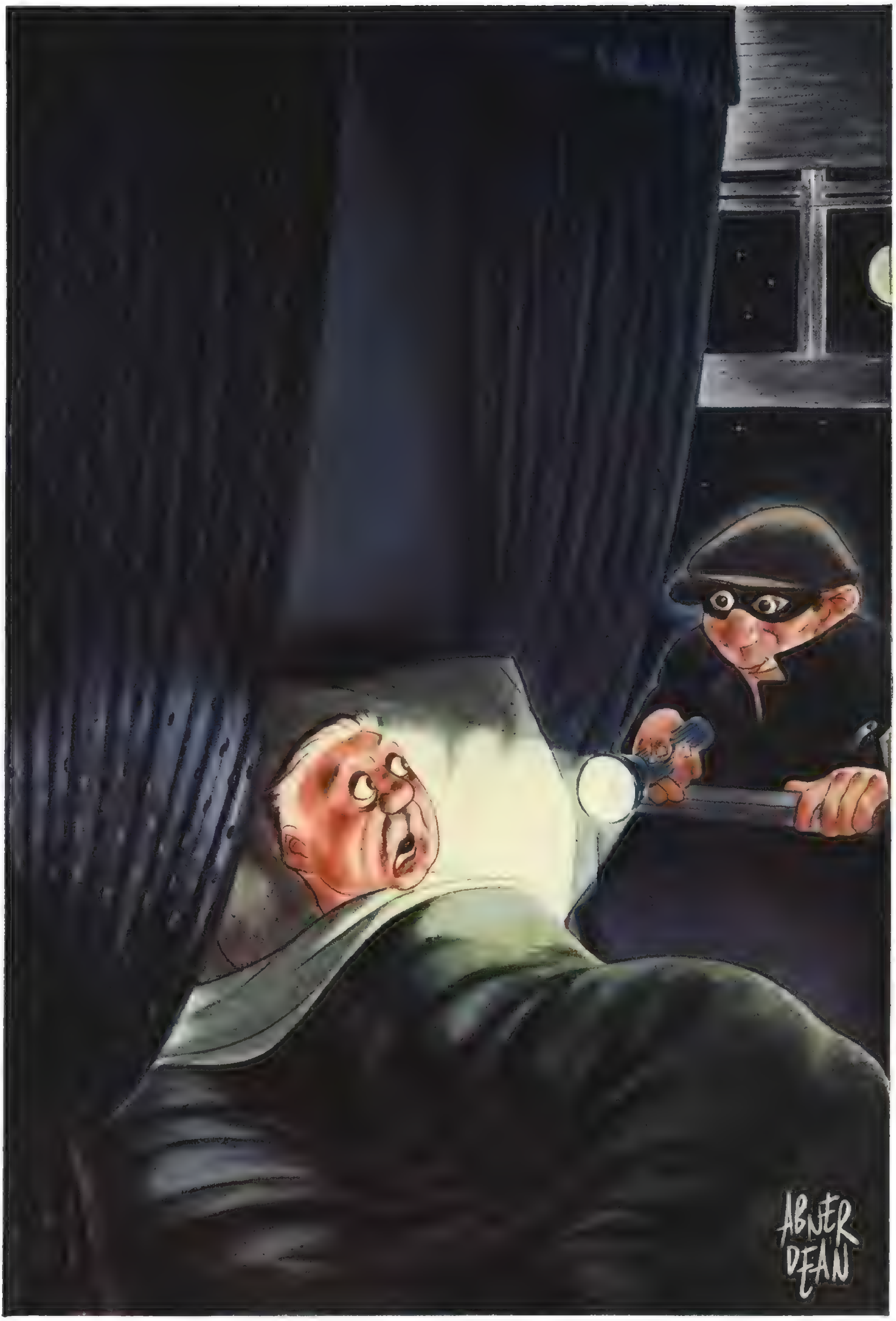
The latter alternative is out of the question, in spring, for the dude hunter who is not experienced and in perfect physical condition. The wind is blistering cold, the high altitude squeezes the lungs, and deep, wet, melting snow necessitates the use of bear-paw snowshoes—not on nice, level terrain, but over windfalls, around rocks and through dense woods.

And blizzards are waiting to drop down with howling fury.

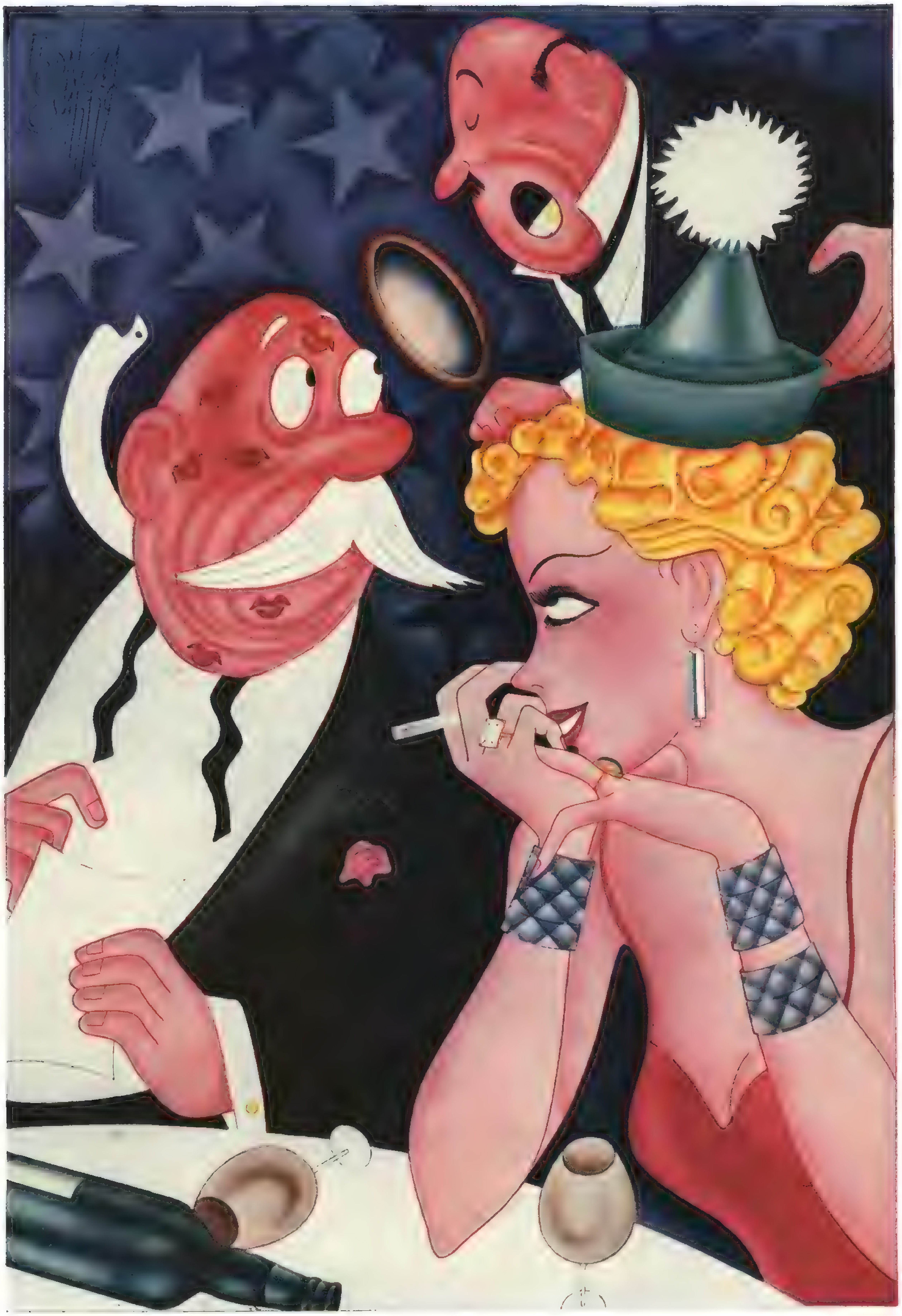
Like your guide, you will be carrying a personal miscellany including a fur robe, Hudson Bay blankets, or sleeping bag; a change of socks, shirt and underwear; a store of carefully selected provender, which, on the back, is indistinguishable from a large anvil; and other handy items such as a poncho, hand ax, knife, compass, extra ammunition, first aid kit, waterproof matchbox, six- or eight-power binoculars, et damned cetera. On snowshoes, remember. And your seven- or eight-pound rifle will feel like a lawn mower on a sling strap after the first half mile.

Incidentally, a fresh grizzly skin weighs from 75 to 100 pounds.

Continued on page 123



"Interruptions—always interruptions!"



"Yes, it's high, sir, but look at all the fun you had!"

Better Try the Neck

Continued from pages 81-120

Try adding that to your little duffle.

Slides of ice, snow and boulders come cannonading down the mountainsides without warning, following the same steep courses spring after spring. When they start down, they may be 50 feet high and several hundred yards wide. People rarely outrace them, which means that people in their paths never reappear. This knowledge adds immense zest to the trip, since you often have to cross several of these unstable fills, and you walk as mincingly as you can with your back-breaking load and wonder if you are going to start anything.

Watch for bears at such spots. They are fond of the roots of the tender grass that burgeons along the channel of a slide that has plunged down. And they clamber around the great piles at the bottom of the slides, foraging for the remnants of deceased deer and elk.

If they have not been rubbed down in spots during the winter hibernation, bear skins are in prime condition when their tenants bring them from the dens in spring. They are thick and glossy, ranging in color from grayish brown to golden brown, and most are tipped with blond hair that glistens like silver.

The skins also are resplendent in late fall, just before the start of hibernation, and this is the best time to go ahunting if you would spare the back and utilize pack horses, two for grub and equipment and two for game, if any.

What's the best rifle to tote for grizzlies? Arms experts have been clinching over that one ever since the Winchester people quit making their old carbine Model 86, in the .45-90 caliber. *There* is a howitzer!

Many big game addicts carry a .30-06 for bear, but it is the lightest piece to be recommended. The Winchester 95, bored for .405 cartridges, is extremely popular with Westerners, and the Remington autoloading Model 8, .35 caliber, is a honey. Other commendable artillery will be found in the .35 Whelen, with 275-grain bullets; .400 Whelen, with 300 or 350-grain bullets; .350 Griffin & Howe magnum, with 275-grain bullets, or a .375 magnum, with 300-grain bullets. All are bolt action items.

Winchester also offers a new big-game rifle of considerable reputation in its Model 71, a .348 caliber lever-action, using a 200-grain soft-point.

It takes a man-sized piece of lead, and a lot of propulsion, to drive through the heavy fur, granitic muscle, rubbery fat and solid bone structure of a full grown silver-tip. Even the medium sized individuals, tipping the scales at a mere 400 or 500 pounds, have a bouffant architecture that defies ordinary perforation.

The Okanagan Cattle Killer was said to weigh over 1100 pounds, a record for wild grizzlies. A grizzly at Union Park, Chicago, who grew so obese toward the end of his life that he hardly could stand, grossed 1153 pounds.

A flushed hunter, encountering the trail of such a colossus, might be forgiven for estimating the weight of each track—as the campfire wags tell it—at 12 pounds apiece, and might concur, too, in the sentiment of the Chinese cook who looked back on his way to the ranch house and saw a silver-tip snorting over his footprints in the snow. "You likee me tracks?" the cook murmured. "Me makee you some more."

In ordinary mountain country a typical grizzly will cover a range at least 25 miles wide. Always on the go, he tries to select territory in which he will not be molested, and in which he will not have to travel far for food.

Bear grass roots, ants, bugs, gophers, berries, carrion, nuts, meal, honey and pork are a few of the staple viands on the menu of this uncompromising diner. Some "bad" grizzlies kill sheep, cattle and large game, and when they get a taste of that kind of living there is no gainsaying the fact that prompt remedy must be employed. This is not an indictment of all grizzlies, however; the livestock predators are very few.

Woe unto the camper who enters grizzly country and leaves any edibles unguarded in automobile, tent or cabin. Barring the new turret tops, a grizzly can open the roof of a closed car as a can opener slices the lid off a tin container. And without half trying he will walk through one side of a wilderness shack and out the other.

Early morning, late afternoon or stormy days are likely times to come upon Ursus H. at work or play. He has poor eyesight, but his ears are like sensitive microphones and his olfactory equipment is second to none. You will find this out if you ever get caught upwind.

Bears apparently don't mind leaving their calling cards all over the place. These include overturned rocks, shattered stumps and logs, mud wallows, and special trees (so-called sign posts) against which they stand, often on tip-toe, to rub, claw and bite their insignia. Mineral waters and hot springs also attract them.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to when bears mate, but the concensus seems to be that the rutting month is around May. The sow bears her litter of two, infrequently three, about nine months later. Believe it or not the cubs, at birth, are as hairless as you were and much smaller. But when they emerge from the maternal hideout in spring they are strapping little zanies with rough coats.

Unlike their groundling dam, the cubs can whisk up a tree as easily as their black and brown cousins. Their claws lengthen and grow blunter as they become yearlings, however, and thenceforth they also are denied the pleasure of treetop excursions.

They roam with the mother through the first summer, hibernate with her the following winter, and do not definitely renounce ties of kinship until their second fall. No true sport will take a bead on a mother or cub, unless, of course, the opportunity boils down to desperate necessity. If the whimsical word "cute" was ever applicable, a bear cub has first bid.

Once a titanic specimen has fallen before your cool aim, don't ruin the hide unless you know exactly how to remove it. Skinning is a delicate operation involving the better part of an hour. Let the experienced guide do the job.

The teeth and jaws of the trophy may be saved, as you prefer, though taxidermists would rather install their own brand of ferocious looking dentures, and thus prevent splitting and discoloration.

The big thing to remember, as you set forth, is the Boy Scout motto: Be prepared. For if you should manage to encounter a grizzly and he closes before you *are* prepared, it is highly improbable that you will ever want —indeed, be able—to continue the ancient and honorable avocation of bear hunting. Most folks who get back to the fireside after one real debacle are willing to take up hobbies like knitting and china painting.

One certain party who should be happy to let the entire business strictly alone is Mr. William Reimer, Jr., of Creston, Montana. Yet he'll hunt bears with you tomorrow if you saunter in and drop a hint.

Mr. Reimer tangled with his most memorable bear on the night of July 25, 1930, in the Whitefish Mountains. And a fine, impassioned broil it was.

At the time, Mr. Reimer was a 180-pound stripling of 19, employed by the Forest Service at the Nashukoin Lookout in the upper North Fork district. His job was discovering and extinguishing forest fires.

It was about 10 p.m. on that July night when he saw a blaze several miles west of his lookout tower and started toward it, walking rapidly over the rough ground. The moon was out, so he didn't trouble to light his regulation Stonebridge lantern.

On a hill two miles from the station he stopped to rest, letting his 45-pound pack slide from his shoulders. Its fall awakened an unnatural echo in the brush behind him and Mr. Reimer wheeled to behold a sonorous grizzly bounding toward him.

He turned to run for a tree but made only two jumps before a murderous paw caught him between the shoulders and knocked him face down, half senseless. He rolled onto his back and kicked at the snout that hung over him. But the bear widened its maw, took the jolt full in the mouth, then closed on that left foot.

When the bear reared up and supplemented its toothhold by sinking a set of claws into each side of the upthrust leg, Mr. Reimer was hoisted upside down, his torn back bumping the belly of his foe, his head drubbing the earth. And as he kept driving frantically with his right boot he was twisted, pulled and battered against all convenient stumps and boulders in the area.

The pendant fire extinguisher finally managed to draw a Colt's .32-20 revolver from a closed flap holster that hung, like himself, topsy turvy. Aiming as best he could, he began firing.

One—two—three—four. The chunks sank somewhere in the furry hide beside his raised leg, each bringing a well of blood and an unpleasant vocal response. But the gnawing and clawing continued.

Mr. Reimer forlornly concluded there was no use denying his opposition the last bullet in his weapon. So he breathed a frenetic prayer, raised as high as he could, and sent it through the bear's neck. It hurt.

The bear started strangling on the geyser of blood in its throat, dropped our hero, and began tearing great patches of fur from its wounds. Mr. Reimer lay in an expectant heap. But the bear, crazed and roaring in full volume, charged full tilt into a tree, another tree, a mass of rock—and so plunged away in the dark.

The forester's left leg had been pulled out of its socket at the hip. His left foot had been chewed through, his back, arms and head badly lacerated.

Using an ax and a shovel handle as crutches, he dragged himself back to his station by 4 a.m. Help was sent from headquarters and they got him in to a Kalispell physician by horse and automobile. Five months were required to undo what that tough old so-and-so did on the mountain in five minutes. The bear got away, too.

The payoff, gentlemen, came later, when the September issue of *Montana Wild Life* reached its subscribers. A few sticks of type on page six of that state brochure recounted the highlights of Mr. Reimer's nocturnal experience. The heading of the article, a flawless gem of depreciation, read simply: "Playful Grizzlies."

Yes, that was the payoff, unless you prefer the revelation that the fire which the conscientious youth set out to quench on that July night proved to be the campfire of some sheepherders, who, immaculate fops, were boiling up their week-end laundry. #

Transcontinental Troop Train

A pack of men riding waterless across the desert get an early taste of war's numbing horror

by CHARLES L. PALMER

▪ FICTION ▪

To begin with, there was no water. You must remember that, that and the heat, if you are to understand what happened. Even remembering that, probably you won't understand it. I am not sure I do, even now. Certainly I can offer no explanation. It was the heat that bothered me most, at first. The lack of water came after. I make no excuses and I blame no one. I am merely telling you what happened. It didn't seem possible then, and it doesn't seem possible now. But I can assure you it all is true, even to the very first fact, that a train load of almost five hundred men was started on its way across the continent without any drinking water. Today that seems the most impossible part of it, but I was there, and I know. The rest follows as a matter of course.

I wish I could describe that heat to you. From the very first minute the sun rose that morning it was a terrible, penetrating, searing blast that pressed down on and stifled everything within reach. Moment after moment, hour after hour it grew worse, building an awful pressure it seemed no human being could withstand. There wasn't anything to think about except the heat and the sand, and, after a while, the fact that there was no water. When that last realization came it was the most maddening thing of all.

Our train had left Point Richmond the night before and early that morning we had left Mojave. Because of a circumstance I shall tell later, the train was late, and our orders called for only a very brief stop at Barstow, not long enough to get water for five hundred men. That in itself was damnable. Men must have water. At any rate, we were speeding across two hundred and fifty miles of desert under a blazing sun, with nothing but sand, telegraph poles and an occasional adobe section house to see all day. The monotony of that is bad enough, but add continually increasing heat and you can understand the torment we were in.

That heat is the only thing I can think of to explain what happened. I know that in my own part of the affair I moved like an automaton. I could stand to one side and see myself moving with the others just as though I were watching a play. It was like that for hours, particularly afterward, and now, seventeen years later, I can close my eyes and feel the hot air and see the desert and the dust. I can see myself and the others moving in that strange and terrible scene, all controlled by some diabolic force that would not be denied. What I am trying to say is that, after the early hours of the day, I doubt if there was a single person on that train who thought his own thoughts or moved according to his own volition. There was an omnipotence in the heat that motivated all of us. If that is not the explanation, then there is a violence and rapacity in human nature that transcends the ten degrees of Hell.

We were running as a troop train, on special orders, and our progress was somewhat slower than passenger schedule. But of the seven cars in that train, only three carried soldiers. Those three cars contained casuals from the Presidio at San Francisco being moved to the East Coast as replacements to sail shortly on a transport for France. The troop cars were in the middle of the train, and in the first two cars were approximately one hundred men we designated as "shipyard slackers," being sent from South San Francisco, West Oakland and Richmond to work in the shipyards at Newport News. From our viewpoint they were the scum of the earth, and the tales of violence and disregard of human life we heard whispered about them were enough to inspire the respect that is born of fear. That some of these stories were true was borne out by the fact that one of our men, assigned to guard duty in one of the two cars, had been thrown under the wheels of the train shortly after we had started the night before. From then on, guards were equipped with side arms and cautioned to remain in the vestibules and to be extremely cautious. In the last two cars were two hundred Chinese coolies, packed in like sardines and en route from San Francisco, where they had landed, to Key West in charge of agents of the Federal Immigration Department. From there they were to be sent on to Cuba for work in the cane fields. If you can imagine an impossible aggregation like that, cooped in seven cars and racing across the country under a blistering sky, you have a bare idea of the picture I am trying to convey.

I never knew the names of many of the men concerned in this story. They didn't matter then, and they don't matter now. The thing that did matter was the heat. They were just figures that moved across my line of vision and did certain things that seemed perfectly plausible at the time; things that now are a horrible nightmare.

From the very first, it wasn't any fun for me. Much of what happened took place under my own eyes. I was one of two men assigned to guard duty in the vestibules of those cars for that day. The stories we had heard were not wrong. They were a tough lot. That first night out of Point Richmond, in addition to killing the guard, they broke the backs off every seat in their two chair cars and, when it got chilly, along toward morning in the Tehachapi Mountains, they piled those cane seat cushions in the middle of the aisles and set fire to them, incidentally setting fire to the roof of one of the cars as well. That incident delayed us for two hours while the blaze was being extinguished and was one reason we had not started across the desert earlier. Perhaps, but for that, this thing I am telling you about might never have happened.

Well, anyway, I went on duty on the rear vestibule of the two cars when we reached Mojave and was told I would be relieved when we got to Needles, an all day run. At first, before it really got very hot, the men were reasonably quiet and orderly. There was a crap game or two started, but these broke up in fist fights that settled themselves early and didn't amount to anything. There wasn't much else, except that, with the limited toilet facilities provided in the car, the men became impatient, waiting their turns, that morning and performed their natural functions of elimination on and around the brakeman's seat just inside the door. For a while, at least, that was not so bad if they wanted it that way. I warned them, of course, but it wasn't up to me to do anything about it. Later, however, this contributed its share to the nausea and oppression and the nightmare of the continually increasing heat in those cars.

In spite of the speed of the train there was no relief from the breeze it raised in its passage. The wind was hot; hotter than the comparatively still air inside the cars. In the vestibule I could feel the difference. And then there was the dust. It rose in swirls from beneath the wheels of the train and draped itself like a cloak over the cars. It sifted through the crevices around the windows and the doors and, to prevent it from becoming positively stifling, the guards had orders to try to keep the windows closed. But even though that was done, enough dust got into the cars so that it hung in suspension in the air and sifted like a fine flour over everything.

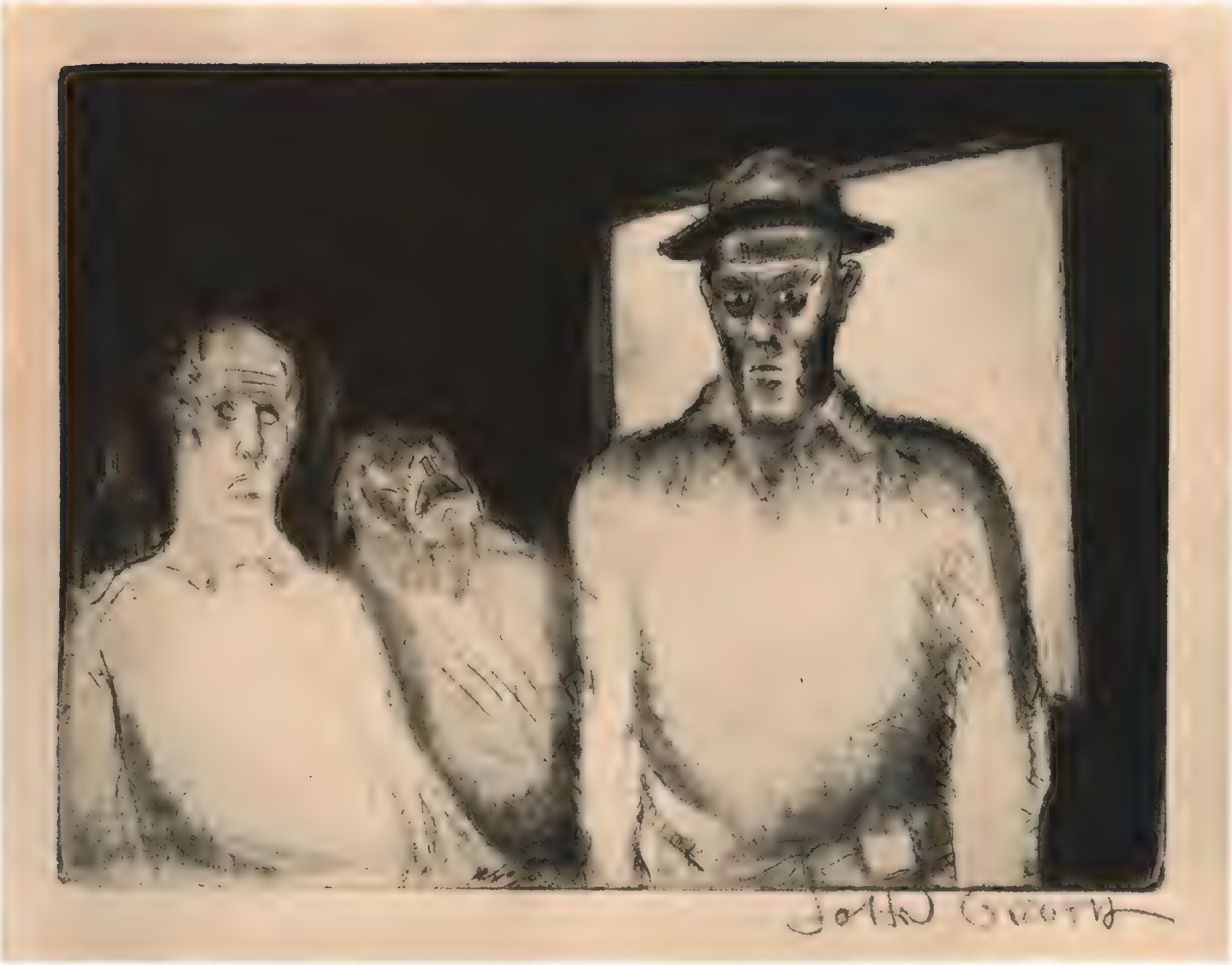
From the very first I had felt the heat, but I did not realize how oppressive it was until one of the men, a big Negro, came out on the vestibule platform and spoke to me.

"White man," he said, "we-all wants a drink of water and they ain't none in there, nohow."

I went inside the car and found both tanks were dry.

"These tanks were filled at Mojave," I told him. "What has happened to the water?"

"No, sah, boss," he replied. "We-all ain't



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

had no water a-tall since we lef' Point Richmond."

I knew he wasn't lying. There was no water and there had not been any.

"Well, wait until we get to Needles," I said, "and I'll get you some water there."

He asked how long that would be and, since we had recently left Barstow, I told him three or four hours. I thought it would take that long. It did. It took longer. Then I went back to my vestibule. There was nothing I could do. They simply would have to wait for a drink. For that matter, so would I.

I don't know what there is about the knowledge that no water is available. Until then I had not noticed that I was thirsty. But at that moment I began to suffer the tortures of the damned. I wanted a drink of water as I wanted nothing else in the world. And the pressure, the terrific weight of the heated atmosphere forced itself into my consciousness. I tried not to think about it. I stood there in the vestibule of the car, watching the monotonously regular march of the telegraph poles past the window; looking out across the bare, flat, scorching desert; seeing nothing but dust and sand and sand and dust; wondering how long it would be before I could get a drink.

As I stood there I remembered tales of the early California prospectors crossing this very desert on foot or by horse; hours of slow, weary travel without water and tormented by mirages of lakes and streams of cool, flowing water. I wondered if one could see a mirage from the train. I wondered and I thought my lips began to get thick and that my tongue began to swell. They didn't, of course, but I was suddenly very conscious of them, and the thirst—the awful thirst—was getting to be very real for me.

It seemed that I stood there for hours and hours, wishing for a drink of water and damning the intense heat. From the window of the train there was no sign of progress. The train seemed to stand still. There was not even the usual illusion that the horizon is racing to keep up with you. Everything was stagnant, static, dead. Everything, that is, but the swirling dust and the parade of telegraph poles. They were constant, exact, precise in interval. They moved past the window as exactly as a clock ticks. And they were deadly and maddening in the deliberate rhythm of their movement.

It seemed that I stood there for hours. It may have been an hour; maybe less. All the time my thoughts were occupied with the heat, with my thirst and with the repetitive dreariness of the telegraph poles. But then there was a change; a relief from the monotony and it came from inside the car. A fight was under way. I do not know how it had started, nor how long it had been going on. I suddenly became aware of the commotion.

I think I must have retained a semblance of my sanity, even then, because I had sense enough to pull my .45 from its holster before I stepped into the car.

That was a fight. Men were crawling over broken seats, lashing at each other with their fists; with their feet; with anything they could reach. It seemed every man in the car was venting his hatred on every other man. I could see the flex and reflex of muscles; I could see sweat standing out on foreheads; I could see eyes straining and staring, and in the heat I could almost feel the impact of every blow.

There was only one thing to do, and I did it. I fired my automatic into the roof of the car. That was when I began to see myself moving in the picture as an entirely separate person. The noise of the gun halted the fight, and I could hear myself giving orders to clear the aisle; for the men to take their seats. When that was done and when the car had taken on some semblance of order, there were still two men lying on the floor. One of them was draped over one of the broken seats and he was coughing bright red blood. I don't know how I knew it, but I recognized that he had been stabbed in the lungs and was dying. The other man was already dead.

I don't think I minded the sight of blood. It was the heat and the terrible stench in that car. The stench of blood, of sweating bodies, and most of all the stench of human excrement from one end of the car, mixed with the acrid, alkaline taste of the bitter dust in the air and magnified and made a thousand times more offensive and oppressive by the burning heat. Nothing I can say

Continued in center of page 154

A Doctor Looks at Society

Continued from page 82

tinguished foreigner, which pleased the ladies particularly, and second, because I was considered a specialist in colitis, then a fashionable disease.

But the case in hand was pneumonia which had taken hold of the Countess Z........, an enormously rich old lady of ninety-one.

Her husband was dead, but she had a large family of sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, several great-grandchildren, and nieces and nephews by the dozen.

It was a foregone conclusion that the old Countess would die and her many beneficiaries were seemingly distressed and equally determined that she should live. They waylaid me and pestered me with anxious questions. And I was astonished to receive from them, especially from those nearest of kin, valuable presents like a gold-headed cane, a cigarette case with my initials in diamonds, cuff-links and stickpins, and a blooded steed for my occasional canters in the park.

Not until long afterward did I realize what it was all about. My mind beclouded with their generosity and their solicitude for the old lady, I misinterpreted both.

As I remembered later, their solicitude was always of a negative nature, their gifts usually prefaced by some such remark as: "Well, even if she doesn't live—it's too much to expect—for we all know she's very old—I want you to have this token of my appreciation, etc."

It was all too subtle for me. They, all of them, wanted the Countess Z.......... to die, so as to inherit her vast fortune. She had lived long enough, and the young Herr Dokter must see that a useless nonagenarian life was best ended. But I didn't get it.

The Countess Z............ recovered!

From that moment, the family ostracized me. None of them had me in my professional capacity after that. They even spread rumors that the old lady had recovered in spite of me! The oldest son, who had given me the fine horse, hinted that he'd like to have it back!

I returned all the gifts without a word. A word wasn't necessary. They understood. Powerful in Berlin, they made it disagreeable for me in their set—the set that had taken me up—and I was glad of the excuse the outbreak of the war gave me to leave Germany and seek other fields for my practice.

Rarely, if ever, do the rich recommend their physician to others, and I had not expected that the family of the Countess Z........ would do so, but I must confess I was stumped at their deliberate boycott of me for my success in bringing back the matriarch for another six years—she lived to be ninety-seven. By that time Germany had lost the war and her great fortune had become a ghost like herself.

Usually, the average person is enthusiastic about sharing his doctor or dentist. But not so the high and mighty. Either they are ashamed to be ill at all and want no discussion of it between their physicians and others (just as if he would . . . but they suspect it), or they desire exclusive services.

Which brings me to the question of the invidious position that a physician may find himself in if he consents to be a personal and private medical attendant to a wealthy man. From the time of Vesalius, who was court physician to Charles V., it has been the same—a medical man limits himself in service and opportunity for comparative ease and a stipend, and is likely to become little more than a valet in the eyes of his employer.

After Miss Rachel Van Alstyne had been shown the door gently but firmly that morning, and I had gone back to my diabetic plutocrat, he greeted me with:

"Say, Doc, it's a wonder to me that you stand for all these women's nonsense—and I hear you have a bunch of them running after you! Ever think of pulling out for a while?"

"Where to?" I asked.

"Oh, anywhere," he said. "With me, for instance?"

I enquired what he was driving at. Briefly, he was going on a cruise in his yacht for six months, to get away from the damn' country, and to have the long rest I had advised. How would I like to come along as his personal physician and his guest? He needed someone to watch his food and drink, as I well knew, he said, and to administer the insulin.

Mentioning me as "his guest" as well as his doctor, I knew what was in his mind, but to make sure I said:

"And my retainer?"

He looked blank a moment, then:

"Oh, I thought you might like to come for the trip—no expenses and a good time," he said.

I thanked him for his kindly (?) thought of me, and said it wasn't possible at this time. Shrewd businessman and money-maker that he was, he knew as well as I did what I would be giving up and paying for *his* pleasure, not mine. Income for six months, and office overhead for the same period. The latter alone represented twenty-five hundred dollars in rent.

That was the second offer of the kind I had had in three months. The first one had been made by an oil millionaire from Texas, who had offered me a hundred dollars a month *and* the Mediterranean trip for services rendered in angina attacks. This second offer, from the diabetic, came from a man worth $40,000,000, counting his depression losses!

Do you wonder that I say the richest are the meanest?

Besides, I recall the humiliating experience of a confrere of mine, whom I knew in Vienna, and who, after the war, found himself in a desperate position. Vienna was a city of starvation. Dr. Karl (I give but his first name for obvious reasons) managed to make his way to America. But his brilliant reputation and eminence did not help him establish himself in a new country. He was middle-aged, unknown.

One of our leading multi-millionaires, since dead and gone to his reward (I hope), offered the illustrious Dr. Karl a position as his personal physician for board and lodging and fifty dollars a month!

The Austrian savant accepted. Almost immediately, the American imitation of Midas made Dr. Karl his body-servant and his fetch-and-carry menial. Daily, he insulted him. My confrere swallowed his pride, and stood on his dignity as much as possible in the circumstances. Until the insufferable happened.

Attached to the domestic retinue, and hired to massage the multi-millionaire's body and entertain him with filthy stories, of which he had an endless store, was a former prize-fighter, with a broken nose and two cauliflower ears.

One day, the rich old fool, who was getting senile in the most disgusting fashion, said to his ex-pug:

"Ever show his medical nibs your picture gallery, Mike?"

"Naw," said the fighter, "it might ruin his wiener schnitzel!"

This was a convulsing joke to the millionaire and the slugger.

"Show him," laughed the boss.

The prize-fighter got out a box of the most pornographic, rotten pictures imaginable, and handed them to Dr. Karl with a leer. One was enough to see. He returned them and walked out of the room.

Furious, the millionaire ordered him back, told him to apologize to his friend, Mike, and said that in future he was to take all his orders from the prize-fighter!

My confrere left the white stone palace that night, and the old satyr of millions refused to pay him for the two weeks of the month due him when he quit, contending that he gave no adequate notice of leaving and was hired on a monthly basis.

Being a "fashionable doctor" is not all rapture and roses, or skittles and beer, or easy money, as people generally think. Dealing with patients whose minds or souls or lives are warped, is a thankless task, for the most part; and I figure that 80% of my patients have no organic disease, that their troubles have sources which I cannot reach, and which, if I could, I would not be able to cope with. To make matters worse, these well-to-do and aristocratic patients of mine, whether they belong to the warped 80% or the diseased 20%, lie, lie, lie.

Why it is, I don't know. Unless they fear to hear the truth, and postpone it as long as they can. Or desire to have some unusual ailment, in keeping with their "difference" from ordinary humanity. Whatever the impulse or motivation may be, the fact remains, and the "fashionable doctor" must guess and experiment, and often be at his wits' end to make a correct diagnosis.

However, that costs them all the more money, you say. Does it? Listen, my child, and you shall hear: They *blame me* for not finding out sooner, and demand an adjustment of the bill—if they are not too mad to pay at all!

Before I sign off, let me tell you the sequel to the Van Alstyne case. A week went by following the stormy visit of Rachel without a word from Sarah. I decided to go see her. As ever, the great door to their brownstone mansion was locked and barred and chained. The butler had his instructions. I was not admitted.

"Nobody at 'ome, sir."

Determined to thwart that fiend Rachel, I went to the police and explained. Though highly irregular, the desk sergeant detailed a bluecoat for me. We then went together to the Van Alstyne bastille.

The ruse worked. I got in. And insisted on seeing Sarah alone, to Rachel's great rage, and against all of her loud protestations. Poor Sarah was in a bad way. I examined her and left medicines, knowing from former experience that Rachel would tear up a prescription.

I noticed that Sarah was particularly nervous. Her heartbeat was more irregular than ever before. I enquired if anything new in a physical sense had developed.

"No," she said in a low voice, "only Rachel has taken a notion to drag me up into high buildings —the Woolworth, the Empire State, and others—and you know I can't stand looking down from heights—I always want to jump!"

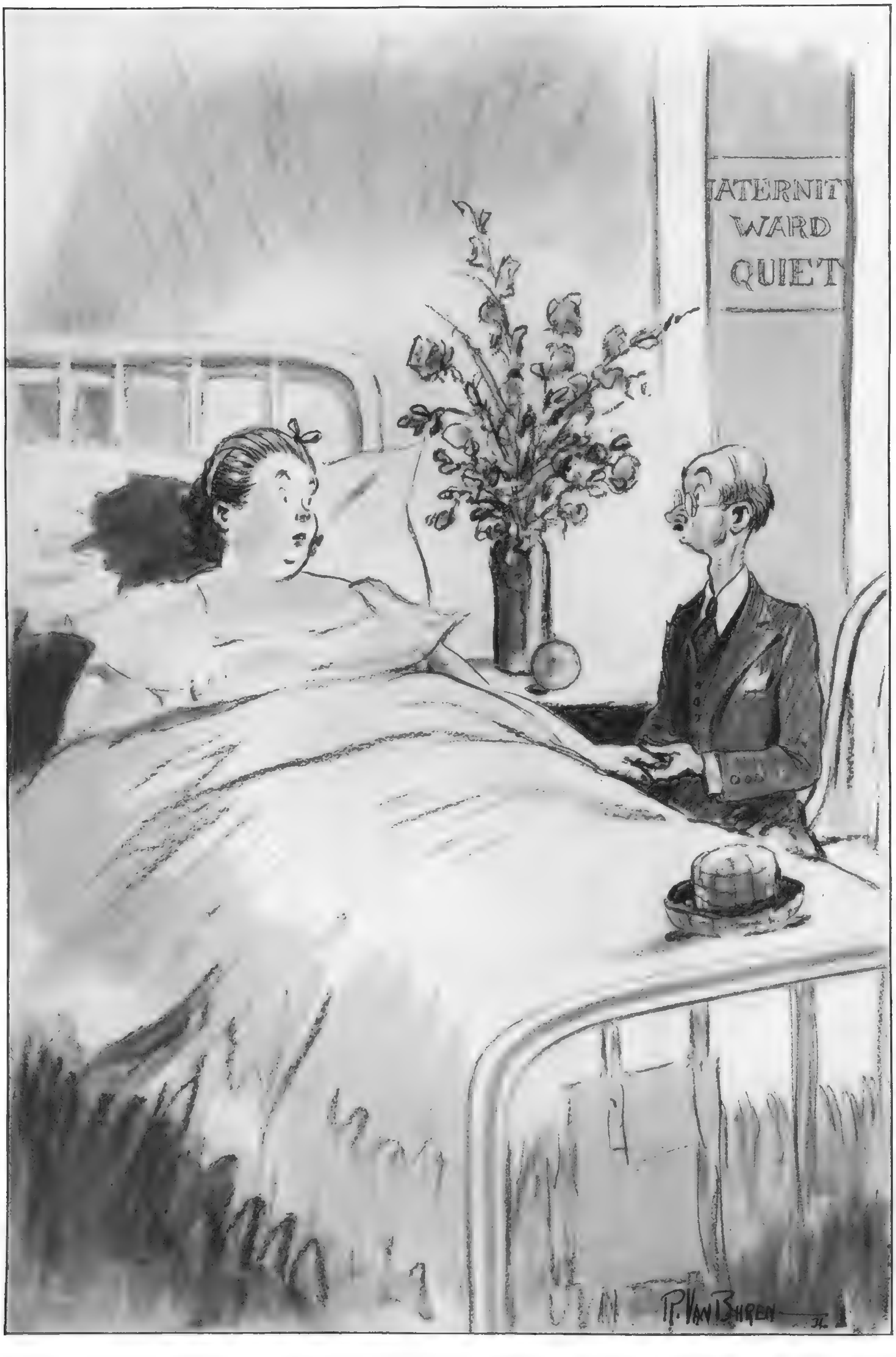
So that was the latest way of trying to get her sister's three or four millions! Rachel knew Sarah's compulsion to jump from high places—it is a common weakness—and was tempting her.

"What do you do, Miss Van Alstyne?" I asked gently.

"Keep my eyes closed," she said softly.

But I wonder if she will open them some day, at some diabolic ruse of Rachel's, and what will happen?

Suicide is suicide, and no one's to blame but yourself. ⌗


ATERNIT
WARD
QUIET
P. VAN BUREN

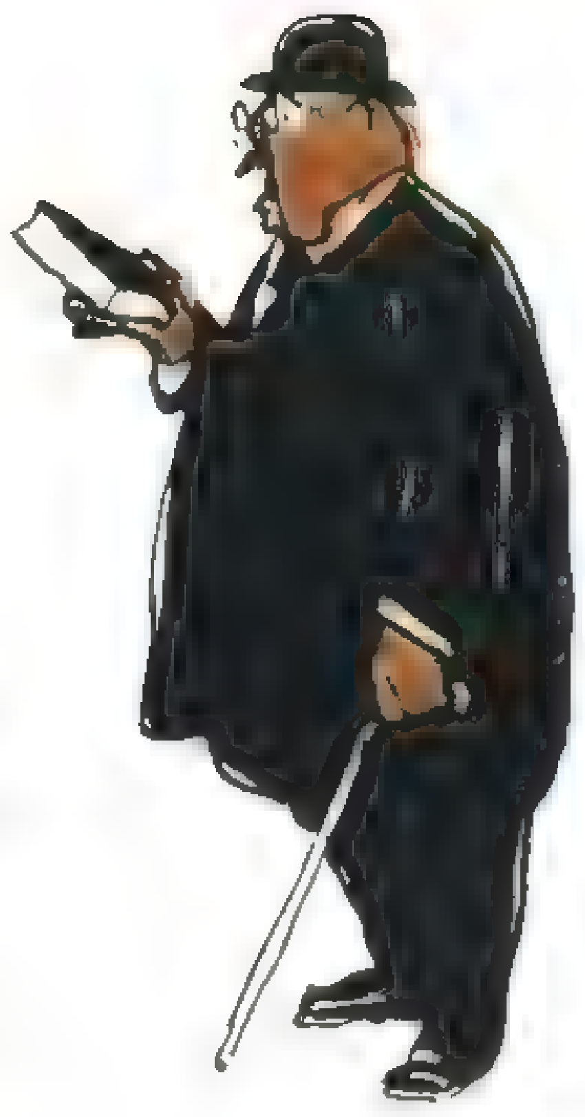
"I'd feel so much safer, Dear, if we could get Dr. Dafoe!"

With Malicious Intent

A couple of gunmen find there can be no more whimsical a game than holding up a book-seller

by WILLIAM WALDEN

▪ SATIRE ▪



It is a dull day, and when you say it's a dull day in the book business, it's like saying a lazy man is tired. Business in the book business is usually so slow I have to zing the register every once in a while to keep the store from getting haunted.

I am sitting reading my newspaper when two fellows come in. They are big fellows, and they look too dumb to know even how to read. They come over and one of them who is a little bigger than the other big fellow and also looks a little dumber, says to me, "How do you do? Do you sell books here?"

Now, this surprises me, not only because a dumb looking guy should be so polite, but because he should be so dumb as to ask whether I sell books, when there is a sign on the awning which says "Books," and anyway, there are thousands of books all around him.

"Yes, sir," I say. "Would you care to see a book?"

"Yeah," he says. "Let me see one."

"What kind?" I ask.

The two guys look at each other, and they look puzzled. Finally the small guy speaks. "Are there different kinds?" he asks.

This proves to me the kind of guys they are, so I say, "Yes, of course. There are big books and little books, and there are cheap books and expensive books. Sometimes the big books are expensive, and sometimes the little books are expensive, so you can't go by size."

"That's funny," the big guy remarks. Then he says, "Show us a small book which is not expensive."

I get a copy of *Alice in Wonderland* and give it to him. The big guy flips the pages. "Gee!" he says. "Pictures and everything!"

The small guy nudges him. "Let's get down to business, Weasel."

"Oh, yeah," the big guy says, as though he reminds himself. He turns to me. "I want you to meet Sam the Goniff," he says, indicating his friend.

COME IN AND BROWS

"Charmed," the small guy says.

"I'm glad," I say.

"And I," the big guy says, "am Weasel Eddie."

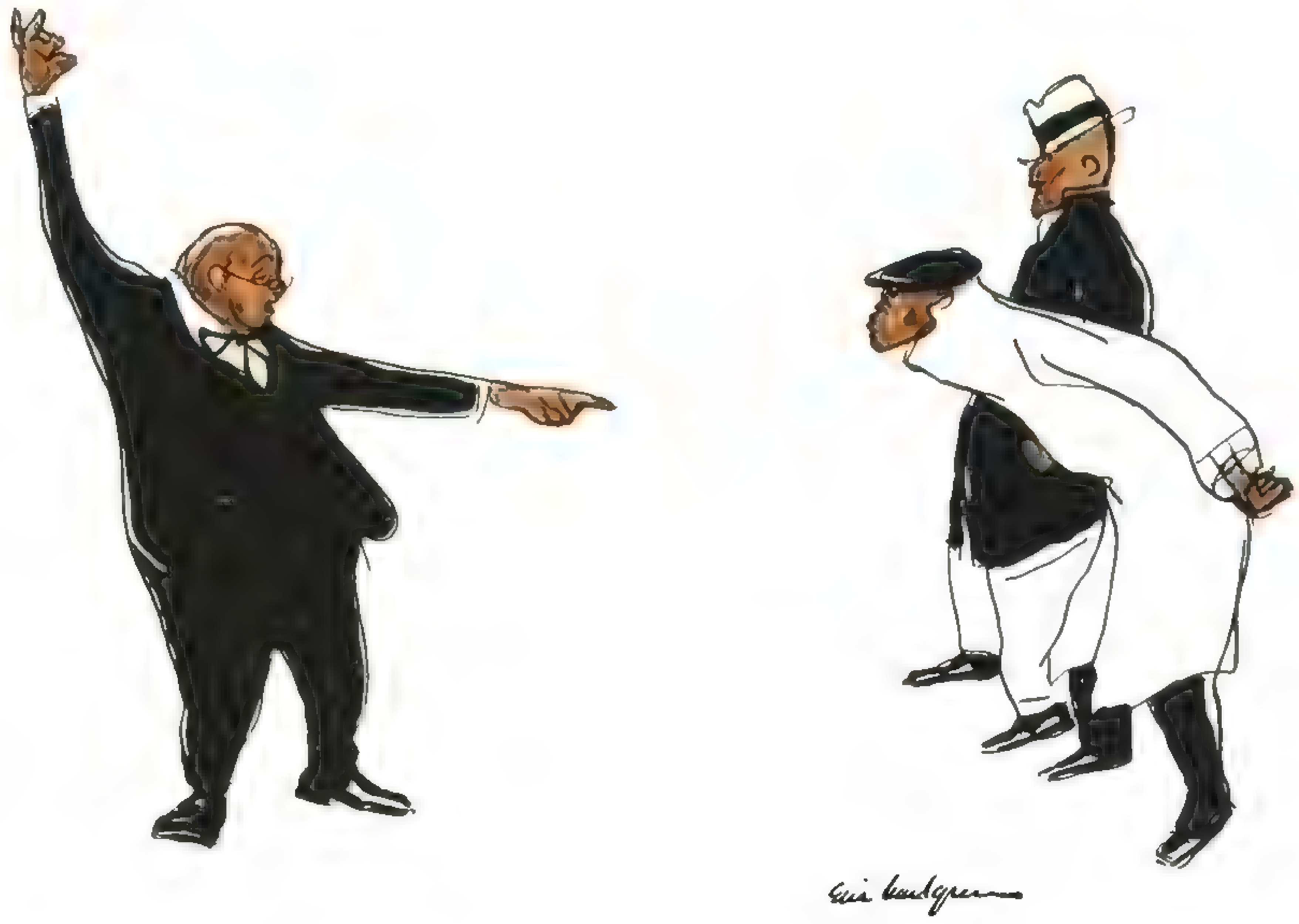
"How do you do, Weasel Eddie?" I say.

"Hello," he says.

"Perhaps," I say, "I ought to introduce myself. I am known as Screwy Joe."

"Gee," the big guy says, "you got a nickname, too? I thought only mugs had them."

"Not at all," I assure him. "I have been called Screwy Joe for many years now, and with the greatest of justice."



The big guy seems to find it hard to believe this. The little guy says, "Well, anyway, we're here to clean you out."

"Clean me out?" I ask.

"Yeah, clean you out," he repeats. "In other words, this is a hold-up." He pulls out a gun. "Get into the back room!" he snarls.

I look at them distastefully. "Gentlemen," I say, "you have been seeing too many moving pictures."

"How do you figure that out?" the little guy says.

"In the first place," I say, beginning to count on my fingers, "there is no back room here."

The little guy looks around, and seems surprised to find that this is so.

"In the second place," I continue, "it was a grave error on your part to tell me your names. Has it occurred to you that certain parties, whom I shall not mention, might be able to trace you by means of those names?"

Both of them look startled. The little guy puts his gun back and starts to look around him wildly.

"Have no fear," I assure him. "You are perfectly safe, and in my confidence. And in the third place," I say, "picking out a bookstore to rob is an action which I would describe as nothing less than imbecilic. Why, you couldn't collect enough money in any bookstore to pay for the rent on that gun."

"I didn't rent this gun," the small guy says, surlily. "It's my own, and whatever I get with it is clear profit."

"In that," I say, "you show a good business head."

The little guy brightens, and looks a little proud. "To tell the truth," he confesses, "we didn't really expect to get so much from here. But we thought that this bookstore and about ten or twelve others around here in the neighborhood would make it worth our while, if we pooled everything we got. After all, a little here and a little there adds up to something."

"But did you consider," I say, "that you were multiplying the risk?"

"What do you mean?" he demands.

"I mean," I say, "that each store you robbed would become more and more risky."

"How's that?" he asks. "It ain't because the guys who own the bookstores get braver and braver as you go along, is it?"

"No," I say. "Not that at all. But some of these bookstore owners are squeamish. I wouldn't put it beyond them to inform the police after they'd been robbed."

"No!" the two of them say, together. Then the big guy clenches his fists and bangs a pile of books. "Why, the dirty rats!" he exclaims.

"Can't even expect guys to be decent, any more!" the little guy says.

"There is more honor among thieves than among booksellers," I assure him.

The little guy shakes his head. "It's getting so that a guy can't even make a living any more!" he says, choking.

"So you see," I say, "how fortunate you were to pick me, instead of one of those double-crossing hounds."

"Yeah, you certainly are a swell guy

awright," the small guy says. But the big guy looks at me suspiciously. "Say," he says, pulling down his heavy eyebrows and squinting, "how do we know you ain't lying about everything?"

I put down my newspaper, and stand up, drawing myself up to my full height. "Lying, sir?" I repeat, with significant emphasis. "Did I hear you accuse me of lying?"

The big guy lowers his eye under my glare. "Well," he mumbles, "how do we know you ain't pulling the wool over our eyes?"

I raise one arm and point dramatically. "Go to the cash register," I say. "Open it, and tell me what you find there."

"I didn't mean—" he starts to say.

"Go!" I repeat. My tone admits no refusal.

Reluctantly he goes to the cash register, and pings it.

"Count," I order him.

He begins to count. "Ten—fifteen—twenty . . . Twenty-eight cents," he announces, finally.

"That," I say, "is the receipts of today, yesterday, and the day before. I am waiting until the end of the week to make my deposit, hoping by then to have a dollar. The bank does not accept deposits of less than a dollar."

The big guy closes the register, and comes back. "Now, sir," I demand, "are you convinced that I am not lying, and that I have nothing to gain by lying?"

"I'm sorry," he mutters. "It was just the rotten part of me coming to the front. I'm a kind of Jekyll-Hyde personality, I guess. Ever since I was a little kid, I've always been—"

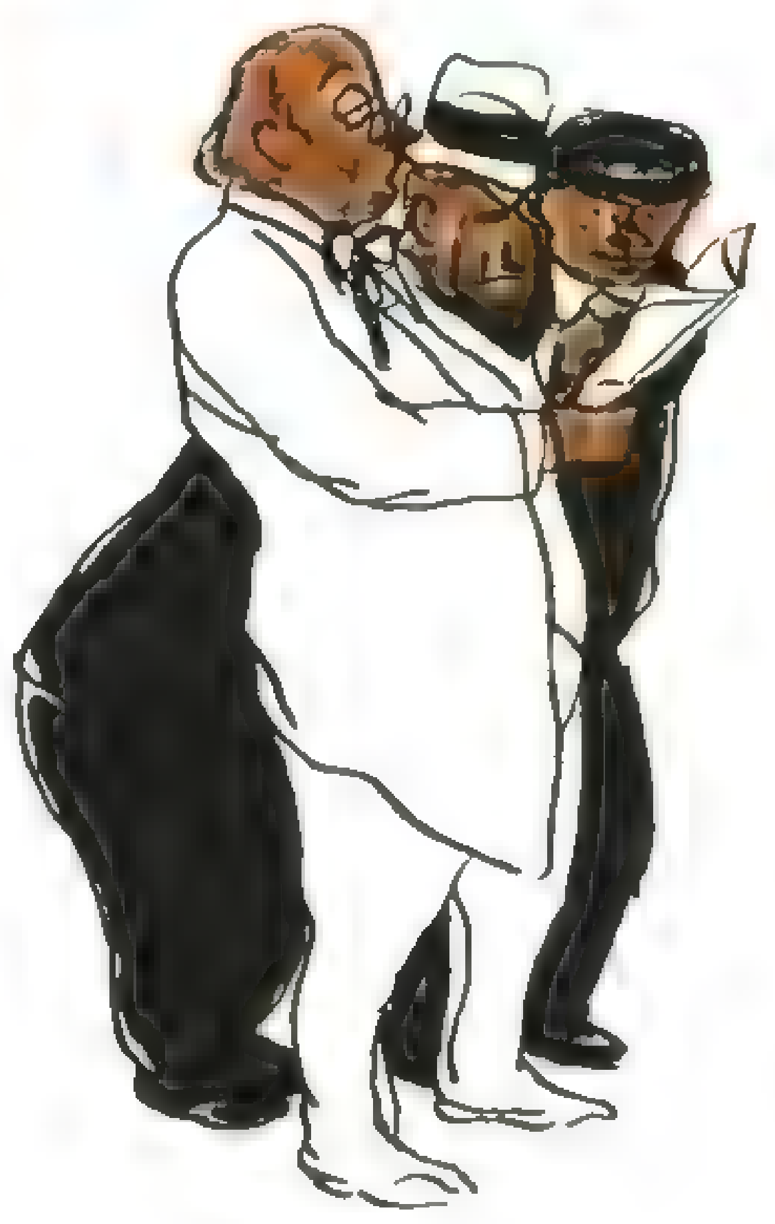
"I am not interested in your autobiography," I inform him.

There is an awkward silence.

"Well," the little guy says, "I guess we'll be going."

"What do you have to do now?" I ask.

"To tell the truth," he says, "you've kind of spoiled our day. We intended to spend the rest of the day collecting from the other booksellers, but you've discouraged us from that, so I guess we'll just walk around and waste time."



"As long as you're in no hurry to go anywhere, why not stay around here?" I suggest. "It's nice and quiet, nobody will bother you, and there's plenty of books to read."

"You mean," the little guy demands, "all these books are to *read?*"

"Certainly," I assure him. He looks incredulous.

"For instance," I say, taking down a book from over my head, and opening it, "who said, 'When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces'?"

The little guy looks bewildered. "Gee," he says, "I don't know. I never heard it before."

I shake my head at him scornfully. "You don't know," I repeat. "Why, even the most ignorant college graduate can tell you who said that. And you, a grown, mature human being, don't know."

"Well, who *did* say it?" he demands.

"Swinburne!" I say, with a magnificent sweeping gesture of my hand outwards. His face looks blank.

"You mean," I almost scream with incredulity, "you've never heard of Swinburne, either?"

"Sure, sure, I've heard of him," he says, quickly, trying to cover up.

"Yeah?" I sneer. "Who was he, then?"

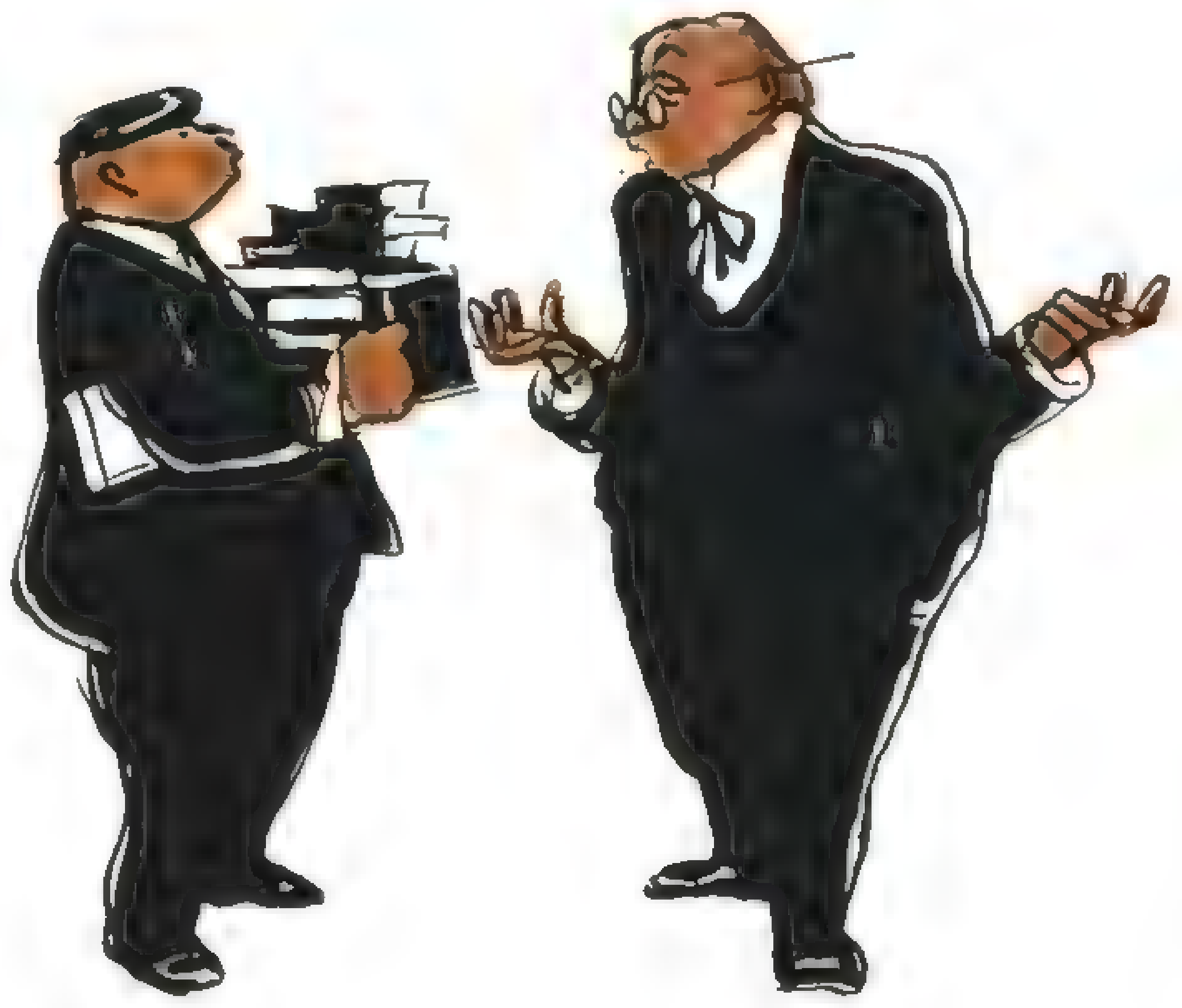
The little guy grows nervous. "Hey, Weasel," he says, turning to the big guy and trying to laugh, "this guy thinks I don't even know who Swinburne was."

"Can you imagine that?" the big guy says. "Some people simply never believe one."

"Come on," I say to the little guy. "I'm calling your bluff. Who was Swinburne?"

The little guy hesitates, then blurts, "He's the guy who wrote *If summer's dogs are on the leash.*"

"Ha-ha!" I laugh. "Good joke. But come to think of it," I say, growing serious again, "that's not bad poetry—'If summer's dogs are on the leash.' Sam the Goniff," I say, "I believe you have real poetical instinct."



"Do ya think so?" the little guy asks, goggle-eyed.

"I'm sure of it," I affirm. "As an expert and connoisseur in the *ars poetica* there's not the slightest doubt in my mind but that you could, if you wanted, be a poetical genius."

"Gee," the little guy breathes, almost overcome. "What big words you use, mister!"

"You, too, can use big words, as well as being a genius," I assure him.

"How?" he asks, eagerly.

"Books," I say. "Read books. Books are keys to wisdom's treasure, books are gates to lands of pleasure."

"I never thought of it that way," the little guy says.

"You should," I say. "You most emphatically should think of it that way."

"Jeez," the little guy says, "I haven't read a book since I got thrown out of school for stealing erasers."

"Me neither," the big guy says.

"You should say, 'Nor I,'" I correct him.

"Nor I," he says.

"That's better."

"Well, how do we go about it, mister? Do we just go to the library and ask for a book?"

"It has been my experience," I say, "that if a person sets himself to read after business hours, he soon loses his ambition. One night he is too tired, the next night too busy, the third night too lazy to go down to the library to get the book, and so on, until his original intentions are entirely forgotten, and he slips back into the old routine."

"I guess that's right," the big guy says.

"There is only one way that I know in which a person can follow out a definite program of reading without its interfering with his business."

"What's that?" the little guy asks.

"That," I state, "is to make reading your business."

They both look surprised. "You mean make a living by reading?" the little guy demands.

"Something like that," I agree. "I mean you must make books your business. In other words, gentlemen, the only way to become cultured and educated is to go into the book business. You see," I explain, "when you are in the book business, you have your own library right around you. At any time you want, you can pick up a book and read. You don't have to wait until you are through with business to read, as you would in any other business. Any time you want you walk over to the shelf, select a book, and continue the process of self-culture. And at the same time you are earning your living."

"Say, that sounds like a swell idea!" the little guy exclaims. "What do you think of it, Weasel?"

"Sounds all right to me," the big guy admits. Then he suddenly looks suspicious. "Wait a minute," he says, slowly, "didn't you just tell us that the book business was rotten, and that you only had twenty-eight cents for the past three days?"

"In that," I confess, "I was guilty of a little exaggeration. That twenty-eight cents represents today's receipts. I exaggerated only in self-defense. That twenty-eight cents was taken in today, and the day is not yet half over."

"You mean you told us that because you thought we were going to rob you?" the big guy asks.

"Absolutely," I affirm. "It was purely a defense mechanism operating."

"And you're on the level about that twenty-eight cents being taken in today?"

"My word of honor," I say.

The two guys look at each other with awe in their eyes.

"Gee!" the little guy says. "Twenty-eight cents in half a day! There's a business for you. If we could only muscle in on that racket, Weasel!"

"Say," the big guy says to me, cunningly, "would you consider maybe selling this here store to us, mister?"

I frown very heavily, and look thoughtful. "We-e-ell," I say, slowly and reluctantly, "I hardly think so. This bookstore pays so well that I'd be a fool to sell it."

The big guy nudges the little guy slyly, and they come towards me with a businesslike look in their eyes.

* * *

And that is why I am now a a retired bookseller. #

Broken Wings over Ethiopia

Continued from page 60

falls in the shadow and voices calling out. But they never appeared. Somewhere, sometime after the planes had abandoned them, a patrol of Ethiopians surrounded them. Ethiopians dread airplanes above all war instruments, and it's a pleasant day when they can run across a couple of grounded fliers. The men probably were tied to a tree, stripped and tortured amidst savage dancing and chanting. Death comes only after hours. Their bodies were never found.

Some of the pilots had luck. The crew of the bombing plane whose gas tank was drilled by a bullet over Amba Alaji, for instance. Gasoline was flooding the fuselage. There was danger of fire, danger of being left without fuel, danger of blowing up. Tons of trinitro toluene, gas, ammunition would have dispersed men and machines, reduced to insignificant smoking fragments, over a couple of square kilometers. A mechanic, who probably had never read the story of the Dutch boy, stuck his finger in the neat round hole, and waited patiently, sitting on a case of cartridges, until the plane landed. They had to cut the tank with oxygen torches because his finger had swollen. The man got a medal. Or the lieutenant who always kept a thermos bottle under his seat, filled with hot tea. When he passed the controls to the second pilot and grabbed his bottle to pour himself a drink, he found it light and noisy with crushed glass. A bullet had hit it squarely in the bottom, saving him from one of the most annoying wounds an officer and a gentleman can bring back from the war.

But of all of them, Captain Licitra and Sergeant Miele were the luckiest men in the Royal Italian Airforce, East Africa. No other crew ever hopes of being favored by the Gods in such an indecent, open manner, when their turns come. They came down on the shores of Lake Ashangi, when the Italian lines were still around Makalle. Between them and the nearest dish of spaghetti there were one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, more than a week on mule back, supposing they could have found mules without arousing suspicion, and supposing they met nobody along the way. Captain Licitra and Sergeant Miele thought of their early childhoods, the sweet look of Italian cypress trees at sunset, the pleasant faces of their girls at home, as they unscrewed the machine guns from the ship, took the tins of food, the ammunition and the rifles to a little mound nearby. They sat cleaning the barrels of the guns, for a while. One hundred and fifty miles are no joke, when you've got to play hide and seek with mountain tribesmen all the way.

Nearby hills suddenly were alive with men. The two airmen sat up. White shammas (the cotton sheets natives drape around their shoulders) dotted the green foliage and advanced slowly. There was no doubting their intentions—they carried rifles across their shoulders, like shovels, Ethiopian fashion. There were chieftains on mule back, surrounded by their bodyguards trotting alongside, holding to the saddles. Captain Licitra and Sergeant Miele slipped cartridges into the barrels of their guns, released the safety catches and shook hands without speaking.

But the shammas did not come closer. They came to earshot, a dirty line of dirty white cloth, black faces and black feet. They deployed on a hilltop and stopped, doubtful. Hope trickled into the minds of the fliers.

Captain Licitra, a middle aged man, who had flown over the North African colonies many grueling years, had an idea. He had been in tight spots before, but he had never seen anything so enervating as that row of black men, standing silently, making up their minds. He stood up, hands on hips, looked them over carefully. They all looked at him curiously. He made a megaphone with his hands and shouted:

"Anybody there speaking Italian? An old ascari? Let him come forward."

There was a conference among the important people, and a young man dropped his gun (it is not respectful to come up armed to an older, more important person, according to Ethiopian etiquette). The Sergeant looked at him over the sights of his machine gun, while the black man crossed the open ground.

"Do you speak Italian?" asked the Captain. The boy was standing at attention.

"*Non, mon Capitaine. Moi parler Français,*" answered the Ethiopian. He was an Azebu-Galla, and had served a few years in French Somaliland.

"All those people Azebu-Gallas?" asked the Captain in French. He was standing very erect, speaking a bit superciliously as if he were the only person rightly occupying the grounds and was annoyed at seeing so many people go and come as they damned well pleased.

"*Oui,*" answered the boy. "*Touts Azebu-Gallas.*"

The Azebus are one of the wildest tribes of Ethiopians. They live on the eastern rim of the high plateau, where it gently slopes towards the parched, lava covered plains of the Danakil desert. They have no other means of subsistence than carrying on little wars of their own against neighboring tribes, stealing cattle, women, slaves and supplying themselves with fresh human trophies. They have always refused to pay tribute to the Negus, and he never attempted to send soldiers to punish them, for he well knew that his men would never have come back alive.

At the beginning of the war a few of their chiefs and their most revered holy man, Cadi Seragi, traveled to the Italian border, at Renda Coma. They saw the captain in command of the garrison, in a hut built on the river bed that separates Ethiopia from Eritrea. After much dickering they were granted what they had come for: arms, ammunition, and freedom to do whatever their fancy suggested behind the lines of the Imperial armies. Nothing much is known about what happened to them, since the day they walked away with plenty of rifles and about two hundred rounds of ammunition each. Prisoners told us (but this was weeks after Captain Licitra's adventure) that Azebu-Galla tribesmen had lain in ambush along the roads going south. They waited for weary columns of routed Ethiopians, stopped every man at gun point. First they disarmed him, then the Semitic strain left in the blood of all these black people by King Solomon himself asserted itself. If the captive had two silver thalers to give up, he went free. Otherwise his carcass landed on the heap with the rest of the impecunious. They harassed the Imperial Guardsmen, they assaulted lonely units, they raided supplies and caravans of food and ammunition. Captain Licitra, however, knew nothing about all this. All he had heard was that the Azebus were revolting against the Negus, and against all Amharas and Shoans, ruling peoples of Ethiopia.

He turned to the men far away and called out:

"Let your chiefs come here. I must speak to them." The boy translated, and when the old bearded tribesmen surrounded him he said:

"The King of Italy has sent me to rule over you. You know that the King of Italy is very powerful. He aids, enriches and rewards his faithful servants with cattle, land and titles. He destroys all those who betray him. So beware. I have spoken."

A faint cheer rose. The captain blinked. Blood came back in his face. Overcome with relief, the Sergeant forgot his place and muttered the Italian equivalent of: "You got 'em, kid!" The Captain smiled, and all the bearded chieftains smiled with him.

"We all know how powerful the King of Italy is," said the boy who had served in French Somaliland.

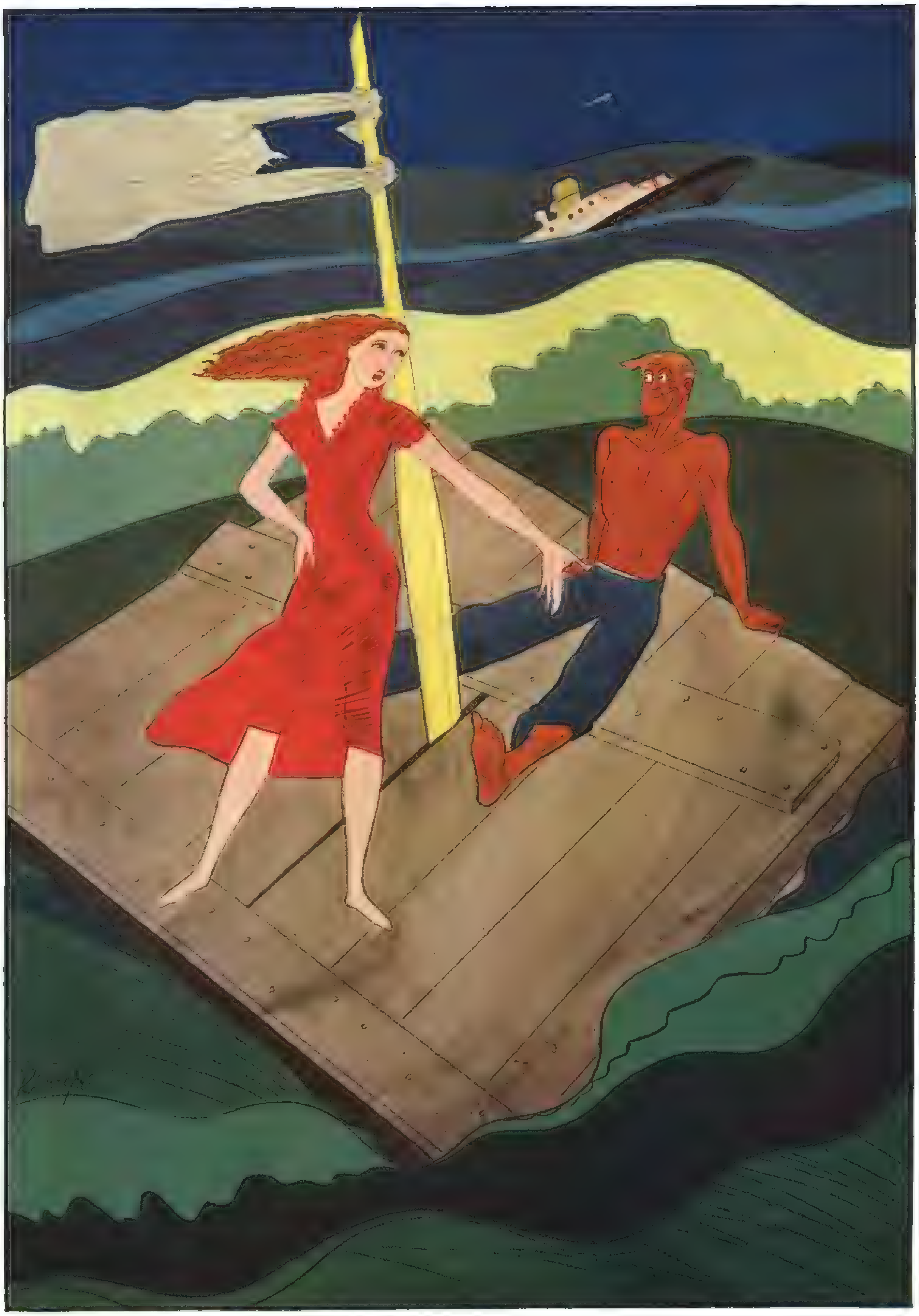
Sergeant Miele and Captain Licitra had a group of rifle bearers assigned to them at once, and were escorted to the nearest village under the shadow of pink and green umbrellas, on the saddles of the best mules. All the other chiefs walked alongside, as a mark of respect. They were given sour milk, honey, eggs, chicken and goats. Young calves were killed in their honor, incense was burned, and they sat and listened to incomprehensible chanting and speech making for days. Docile girls, prettiest of the tribe, were brought to their grass huts every night, bedecked with veils and jewelry. Captain Licitra behaved as befits the envoy of a great power, advising the priests and the chiefs as to the best policies for them to pursue, and he was always very busy with affairs of state. But the Sergeant, who thought he was going to be dead long before, made the most of it. After a week, he could speak a little of the language, knew everybody and was very popular with the girls. "They smelled like elderly goats," he confessed later. "But you know how it is. There is nothing like coming back to life to appreciate all kinds of things. They had a nice, brown color, something like good tobacco, and you got accustomed to the smell in a couple of days, anyway."

After a fortnight, when their companions had already given them up for lost, masses were being said for their salvation, they suddenly appeared. They were mounted on beautiful mules, followed by a trotting bodyguard of Azebu-Gallas, protected against the sun rays by ornate umbrellas. They had safely traveled through enemy lines, over paths that only cattle raiders knew. Everywhere along the way more Azebu-Gallas had been warned of their arrival by fast runners, and were waiting for them with gifts of milk and goats.

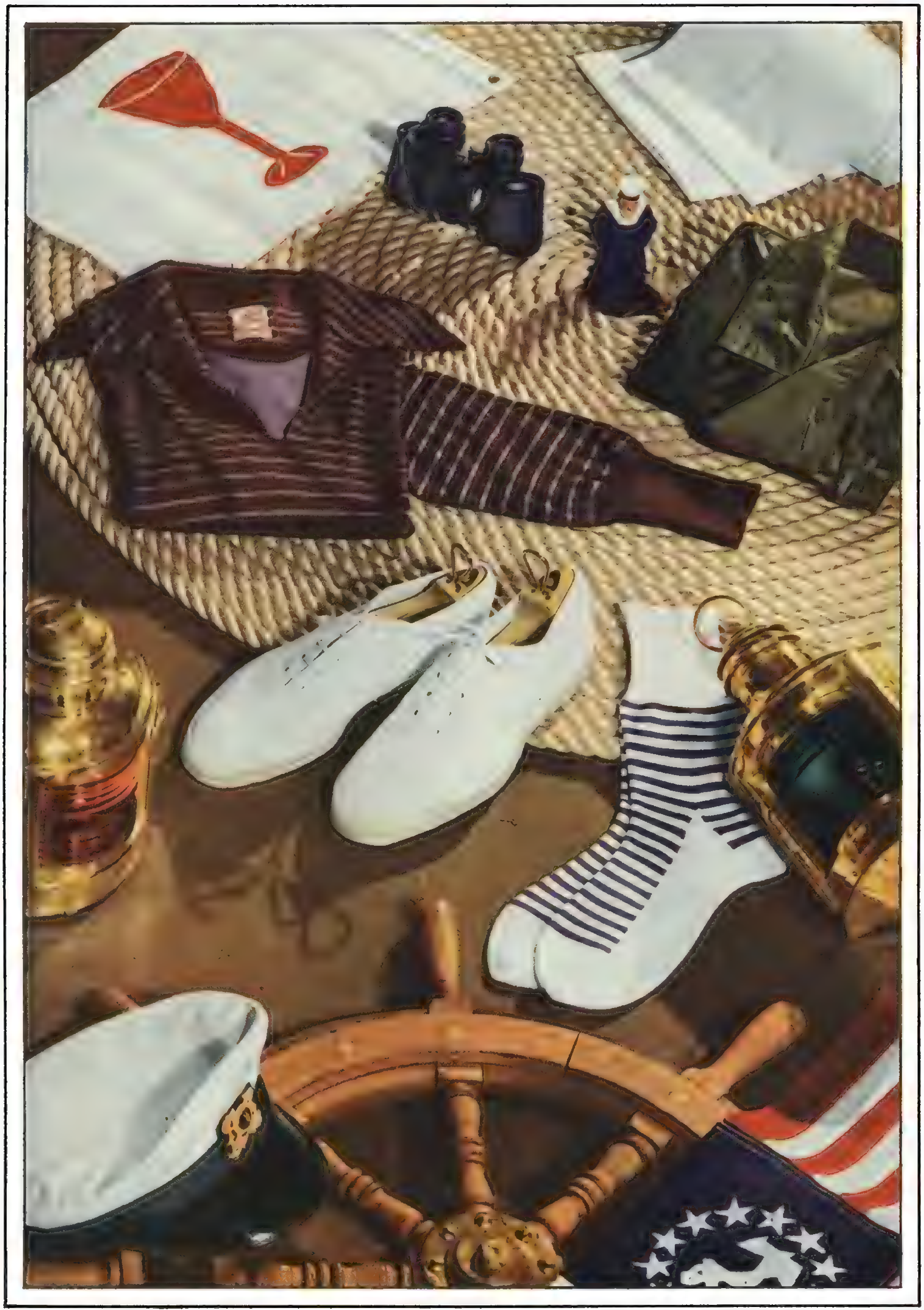
* * *

The story of Captain Licitra and Sergeant Miele is unique. Still they're not the only ones to come back after their superior officers had already wired their families, had written handsome letters about the heroic death of their dear ones, and had shipped to Italy all their uniforms and papers. Others have appeared with gaunt faces, whiskers of three or four weeks on their hollow cheeks, torn clothes, no shoes. They fainted at the feet of the first sentry they met, and had to be carried to a hospital and fed carefully for days before they could recuperate and tell the stories of their marches.

All of them stare in front of them at some invisible, ghastly thing, and sometimes smile to themselves, silently. They've gone through one of the fiercest experiences of man, this infernal suspension between life and death. There is no immediate, clean end for them. No instantaneous destruction. They wait and wait, days and weeks, before knowing for certain what an absentminded and busy God has finally decided for them. It's almost easier for them to crash their plane headfirst into the ground and know their fate. But they never do that. They just wait.



"Yes, ma'm—I believe in miracles"



DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

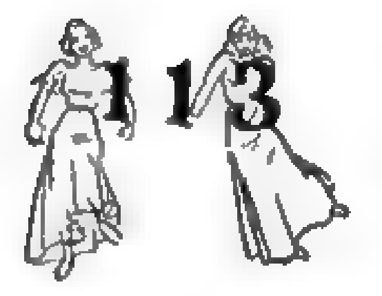
SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE COCKTAIL HOUR

THE correct flag to fly at the cocktail hour is displayed in the upper left hand corner. Proceeding around the coil of rope in comparatively clockwise fashion your eye will come upon a pair of binoculars, a pair of white duck yachting trousers, a miniature sailor, hand carved out of wood, a light weight oilskin coat, regatta striped light weight wool hose, white canvas sneakers alleged by our fashion staff to possess rope soles although they look mighty like rubber from where we sit, and a long sleeved horizontal striped wool shirt with built-in bib at the throat. The page is flanked by port and starboard lanterns while at the bottom you will find the correct white top yachting cap and the regulation sailing flag. We feel better about this description if we conclude by the frank admission, just among us boys, that it's all sort of silly if you happen not to have, among your souvenirs, a yacht.

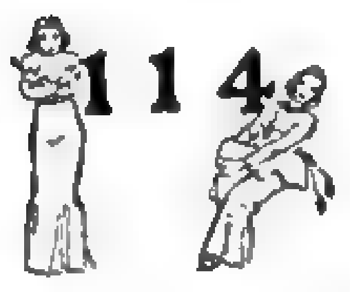
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

She's No Longer Faithful If—

Continued from page 69



113 She is devoted to amateur photography and takes thousands of photographs yearly, all of which she pastes neatly into albums. The album of 1935 contained 976 pictures of you and 3 of your best friend Ralph, but 1936's album already contains 1,741 pictures of Ralph, and but 98 of you. You will not notice this until three years from now.

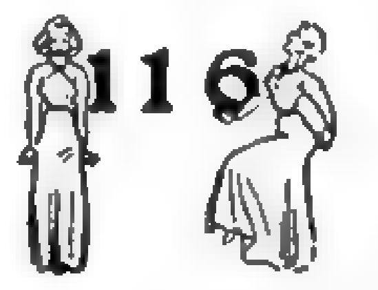


114 You are unexpectedly ill and must stay home from the office. There is no maid, and the drugstore being short of help does not deliver. Accordingly your wife goes out for aspirin. Meanwhile you are astonished when the grocery clerk delivers the groceries in the bedroom.

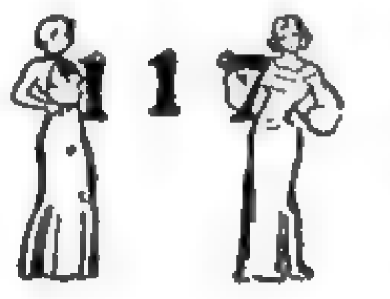
115 You are dark and your mistress is dark. Brunette Latin blood course back far in both of your families.

You were absent for seven months last year when your very best friend, a blond Norwegian, suddenly insisted upon taking you to Africa at his own expense. You have never been able to understand his generosity.

Five years from now your mistress will "adopt" a blond baby from a private institution which she has often visited.

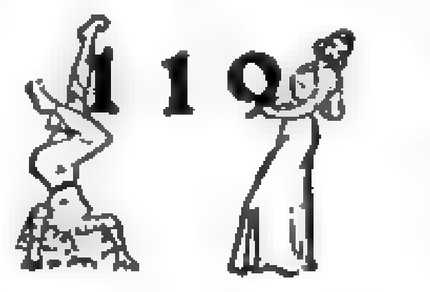


116 You overhear your wife saying to the wife of your best friend, "Darling, your husband is suppressing your personality; you really must step out for yourself."



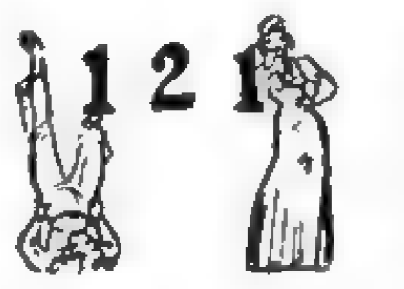
117 Your wife is terror-stricken and breaks into tears when you announce that your company has transferred you to a much better position in a distant city, and that you must both pack up and leave this neighborhood within a week.

118 On the day before you left home, your twin beds were drawn with new sheets. You have only been absent three days, but when you come home, the beds have again been drawn with new sheets.

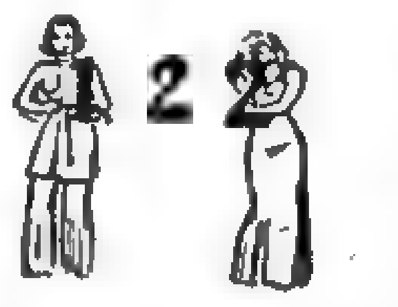


119 Your old Army automatic and a Persian dagger have disappeared from the bedroom. In response to your question she says, "Oh darling, I just *couldn't sleep when they were in our bedroom!*"

120 Maids are never discharged while you are at home. They are only discharged at the end of your long absences "because they steal."

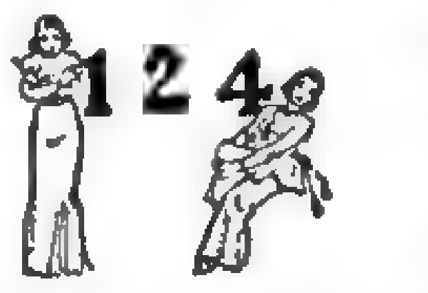


121 Her appetite, always singularly bird-like, is now ravenous although she now obviously takes less physical exercise than formerly, does not increase in weight, is not expecting a "Happy Event," and sleeps almost three hours longer every day.

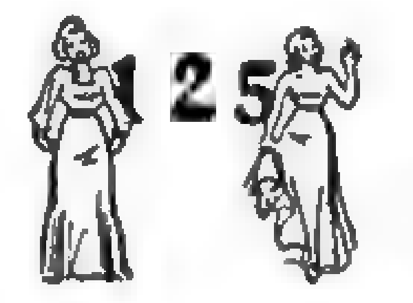


122 If you (who hate popular songs) would learn the words of the "torch" songs she hums in "his" (and your) presence, you may be surprised to find that these words are singularly appropriate to the unhappy situation she and he find themselves in; they might, as a matter of fact, well be conversing in code.

123 She no longer calls you "darling" or "dearest" if the new handsome butler is within earshot, and he, for his part, now seems to mix your highballs a shade too strong each and every evening, although you have repeatedly ordered him not to, as they tend to make you sleepy instead of animated.



124 She has always hated time-pieces and considered people who use them drones. This week, however, a beautiful new clock has appeared in her boudoir, and a new wristwatch accompanies her wherever she goes.



125 Her hair is a special color; her hairpins are specially made. The next time you find them beneath the sofa in the bachelor apartment of your best friend, or lost away in some deep crevice of that sofa's upholstery, she blithely supposes that "they belong to another red-head." #

Sleuths of the Stir

Continued from page 57

who carried whatever article or substance was used. When the chemist discovered candle wax sticking to the inside of one leg of "Big Mike's" trousers, the deputy felt sure he was on the right track. "Big Mike" had carried a candle strapped to his leg.

The next thing was to find out where Mike got the candle, as this might show who his accomplices were, assuming of course that he had any.

The most logical source of his supply was the store room, where the candles were kept. They were only used in emergencies, when the electric lights were off, and they were promptly counted and returned to the store room afterwards. So Old Calamity asked the store room guard, the guard who was on duty in the tailor shop, and two or three others who were more familiar with "Big Mike's" prison acquaintances than the rest, whether he seemed to be on particularly friendly terms with anyone in the store room. Two of the guards remembered seeing "Big Mike" and Halloran together on several occasions. Here the trail ended until the deputy called Halloran into his office and secured his confession.

The deputy knew, of course, that the candle said to contain Halloran's finger prints was not the one which had been used to start the tailor shop fire. *But Halloran didn't know it*, even though he may have wondered that a small bit of candle could survive such a blaze. So he promptly confessed, after he thought "Big Mike" had told all about it anyhow, and "Big Mike" did likewise, when he found Halloran's written confession. He didn't have to tell *how* the candle was used. Old Calamity knew how immediately he found out it was a candle. "Big Mike," before leaving the shop, had surreptitiously lit the candle, after placing some shavings at its base. Over the candle he then placed a small wooden box, with a hole in the top for air so that the light wouldn't smother.

Two hours later the candle burned down low enough to ignite the shavings, which ignited the box, which in turn ignited the entire shop. More than one fire, in prison as well as out, has been started in just this manner, as Old Calamity well knew. So, the case solved, Old Calamity, like Sherlock Holmes, went back to the hypodermic needles—only in this instance it was an entire case of needles which had been found back of a pipe in the basement. It was up to the deputy to find out who smuggled them in, and how, not a particularly easy job when it is considered that perhaps a fourth of the prisoners in the institution were narcotic addicts.

This kind of detective work is going on all the time in every large penal institution in the United States. One reads at almost regular intervals, for instance, that prisoners who had secured guns in some mysterious manner have made a break for liberty. But what one does not read about are the number of cases in which smart indoor detective work on the part of prison officials has either prevented the smuggling in of guns, or located them after they have once gotten in.

There isn't a prison in the United States in which some of the inmates are not constantly plotting at all times to bring in firearms in order to assist in a getaway. To thwart these plots requires real sleuthing capacity, tact, ability to secure the loyalty of men and an almost uncanny feeling of just when to "close in."

In this work, as in detective work on the outside, the ubiquitous stool-pigeon plays his part. Indeed, he plays the greater part, as without him the prison officials would be almost helpless against smuggling, not only of guns, but of files, saws, narcotics and other contraband. So when Old Calamity hears, through the mysterious prison underground, that an effort is being made to get in some guns, he gets busy immediately. Thus, on one occasion, a prisoner in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, slid up to the deputy in the yard of the penitentiary and, without moving his lips, conveyed the information that an effort was about to be made to introduce some firearms. When interviewed later on, the prisoner contended that all he knew was that the guns were to be buried on the prison farm. He refused to divulge the source of his information on the ground that he was not a stool-pigeon and that his only reason for telling was that he didn't want to see anyone hurt.

Immediately the farm gang was increased by five or six men. On the instructions of the deputy, they were assigned various jobs which would keep them on the outskirts of the farm. One was to work at the pig pen, another was to cut timber, a third was to be placed in charge of the chaplain's garden at the end of the corn field, and so on.

A month later three revolvers and several rounds of ammunition were found on the one corner of the farm where none of the *new* men had been placed.

What the deputy warden had done was simply to send out five or six men who were notorious stool-pigeons, and who were known to all the other prisoners to be such. This convinced the men in the plot, who were unknown to the deputy, that there had been a leak of some kind. The deputy warden figured that one of two things would happen; either the men in the plot would become scared and abandon it altogether, or they would note the unguarded portion of the prison farm and change whatever plans they may have made and have the guns "planted" in that portion. Either way would have been satisfactory to Old Calamity, as, unknown to all the prisoners, he had five or six

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Sleuths of the Stir

Continued from pages 57-133

guards go over the unguarded part of the farm foot by foot every morning before the men came out to work. After the guns were found the deputy warden had them put back in the same place, and then stationed a guard with field glasses in a citizen's house opposite the farm, with instructions not to take his eyes off that particular spot. In a few days one of the farm gang working in that vicinity suddenly stooped, picked up the guns and put them in his blouse. A few moments later a very much surprised prisoner handed the "rods" over to the deputy warden, thereby, in all probability, saving the lives of one or more of the "screws."

It is seldom, however, that the prison officials use *known* stool-pigeons, as the value of a stool-pigeon is in the same ratio as his ability to remain unsuspected by his fellows. The official using such a one must be exceedingly careful in communicating with him, as the prisoner is constantly watching other inmates, and is quick to note any undue interest in any particular one on the part of any of the officers. Thus, where a deputy warden wanted to place a prisoner on the farm in order to watch for some guns, he arranged that the prisoner should complain of his health to his fellows, and that he should be examined by the doctors, and found to have "bad lungs." The doctors recommended outdoor work, so the deputy warden in this roundabout manner had him placed on the farm without arousing suspicion. His trouble was well rewarded as the prisoner, in a few weeks, turned in five guns which had been "planted."

It is when a gun is known to be already in the prison, however, that the officials must act with the greatest speed, ingenuity and resourcefulness. Then a slight mistake, a careless move, the choosing of the wrong stool-pigeon—any one of a dozen errors may result in a getaway or the injury of several officers, or both. And it is extraordinary how word will get about in a penal institution that there is a gun somewhere inside, although no one seems to know definitely where it is nor who has it. I have personally known a case in which for months there was a persistent underground "flash," known to every man in the institution, that there was a "gat" inside, and yet, although certain of its truth, the officials were unable to obtain any definite information about it.

Then one day a prisoner cautiously informed the warden that he knew who the prisoner was who had had the gun brought in, but that he didn't know where he had it hidden. A careful search was made of the suspected one's cell, and, after working hours, of the shop where he was employed. Nothing was found. That Saturday afternoon during the recreation period in the yard a prisoner walked up to the deputy warden in a place where a large number of the inmates were assembled watching the baseball game. In a voice which he made no attempt to lower, he said, "Deputy, I found this gun," at the same time handing the weapon over to that official. "Come into my office," the deputy said, leading him away. Two days later the deputy had another gun, this time the one he was really after.

Once again we'll call on our mythical Dr. Watson. Knowing human nature well the deputy reasoned that if the prisoner who had hidden the gun really thought someone had found it he would naturally try to verify that fact. The guard and one or two friendly prisoners in the shop where this man worked were instructed to watch him every minute of the time without doing it so openly of course as to make the suspected inmate suspicious. They were particularly instructed to note whether he looked at any particular place. The guilty one simply gave himself away by constantly looking surreptitiously toward a certain corner of the room. The toilets were located in this corner and every time this inmate went to the toilet those watching him noted that he cast a furtive glance at a particular radiator. The gun was found in the back of the radiator wedged in between the pipes in such a way that it had escaped detection in previous searches.

Generally speaking, prisoners are much more afraid of their fellow-prisoners than they are of the officers, so that it is no unusual thing for the officers to get anonymous tips from inmates who are afraid that even being seen holding a conversation with a guard may fasten suspicion upon them as stool-pigeons. Many of these "tips" are mere canards, started by prisoners anxious to enjoy sending the deputy warden (who usually attends to such matters) off on a wild goose chase. But no matter how fantastic and improbable they may sound, it is the height of folly to cast them aside without investigation, and no experienced prison man holds them lightly. Usually the information contained in these notes is so meagre that it becomes necessary to locate the writer in order to obtain enough to enable the officers to act. Finding the writer of an anonymous note among two or three thousand convicts, many of them past masters in the art of deceit and dissimulation, would make even the famous detectives of fiction step a bit. But many prison officials, who do not seem on the surface to be particularly smart or intelligent, do it dozens of times a year, and look upon this skillful work as such a matter of routine that it never even occurs to them that there is anything difficult or unusual about it.

A prison official whom I know very well, found on the floor in front of his office a note reading, "Depty there is 6 gats in the place." That was all. The letter was "printed." There was no finger print or handwriting clue. The deputy went over the note carefully with a large magnifying glass. On the back he found a small piece of cotton waste. But cotton waste was used in almost every shop in the institution where there was machinery of any kind. Fifty or sixty prisoners engaged in cleaning used cotton waste all the time. Besides, there might have been a bit clinging to the surface on which the paper was lying when the note was written. Not much of a clue there. The deputy sent for his prisoner-chemist, who soon found coal dust on the paper. This possibly narrowed the hunt down to the men who worked in the boiler room, the only place in the institution where coal was handled. The note then went to the finger-print expert of the institution, who sprinkled fine white powder over it in order to bring out any finger-prints of the kind invariably made by even the slightest perspiration on the thumbs or fingers. There were no prints of any kind on the paper.

The deputy then went over his list of convicts assigned to work in the boiler room. There were twelve. Three of these were mountaineers convicted of moonshining, simple country fellows who never knew there were such things as fingerprints until they got to the penitentiary. They would never have thought of keeping fingerprints off the paper, as the man who wrote the note evidently did. They were therefore eliminated from the deputy's calculations. Of the remaining nine, one was going out in five weeks and one in three months. It wasn't probable that men who had most of their time "in" would risk losing all their "good time" in an attempted getaway. So the deputy cancelled two more, leaving seven. But among the seven was old "Jerry Jingles," as the prisoners called him, who had put in seventeen years of a life term and was so "prison simple" that no inmate of any intelligence would think of taking him into their confidence. So Jerry's name came out, leaving six. Of the six, one was a foreigner, entirely illiterate, and unable to write a word either in his own language or in English. This left five, all old-timers, and all "prison-wise."

The deputy then called the guard in charge of the boiler room into his office, handed him the five names and instructed him what to do. Mr. Meyers, the guard, nodded his head and, asking no questions why, went back to his work. Within the course of a week five notes signed by Mr. Meyers came to the deputy warden's desk. They read:

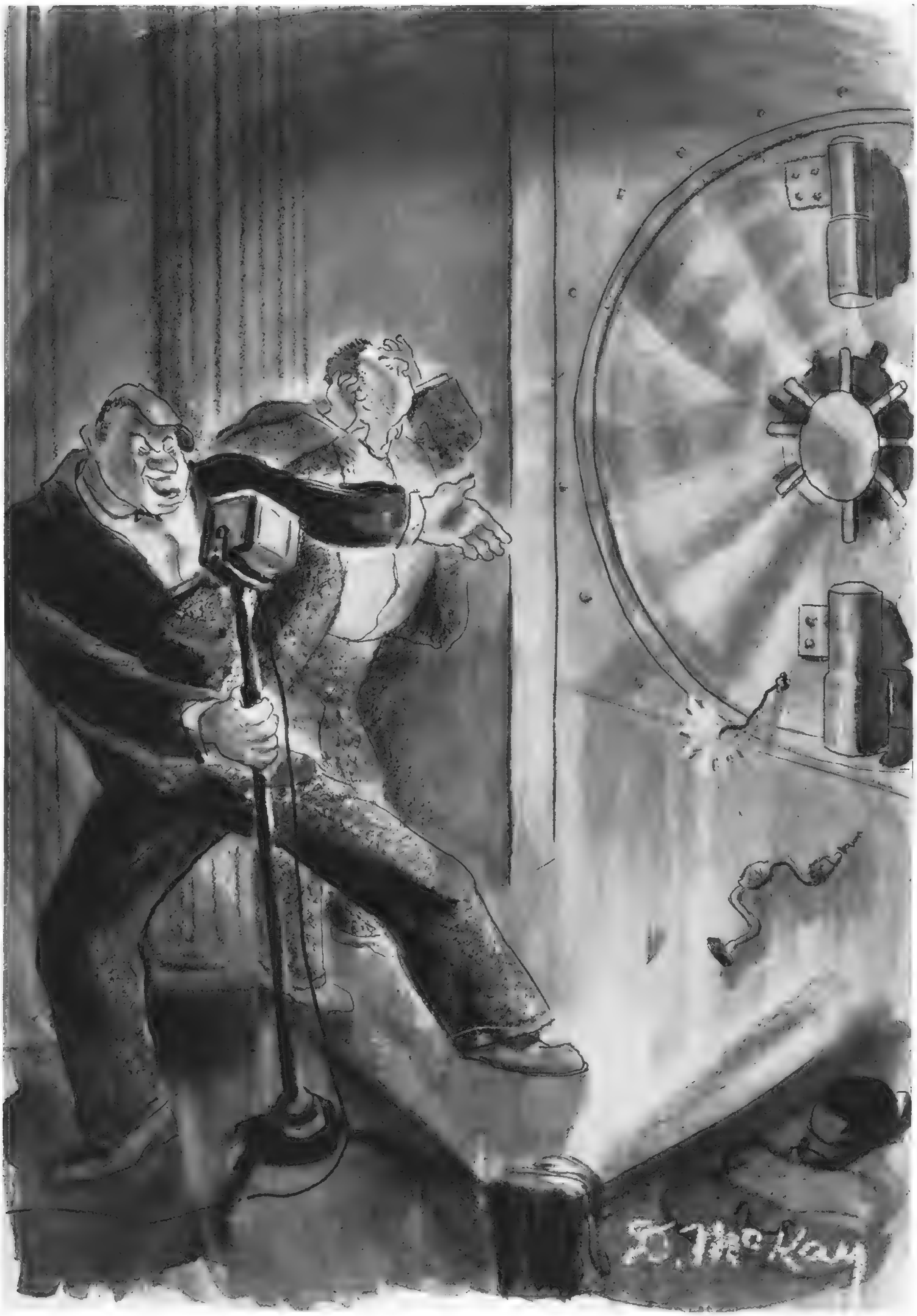
> Deputy: Will you please approve this pass for Martin.
>
> Deputy: We will need more coal by the middle of the month.
>
> Deppity: I ned to mor men at onnce.
>
> Deputy: Please send Johnson to fix steam pipe leak.
>
> Depty: Will you please sign this order.

A few minutes after the last note was received the deputy sent for Eddie Francis, one of the five men. "I got your letter about the six gats," said Old Calamity. There followed many bitter protestations and indignant denials on the part of the prisoner, and persuasive promises and threats on the part of the deputy, but in less than an hour the elusive "six gats" were in the prison armory where they would do no harm. Francis left the deputy's office in a daze, twisting around in his crooked mind every detail connected with the writing of his letter of warning, and hoping that the six prisoners in the get-away plot never got wise to the part he played in thwarting it. But he doesn't know, and never will, how the deputy found out that he had written the letter.

But, after the deputy had eliminated all but the five men the task of finding the writer was comparatively easy. Mr. Meyers, the boiler room guard, was told to give each of the five prisoners some message to write to the deputy. Mr. Meyers would say casually, "Oh, Henderson, write a note to the deputy and ask him to O. K. this pass," or "Sinclair, write a note to the deputy that we need more coal," and so on. The only one of the five who spelled the word "deputy" like it was spelled in the letter about the six guns was Francis, hence the deputy's conclusion that in this particular case Francis was "it."

Certainly it is detective work of a high order when, with no other clue than a shred of cotton waste, one is able by a process of deduction and elimination to find the writer of an anonymous letter out of two or three thousand men. In the finding of smuggled guns the prison officials must either be able to do it or go down in the bitter, silent, incessant struggle that is ever going on between convicts and their keepers.

Outside of prisons, clever detective work receives widespread and favorable publicity, and the failures are soon forgotten. Failure inside the walls is widely advertised by the bloody acts which follow in its train. The successes are not forgotten; they are simply never known. For, whatever defects the prison officer may have, an excessive amount of self-advertising is certainly not one of them. #



"Dis promises to be one of de most daring boiglaries in hist'ry, folks!"

A Horse on Me

Continued from page 63

important era of the Morgan migration; there were Morgans in the gold rush to California, and the year 1853 was decisive because of the triumphal tour of Hale's Green Mountain Morgan which devastated the state fairs of Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan, after cleaning up in New England. This horse (b. 1834, d. 1863) was for a time more famous than the president of the nation; General Wool called him "the finest parade horse in the country," and he could stand by the side of a cannon when it was being fired and like it. At this time every horse expert in the country agreed that Si Hale's champion was the noblest specimen and most perfect descendant of Justin Morgan's original horse that existed, and when he paraded at Saratoga Springs, multitudes pushed and shouted for him as they were to do for Atlantic fliers years later.

As each of the great succession of Morgans became famous, interest in Justin increased. In fact in the days when he was still known as Figure, horseflesh lovers went to Springfield to interview Si Whitman, but Si couldn't tell them much. Si guessed that Figure's sire or dam, or whatever the technical name is for pa and ma, might have been a Canadian pony—they were careless about those things in those days—but the experts shook their heads and declared soon afterwards that there must have been the blood of the Godolphin Barb, the Darley Arabian or the Byerly Turk in him. He was too good. In fact he was registered by Messrs. Weatherly in England which then was the equivalent of the *Who's Who* and *Social Register* of the four-footed single-toed world.

Those were the great days of foaling: 1793 Justin Morgan, né Figure; 1839 Denmark, famous sire of the Kentucky saddle horse; 1849 Rysdyk's Hambletonian, great progenitor of speed at trot. Pioneers, oh Pioneers.

In his youth Justin Morgan was always borrowed by the commanding officer on Muster Day. He too recognized the name "Figure" was no misnomer for both horse and man. And when the Civil War finally came about and Lincoln needed horses as well as men, Vermont was one of the few sources of the former, the state was stripped of them, and soon the best regiments of the North were charging into battle mounted on the best and dominating horse of the time, the Morgan. Vermont itself contributed the 185th or First Vermont Cavalry.

Morgans were America's cavalry horses down to almost the date of the Spanish-American war. Officially Justin Morgan's descendants ruled West Point until 1886. And although the military forgot him for awhile, in 1906 the United States established a government breeding farm at Middlebury, Vermont with Colonel Joseph Battell in charge. In 1918 incidentally there was a fine scandal when President E. A. Darling of the Morgan Horse Club sent a committee which investigated and reported that the government was introducing an amount of "cold blood"—what swell technical phrases the profession does use—for the purpose of obtaining a faster horse. General Gates, the chief of stud, was termed a mongrel, the Morgan way of putting "part Arab," and the United States was told plainly to breed Morgans or quit the business. "The Morgan Horse is one thing. Every other kind of horse is something else," is the homely way Vermonters put it. Although the Founder may have had all sorts of small amounts of cold blood, the race must be kept pure.

Some say that Justin Morgan was the son of True Briton—and the name "True" is made much of—who was also known as Beautiful Bay, and out of a daughter of Diamond, get of Church's Wildair. (I am merely quoting, because such phrases as "out of" and "get" are beyond my lay mind.) But it is known that he was a dark bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and was described in colonial days as "high, sharply cut head; prominent dark eyes, lively and pleasant; wide set ears pointed and erect; round body, thin legs, wide apart and straight; his action was straight, bold and vigorous; his style proud, nervous and imposing . . . a beautiful symmetrical, stylish, vibrant animal renowned for looks, manners and substance." Everyone agrees that the founder and his offspring have individuality, unusual intelligence, cleverness, docility and great prepotency, and few sires have been more impressive in the transmission of characteristics.

Justin Morgan was 14 hands high, and you can figure that out in feet and inches because I can't. He was in stud twenty years, had twelve to fourteen sons and as many daughters, and among the notable descendants listed in the Morgan register are Tom Hal, founder of the Tennessee pacers, notably Little Brown Jug, Brown Hal, Hal Pointer and Star Pointer, and more recently, Napoleon Direct.

But in his prepotent youth Justin Morgan was known only in the neighborhood of Randolph, where he was a work horse most of the year, and a stallion when the spirit moved him. And whether or not a fellow New Englander named Emerson said that the world would make a beaten track into the wilderness if a man produced a superior mousetrap, it is a fact that the colonial world of those stagecoach days did hear about the great Vermont stallion, and soon they came from all the colonies for a look and service. Kentucky breeders were the first to call, and to this day famous Kentucky saddle horses have Morgan blood in them. The blood was kept pure by breeding in parallel lines and then inbreeding, and the result was that the type was fixed and the character maintained for generations.

Between 1850 and 1870, American equine history records, the children of Justin Morgan dominated the country. The most distinctive type of native horse in America was the Morgan, and in these decades it reached its highest fame.

The descendants did not show thoroughbred characteristics and this fact is the main thesis of the Arab school of geneology. But they have more than that on which to base their claim that Arab and Barb blood somehow got mixed in West Springfield, Massachusetts: they have the preponderant fact that Justin Morgan had one vertebra less than the American horse, in other words, the same number of vertebrae as the Oriental, and to an ignorant layman this looks like evidence.

In 1821 Justin Morgan died as the result of an accident. He left four noted stallion colts to spread his name, his fame, his qualities of beauty, form and stamina: they were Bulrush, Sherman, Woodbury and Revenge. All the great Morgans trace back to this powerful quartet. At the Vermont State Fair held in White River Junction in 1908 the prize winners had the pedigrees of Hale's Green Mountain Morgan, the world famous Ethan Allen, Peter's Morgan, Billy Root, Ide's Black Morgan, Comet, Billy Bourdette, Morgan Lion, the Batcheldor Horse, and others whose heraldry and escutcheons were less questionable than Haile Selassie's family tree which he says began with Solomon and the well publicized visit of the Queen of Sheba.

On the hundredth anniversary of the death of Justin, the Morgan Horse Club honored Adam by erecting a statue to him. On the pedestal there is a prosaic dedication. I wish a colonial description of this nag had been written there also; it was said of him that "he had a bold trappy way of going," and what a last line that is for his memorial.

The Bureau of Animal Industry heralds a revival in its "Stallion Enrollment and Horse Breeding Situation" report which shows that "for the first time in many years the number of stallions and jacks licensed for public service in this country took an upward turn." Incidentally the horse census shows 11,827,000, a decrease of 136,000 or only 1 per cent, the smallest decrease in any year since the date which marks the Decline and Fall of the Noble American Horse, the Century of Ford and Chrysler and General Motors, which began in 1918.

Times are changing: the government report shows that farmers and breeders who were indifferent towards the horse in the decade 1920-1930 are now "alert"; a shortage impends; the value of horses has risen; the stallion is once more king of the farmyard, and from 1932 to date the annual colt crop shows an increase. Mr. S. R. Speelman of the Bureau of Animal Industry advises us all to go in for colts right away, because after 1936—and this is statistical and not political wish-fulfillment—the corner will be turned, and horse stocks will be at a premium. (You might in fact write to Mr. Speelman for the report if you are not thinking of turning your barn into a living room, as I am, or if the theater business is good in your parts.)

In the more prosaic language of a U. S. Department of Agriculture report celebrating the first century of Justin Morgan, the descendants are listed as generally chestnut brown, bay or black, while extensive white marks are not common; they are a little under 15 hands as an average and the weight is usually around 1,000 pounds; "this breed has always been noted for smooth lines, good style, easy keeping qualities, endurance, and docility . . . the latter however, not being obtained at a sacrifice of ambition or courage. Small ears, full eyes . . . crested necks . . . enduring legs and feet are the qualities that have made Morgan horses famous for a century."

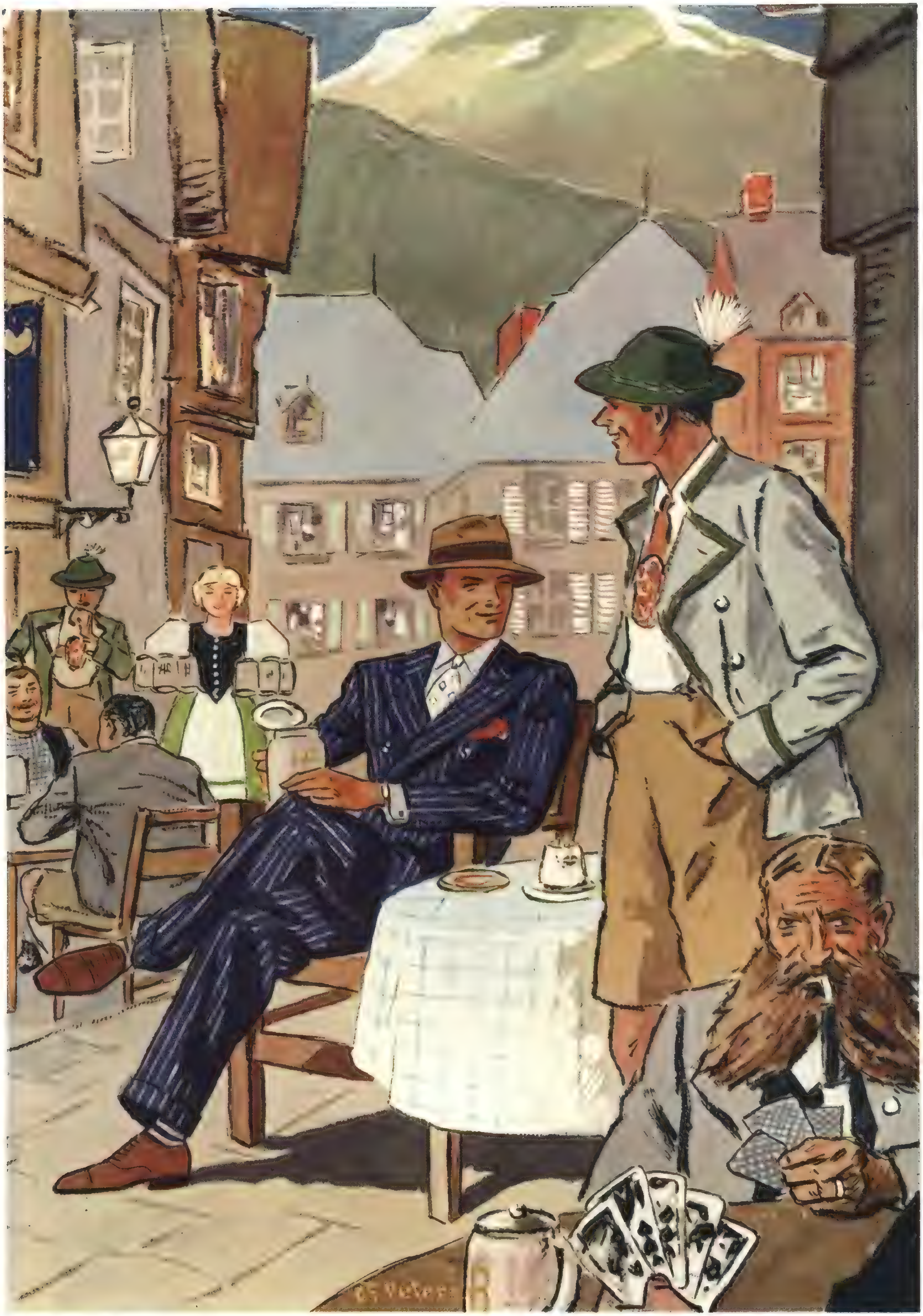
Today there are seven Morgan farms in the state of Vermont, including the government farm. The one at Townshend is run by Miss Ann Dickson, a charming young lady and a marvelous rider. When I made my first visit my knowledge of horses ran to exactly one typewritten page, as afore-written. Miss Dickson talked about Morgans and she had all the professorial tomes on the subject. Then we went to the stables.

Well, they were nice horses. Like dogs and cats and people, good breeding was recognizable by the unilluminated, and the Morgans were impressive. There were mares and stallions and colts in nice stalls each with a printed name and ancestry, and underneath it the known percentage of Morgan blood. And then Miss Dickson told her groom to bring in Sealect.

Even before the great stallion entered the general barn the atmosphere changed. B.O. instead of being a social handicap is apparently a valued attribute among the so-called lower animals, and all the four-footed inmates of the stable knew that the maestro was on his way. What tension. What restrained excitement. What nostril twitching.

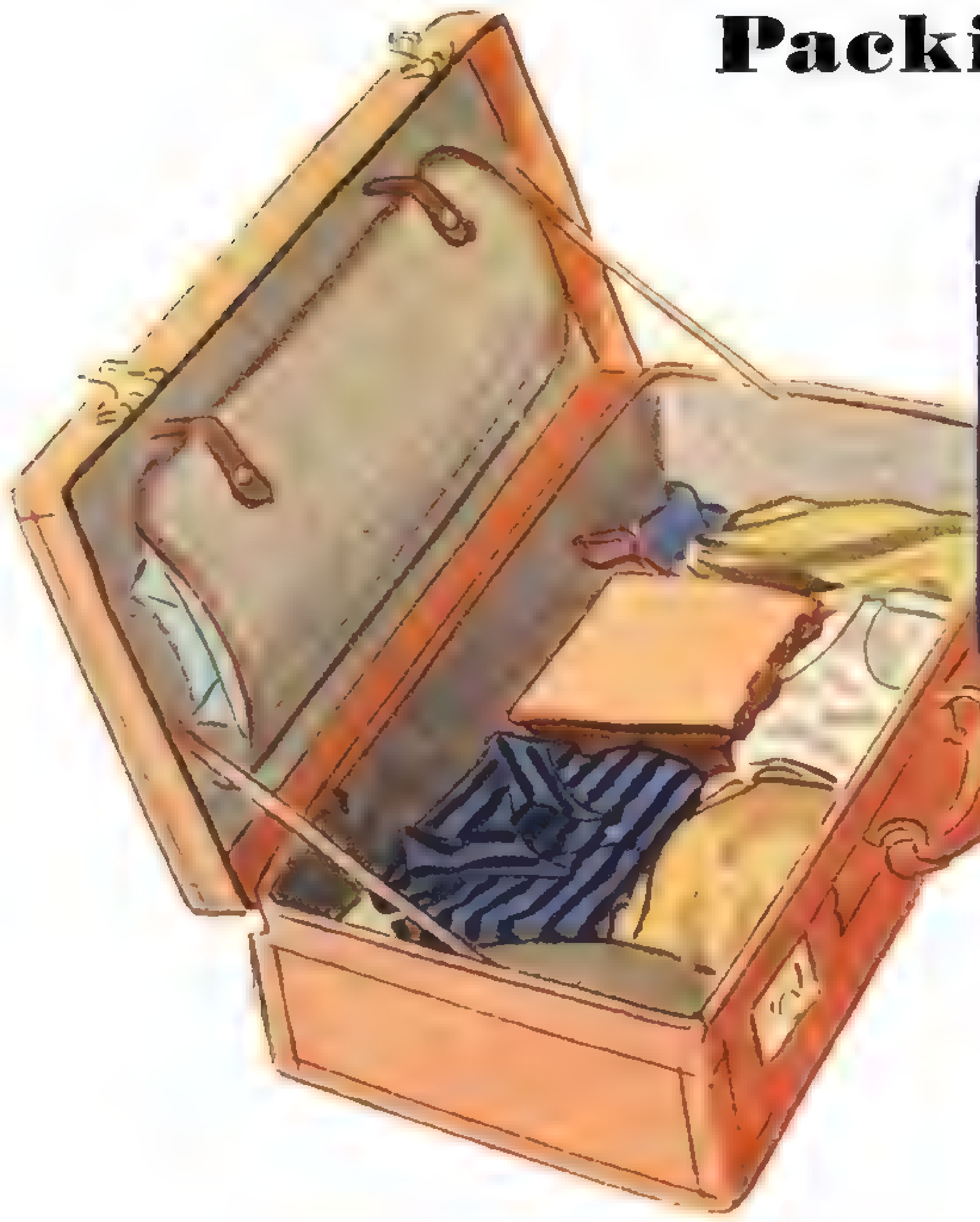
The door swung open and Sealect, lineal descendant of Adam, with thundering hoofs which actually struck sparks of fire on the iron threshold, and nostrils which some day I will surely say breathed fire, burst upon us and scared the

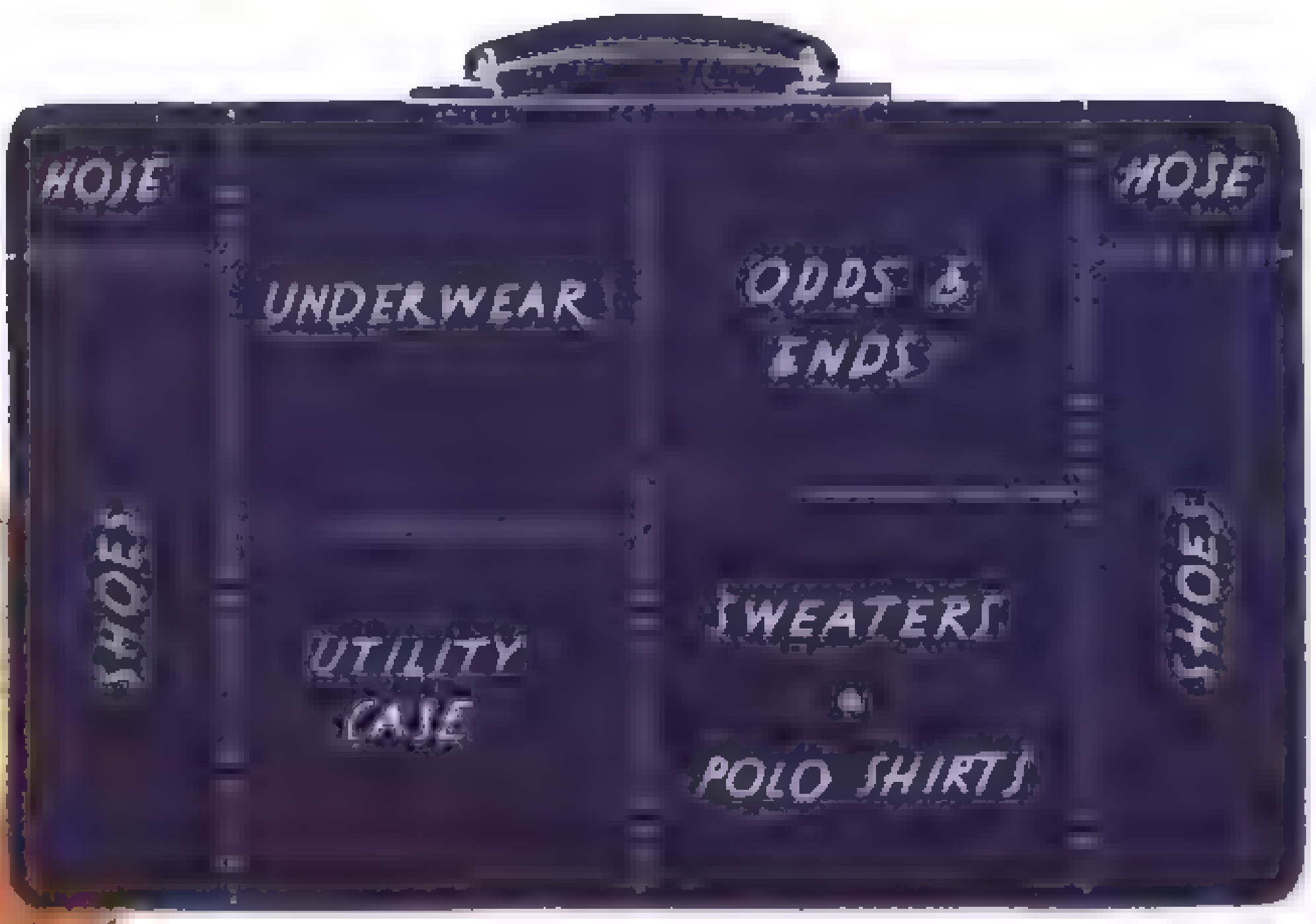
Continued at top of page 139



AUGUST MEANS MOZART AND MOUNTAINS AND SALZBURG AND YOU

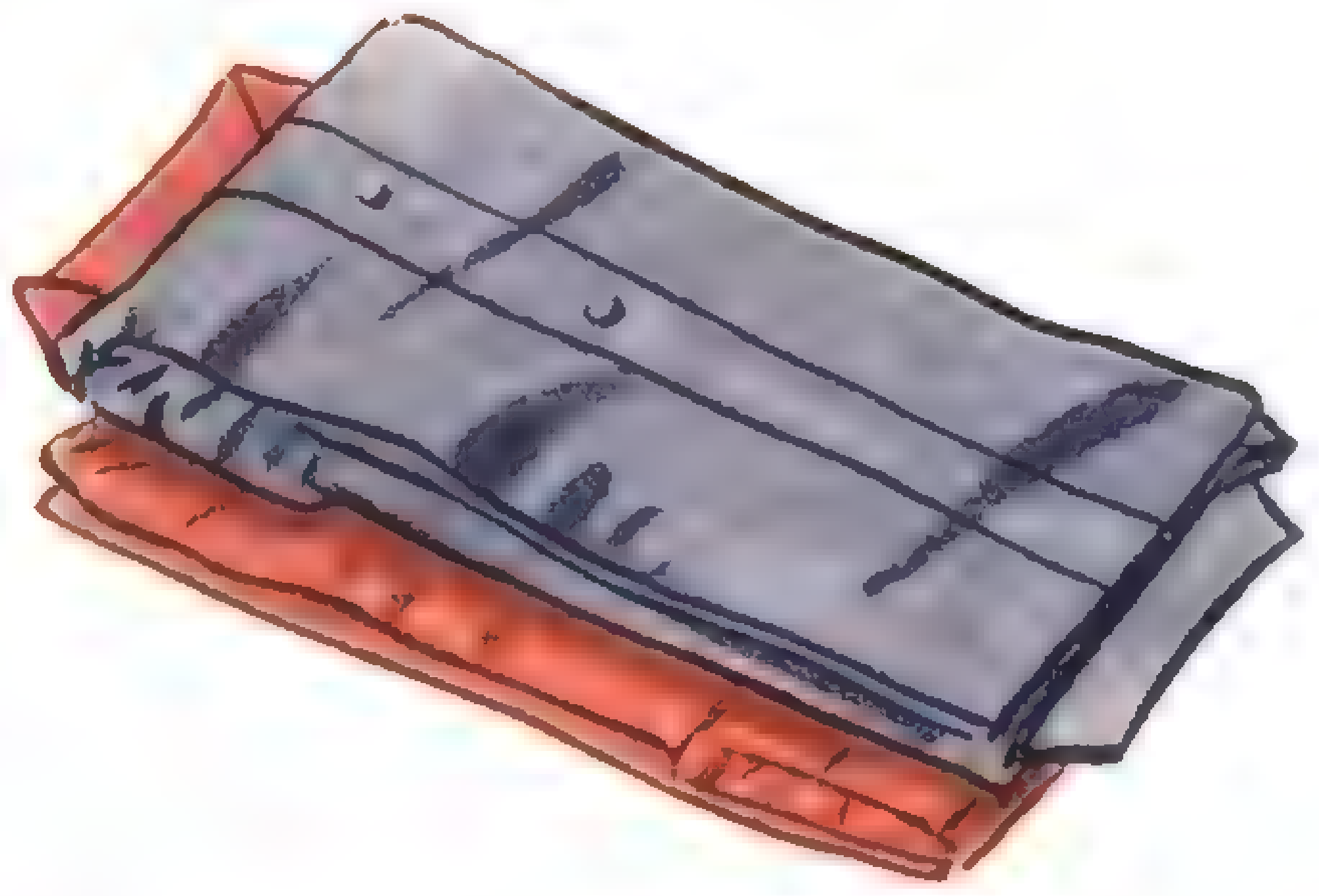
Packing a Man's Suitcase



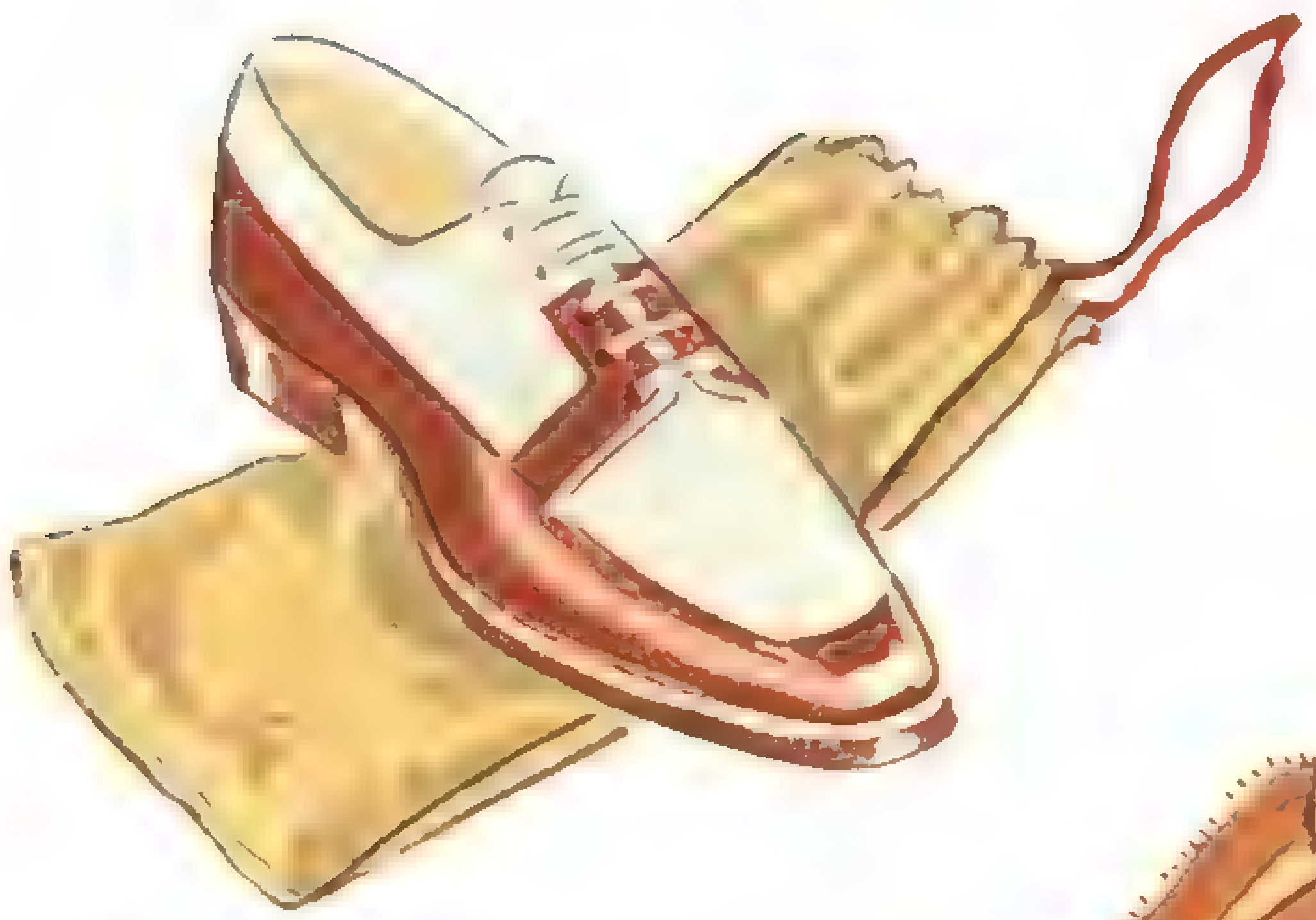


A blueprint suggesting that the greatest saving in both time and temper is accomplished by having an allotted place for everything and having everything in its allotted place.

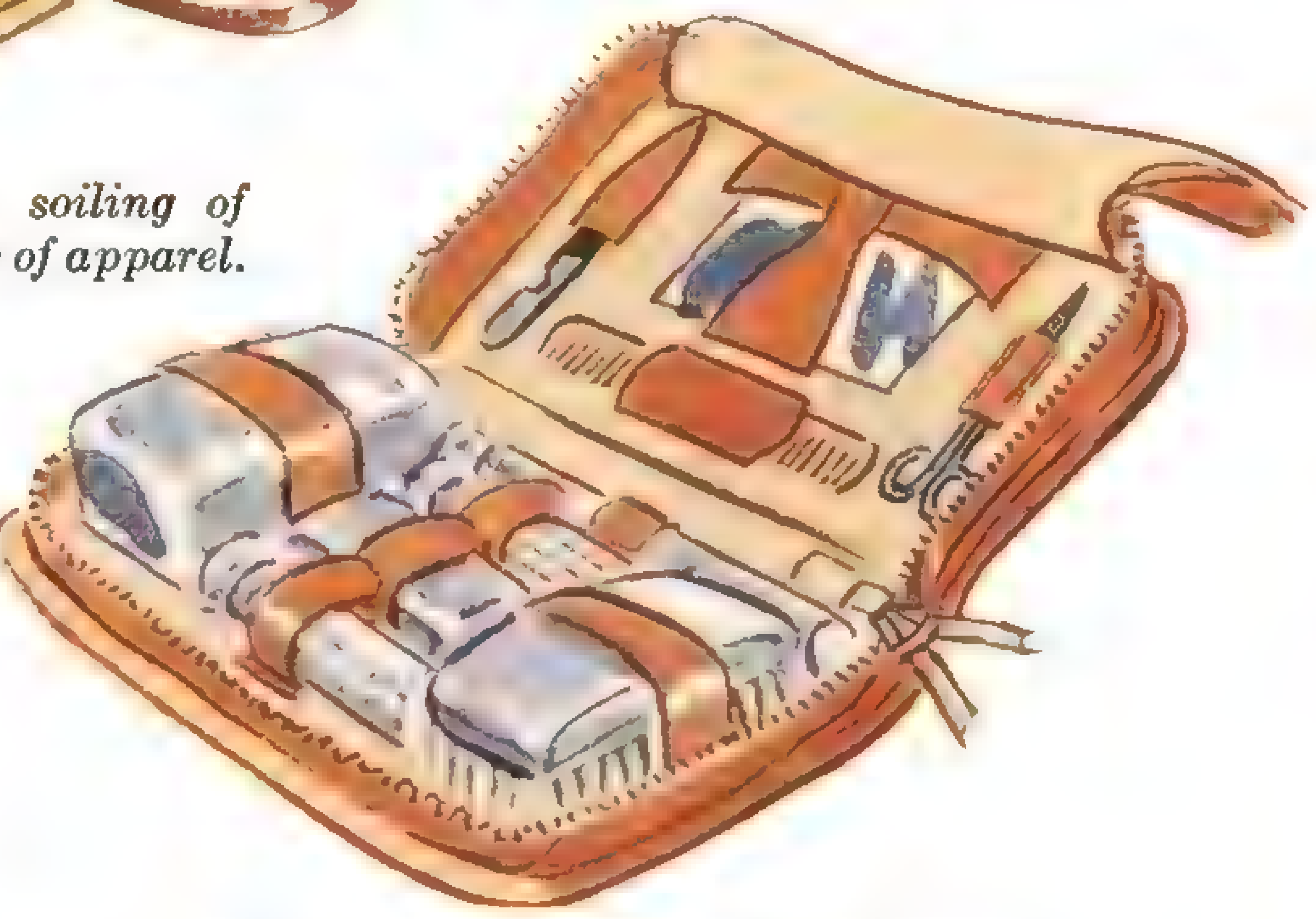
It's annoying to be obliged to guess at the time in compartment, cabin, or hotel room. A small folding travelling clock should be tucked away between the middle layers of clothing where it won't be broken.



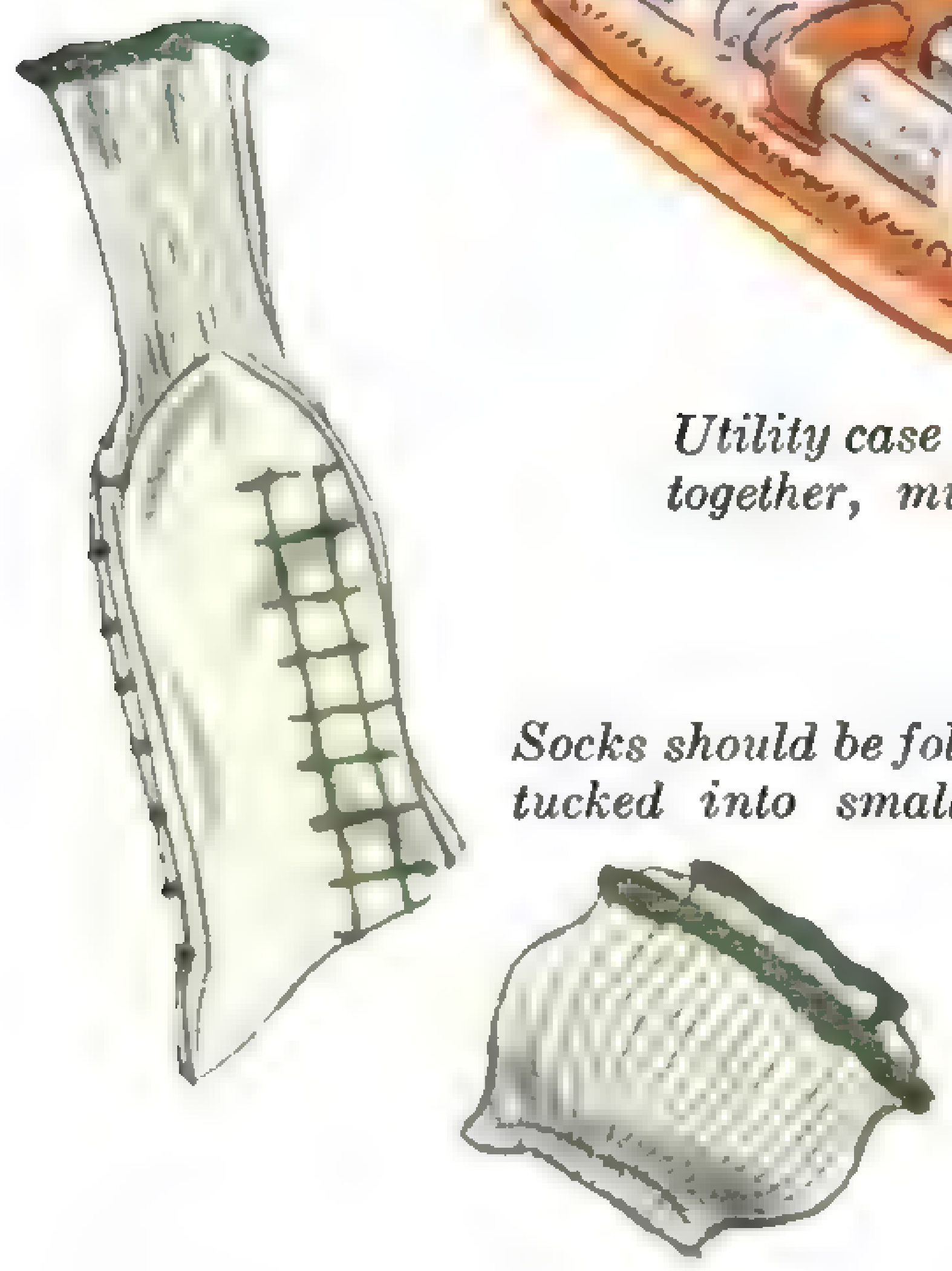
Shirts should be packed with the collars at alternate ends.



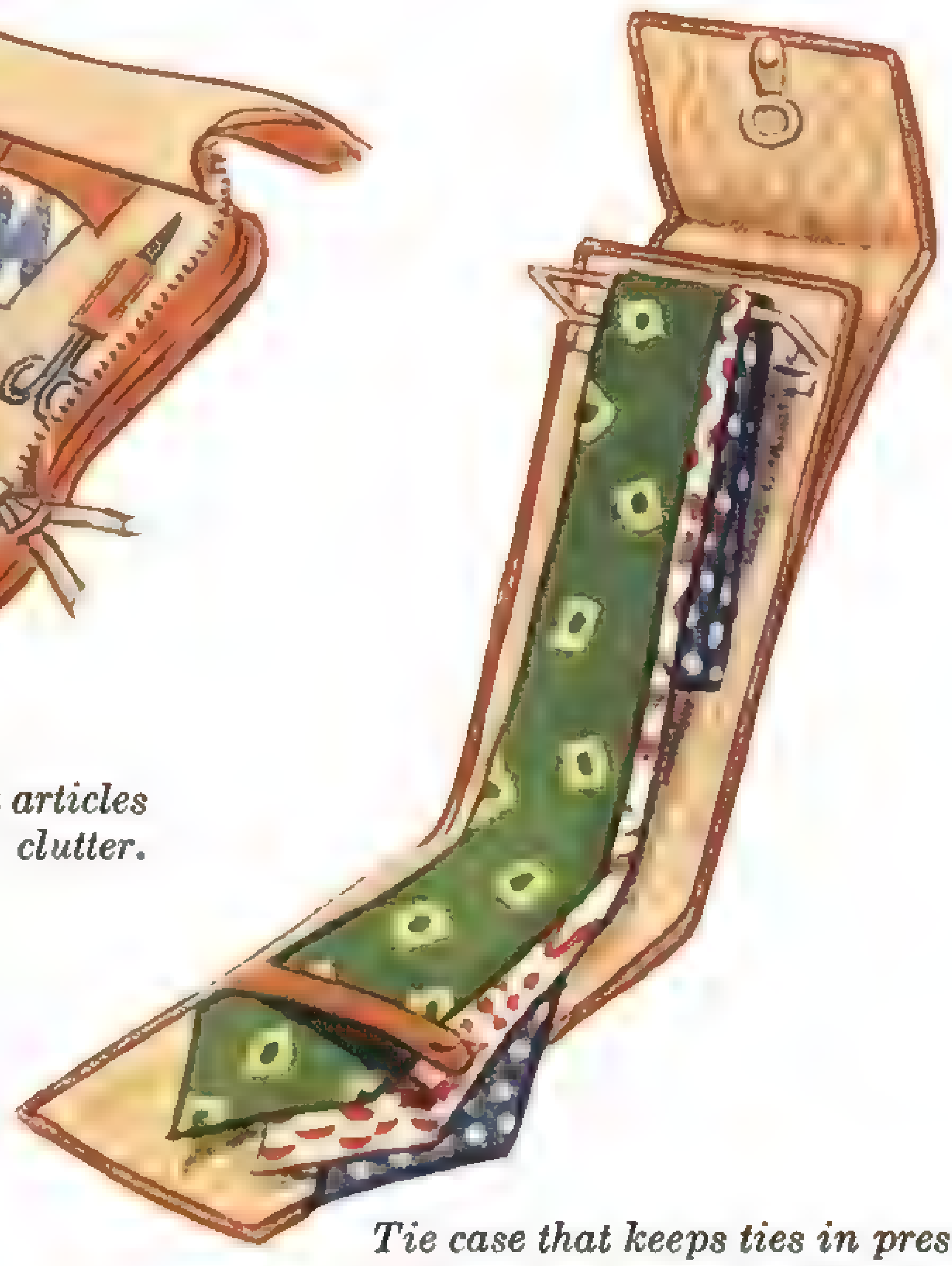
Shoe bags prevent soiling of neighboring articles of apparel.



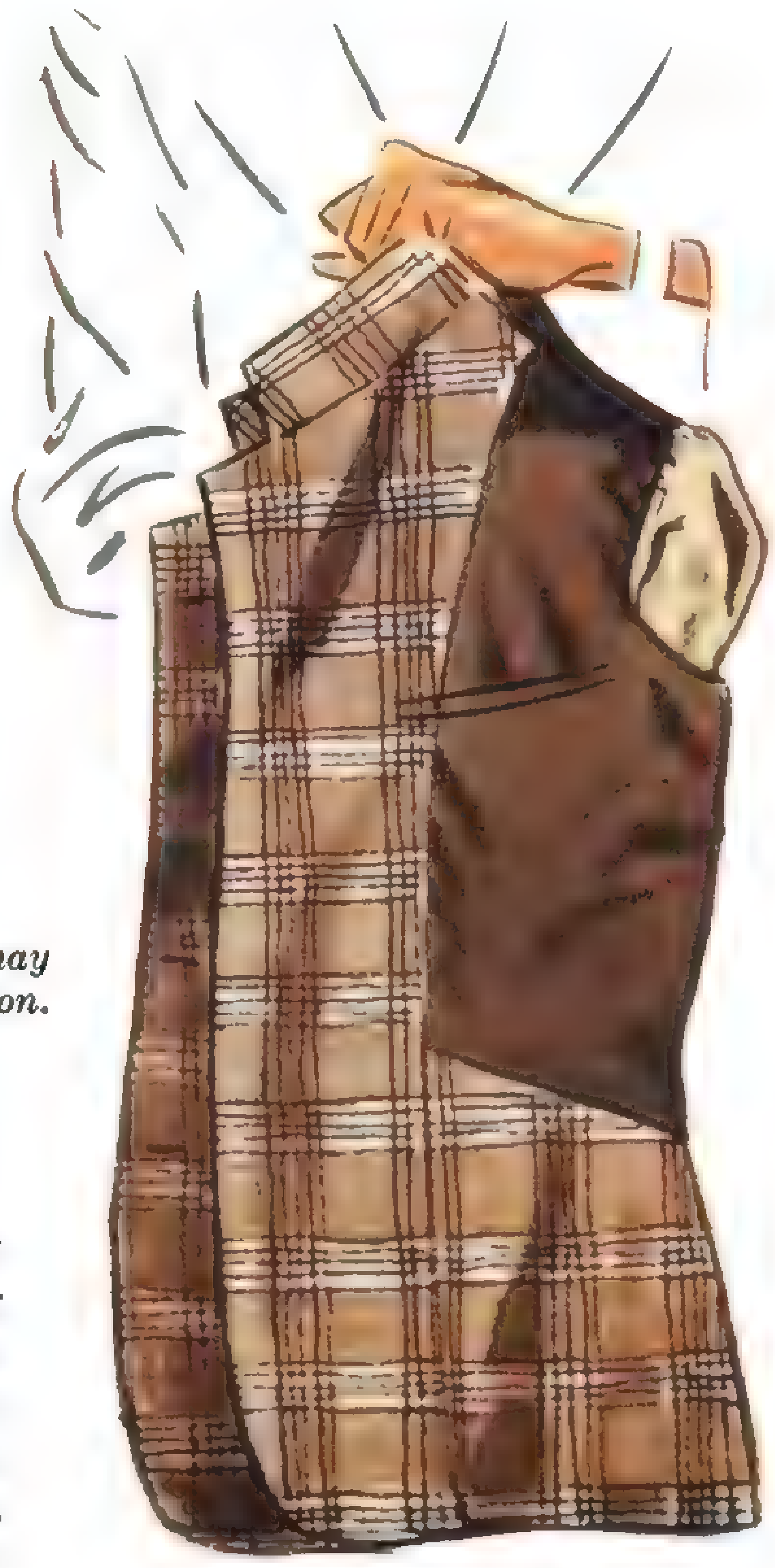
Utility case that keeps small toilet articles together, minimizing mess and clutter.



Socks should be folded this way and tucked into small, empty places.



Tie case that keeps ties in press and may be hung up upon reaching destination.



Suit coats should be folded in half, inside out, taking care to push the shoulders through in the manner shown, and placed, folded like this, over the articles packed in the bottom of the case. Trousers folded once in half go on top of the coat.

SHOES should be in the bottom layer and should be laid on their sides. Next the utility case and any other heavy articles that might crush clothing should be packed at the bottom of the case, along with the folded sweaters, polo shirts, underwear and miscellaneous items as indicated in blueprint. Next come the coats and trousers. If the bag is not large enough to accommodate single folded coats (although it should be for best results) be sure that the coat is folded between the button nearest the waistline and the top of the inside pocket, as this is the place where a wrinkle will come out most easily. In making the first fold, as shown in the sketch, be sure that the coat sleeves meet each other inside and hang down without wrinkling. Next, put in the tie case, pajamas, bathrobe and slippers as you'll want these things at the top if you are travelling overnight. Shirts, of course, go in a separate holder in the top of the suitcase and should be packed as shown in the sketch. If you have no regular tie case, ties should be placed on top of the shirts and folded just once in half, so that the resultant crease will come at the back of your neck where it is concealed by the collar.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Robert Goodman

A Horse on Me

Continued from pages 63-136

daylight out of me. In that instant sex reared its ugly head all over that barn: the rival stallions kicked and the mares with the amazing honesty of a D. H. Lawrence heroine whinnied their hope and desire. In the next instant Sealect rose on two legs, his head reaching into the rafters—and into the sky, as it looked to us below—his front legs working fast like a boxer's gloves, and he roared one blast which was a challenge to every rival present and at the same time an invitation to each and every mare.

It was an exciting moment—something to put beside the seconds before the zero hour of the attack on the St. Mihiel salient, or entering Hindenburg's room at Cassel Armistice Week, or first opening Joyce's *Ulysses*. Amidst the stamping of hoofs, the horse cries of defiance and passion, the human exclamations of surprise and delight, the shouting of the groom who hung on to the rope, the general confusion, I could not help thinking of Lawrence's upright black maleness, the rising column of black blood, he wrote about so frequently, the symbolism of his Aaron's Rod and Saint Mawr—another fascinating psychoanalytical stallion—and the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon, and Chirico's too.

Does this sound purple and lyrical? Well, that's how I felt about it and still do. And since I wrote that I found in the Spirit of the *Times*' review of the New York State Fair of 1844—I repeat, 1844—an anonymous writer's description of Hale's Green Mountain Morgan, which was once called the war horse of Job, "that paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength": "When moving I never saw such majesty embodied in horseflesh as was displayed by Green Mountain Morgan. His arched neck seemed clothed with thunder, and his floating mane, his eyes of fire, his red distended nostrils, his open mouth with the rigid tendons about it, standing out in sharp relief, realized more perfectly to my mind the originals of those fiery, magnificent coursers, the Greek ideals of the war-horse, to be found on the Elgin marbles, than I ever saw elsewhere."

No doubt about it, Justin Morgan's descendants are the old Adam himself. #

"If I Could Only Putt!"

Continued from page 72

will be missed, but I'm going to see to it that I do everything I can in the departments of putting mechanics and psychology to miss but mighty few of them. Still I don't want to think that I am such a grand putter that when I miss one I should be upset and immediately begin experimenting with some different putting method.

I believe I had more favorable conditions for establishing a putting technique than most of the professionals have had. I started playing on sand greens. Those greens, necessarily, were level and the ball left a line behind it as it was putted. I learned to hit the ball true because I could analyze from the track the putted ball left on the sand green just what had been wrong with the way the putt was hit.

As an amateur, early in my competitive experience, I played in the Missouri State tournament against Clarence Wolf, who then was one of the finest amateurs in the Midwest. I was on the green in practically the same number of shots as Clarence but he finished with a 74 to my 84. It wasn't very hard for me to account for that difference. I went back home and practiced putting until the mechanics of putting became set with me. I haven't had to bother with mechanical details of putting to any extent since that time, but the mental details are always hazardous.

When I started on my first and extremely fortunate winter tournament trip I was happily ignorant of the perils of tricky "borrows" and grains of ingeniously contoured grass greens. I didn't realize they were much more difficult to putt than the flat sand greens I'd been playing on. So without being scared or bewildered I putted only for the line I figured would put my ball into the hole. Older and more experienced players had missed a lot of putts thrown off of line by a grass grain that ran the wrong way or by a slight slope they didn't observe. They naturally approached their putts with that nervous feeling of angels fearing to tread. By the time I became experienced enough to associate the psychological advantage I had over them I had passed the critical period of possible stage fright.

I've seen some splendid players slump into utter hopelessness as putters because they got the idea they were bad putters, having missed several putts under circumstances that actually made the failures easily pardonable. They got into the habit of thinking, "If I miss this what can I blame it on to?" and by thinking, possibly subconsciously, more about the alibi than stroking the putt completely lost their putting touch.

There is far from the difference in putting ability amongst the foremost professionals there'd have to be to give foundation to the belief that tournament golf has become merely a series of putting contests.

Our players concentrate on method and form of all shots and on competitive attitude. If any one of us has some improved and more certain putting method you may depend on others who are trained, vigilant and keen observers finding out the secret and making it generally known soon. It's strictly a business with us.

The Australian professionals who visited us last winter for the Lakes cup competition, again commented on how intensely the American professionals study the game. I recall an instance during one of the California tournaments when the greens were rather moist. As permitted by the rules, I lifted my ball from the green, wiped it carefully and then with equal care wiped the blade of my putter. My Australian professional comrade who had walked briskly up to his ball and putted without any preliminaries, remarked to me: "You Yanks leave the least to chance of any group I've ever seen." That, I think, was a terse and correct analysis of our professional playing policy.

Hagen taught me a lot in that respect. He impressed on me to take nothing for granted and don't jump at conclusions if odds appear to be against you. Walter's version of the stirring American battle cry is "Don't give up the shot."

His influence on American professional golf has been to discover and demonstrate convincingly that no player of championship caliber should admit that a bad shot necessarily means a penalty. How many times that Hagen principle of warfare has come to my aid! It helped me out of a bad spot at the start of the fourth round of the Augusta Tournament of the Masters.

In this case the flag was at the left rear of the first hole and I wanted to have my tee shot on the right side of the fairway so I'd have an open shot to the pin as my second. I tried to manipulate and instead of hitting the ball, pushed it into the trees at the right of the fairway. Many's the time I've played with Hagen when he has been in the heart of a black forest and apparently without a chance to do anything but chip out to the fairway. However he'd prowl through the woods like Daniel Boone, looking for an opening, and when he found one, he'd rifle the ball through the green.

Mindful of the Hagen teaching I located an opening in those first hole woods at Augusta. I gave the ball a bang that would have carried it through a needle's eye and it rolled nicely up on the apron of the green. Walter's fighting policy had saved me.

Then I sadly misplayed my approach putt!

Again, the "Don't give up the shot" reminder came to me, but the best I could do was grab a five on that starting hole when I needed every stroke I could possibly get to overtake Harry Cooper, who was leading.

I recall another application I made of the Hagen policy of making a thorough study of the situation before acting. This instance was during one of the Agua Caliente tournaments when those events were for $25,000—and every stroke meant money.

The tournament rule permitted cleaning the ball on the green. My approach shot landed short of the clipped putting surface and picked up a gob of mud. I had a delicate shot to play; one that if hit on the mud that adhered to the ball might end disastrously, and even if hit clean might stick or bump along to throw me for a loss.

The flag was in the fore part of the green and as I was wondering how to hit the shot I began to try to imagine what Hagen, with his thoroughness and resourcefulness, would do under the circumstances. Suddenly it dawned on me that the rules of golf read: "The putting green is all ground, except hazards, within 20 yards of the hole being played." I stepped off the distance between my ball and the hole and although my ball was not on grass cut to greens length, it was well within the 20 yard radius from the hole. Thus, I was allowed to lift and clean my ball in accordance with the rule covering cleaning on the greens. I got down in two instead of taking a three that would have been the best result probable with the mud-ballasted ball.

That headwork training suggested by the Hagen competitive tactics comes to the rescue of almost every one of the younger American professionals several times during a close tournament. I recall another case of its use by me during the Augusta tournament this spring. It was on the seventeenth hole of the final round. Rain had fallen during the final day and there was considerable casual water on some of the greens.

My approach shot on the seventeenth was on the green but about 20 yards short of the hole. The cup was placed on a terrace of the green that was approximately seven feet above that part of the green in which my ball rested. That meant a treacherous long putt up a hill of a size seldom seen on American greens. The grass was soggy, and in a line between my ball and the cup, on the upper level of the green, was a pool of water.

Here was a dilemma. I needed a par on that hole and the next one to win the tournament.

Deliberating in the Hagen manner, upon the situation, I considered the rules. The rule concerning casual water on the putting green reads, in part: ". . . if casual water intervene between a ball lying on the putting green and the hole, the ball may be lifted without penalty and placed in the nearest position to where it lay, which is

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"If I Could Only Putt!"

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not nearer to the hole and which affords a stroke to the hole without casual water intervening."

The only way in which this rule could be applied at that green required moving the ball around to a spot on the same level as the cup, thus escaping the risk of that severe uphill putt. The fates were kind to me. Lawson Little, with whom I was playing, measured the distances. I transferred the ball from the valley to the plateau of the green and putted. I almost threw away the good fortune the rules had granted me by putting about 12 feet past the hole but holed my return putt for a four.

I believe that I have cited three factors that have been of stronger influence in making tournament golf fields "faster" than the improvement in putting, regardless of the widespread belief that putting has stolen the tournament show. You have better clubs, more of a scientific determination and adherence to effective technique on all shots and more seasoned competitive tactics.

You also have steel shafts and they have assisted in bringing about an improvement and greater uniformity in shotmaking. The golf balls are far better than they used to be in uniformity, durability and in distance, although the increased distance isn't to be measured in miles, as you might be led to suspect by the same sort of casual popping-off that circulates the erroneous report of tournament golf now being mainly a putting competition.

The improvement in playing equipment will continue. There's no way of stopping this healthy, normal improvement which certainly is figuring substantially in the increasing popularity of the game. I see lively evidence of the interest that equipment holds for the golfer of every scoring bracket as I go around in the tournaments and exhibition matches. My caddies have to keep close watches over my clubs and I don't fool myself that the people want clubs of mine as souvenirs; they want them to play with. At that, the club I have to watch the most is my putter. The majority of golfers are completely sold on the idea that a good putter's putter will make them fine putters themselves.

There you again have the psychological phase of putting cropping up strong as a reflection of the popular notion that the tournaments are won, almost altogether, by putting.

From what I have heard from many veterans, I am somewhat inclined to the opinion that there aren't the outstanding putters there used to be, although these old reputations always are brilliant in a long distance view. We read of scores of the older men in England and Scotland who were amazing putters, but we seldom read of any of them who were wizards with other clubs. The only exceptions to this are those extremely few cases in which men of the earlier day were referred to as great players of the cleek.

Now, do those putting pages from the past mean that there were better putters then than during these times, or do they mean that putting was over-emphasized in the game's publicity simply because a long putt had drama compressed within smaller area than that required for a long, straight wood shot or a pin-splitting iron? My own opinion is that putting publicity rather than putting performance has always been responsible for tending to implant the erroneous idea that putting is away out of balance with respect to the rest of the game. I even have the hunch that publicity has made or ruined many good putters to a degree that players themselves don't realize.

Of course, a fellow like Craig Wood who cut 21 strokes off his first round score at the Augusta Masters' Tournament when he went around the course the second round of the competition is bound to say that putting was mainly responsible for the difference. Frank Walsh pointed out to Craig that Wood had fallen into the error of putting with his hands too far behind the ball at impact to make true putting possible. And Craig is the same as the rest of us. His woods and irons are good. So when he goes unusually good or slumps badly, it must be putting that's to blame. But when there's a difference of 21 strokes attributed to putting, it seems a bit too much to be reconciled with the facts. However, all of us, I guess, rate out putting in the same class as the nursery rhyme little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead. When she was good she was very, very good and when she was bad she was horrid. Maybe most of our putting analyses simmer down to a nursery rhyme basis rather than reason and fact. #

Bouncing the Ladies

Continued from page 47

about her. The next thing I knew she had passed out. Now it is bad enough to have men passing out, but when a woman passes out something has to be done. I couldn't revive the girl so I carried her out to the street. There wasn't a taxicab in sight, but there was a sporty touring car in front of the door. I took the easiest way out. I put the sleeping beauty into the tonneau and went back to my job.

It couldn't have been more than half an hour before an irate gentleman came in the door and wanted to know if the woman who was out like a light in the back seat of his car was one of my customers. I had to go and get her out of the car and carry her down the street and fix it with a cab driver to take her home.

But that is a mild sample of what a nuisance women are in a bar. Women are unpredictable. They are just as apt to act without warning as not. The other night a woman came in. I could tell that she was looking for someone. I was right. She was looking for her husband. And the moment she saw him across the room, she picked up the nearest glass—the fact that it was somebody's drink made no difference—and threw it at him. Naturally she didn't hit him, but it was lucky that she didn't hit somebody else.

Now, I wouldn't be at all surprised if her husband was spending the rent money. As long as he doesn't bother anybody no one cares. But the customers don't like flying glasses. I had to put the woman out before she hurt somebody. I got away with it the other night, but that was just luck. If her husband hadn't been so drunk he would have been enraged at my throwing his wife out, even if I was saving him trouble. But it isn't only husbands that I have to worry about. Chivalry is always near the surface in men, especially when they have been drinking. A bouncer has to work awfully fast to put a woman out without getting all the men in the place on his neck. Perhaps the worst situation, however, is when a man and a girl who have come in together begin to quarrel. Then the bouncer just has to sit tight and hope for the best.

Of course anyone is apt to quarrel, but I had noticed the young couple in the corner, not because I expected trouble, but because the girl was handsome. In fact she was a knockout. Then suddenly, I realized that all was not well with that couple. The man should have been happy just to be with a creature like that, but he wasn't, he was sore. They were having an argument. Finally the girl got up and went over to another table. She asked a couple of strangers if she could sit with them. I don't know anything that makes a man madder than to have his girl leave him to talk to a couple of men she doesn't know. But I couldn't tell her she was starting trouble. That was what she was trying to do.

Pretty soon the young man went over and sat down beside her. He said something. Then she hit him. I heard the smack of the flat of her hand on his face. That was all the young man needed. He yanked the girl to her feet. He grabbed her by the back of her coat and one arm and started for the door. The girl kicked and scratched, but he was seeing red.

You might think that was all there was to it. But that was just the beginning. I wasn't the only man in the room who had noticed the girl. There were a dozen outraged men on hand, ready to defend a woman's honor. I heard someone say, "I'm going to poke that bird." Before they were halfway to the door the young man was surrounded. But a bouncer can't afford to be chivalrous. I had to wait until there was action. And I could tell there was going to be hell to pay. I signalled the waiters and held my breath. Someone grabbed the young man by the arm. "Listen you," he said, "I'm going to knock your ears loose."

At such a time there is only one answer. I knew the answer. After all, I am a bouncer. I have to know such things. But the chances were that the young man didn't know the answer, and even if he did he probably wouldn't have sense enough to use it. He was too mad. It was a tense moment. The young man shook the tall man loose. "This," he said with dignity, "Is my wife." The tall man bowed. The other men relaxed. So did I. That is the answer. Even drunks won't get chivalrous over another man's wife.

Traditionally a girl has her mad money and if the boy friend gets too cockeyed she leaves him to his own resources. Today it doesn't always work that way. If the girl leaves the man in the lurch that is all right. He merely proceeds to get a little drunker. When a man goes off leaving the girl in the bar it usually means trouble. A woman who is left behind wants attention. If she doesn't get it the bouncer is in a jam.

The first time it happened I was naïve. I was about to close up shop when I noticed a lone girl that I had seen earlier with a boy friend. She ordered another drink. The waiter explained that we were closing. It was four o'clock in the morning. So she came up to the bar for her drink. I explained that we had closed the bar. After that she sulked around for a while. When I was all set to go she announced that since I wouldn't serve her a drink I would have to take her somewhere and buy her a drink. Now, I had a date with a girl who dances in a club uptown and gets through work about the same time I do. So I was firm. I said there wasn't a place in town that was open at that hour and besides she ought to go home to bed. But she refused to leave. Finally I had to carry her out of the place. That didn't help matters any. She stood on the corner. She wouldn't get in a cab. She said, "If you don't take me somewhere and buy me a drink I'm going to break up your bar."

I had my mind on seeing Dixie

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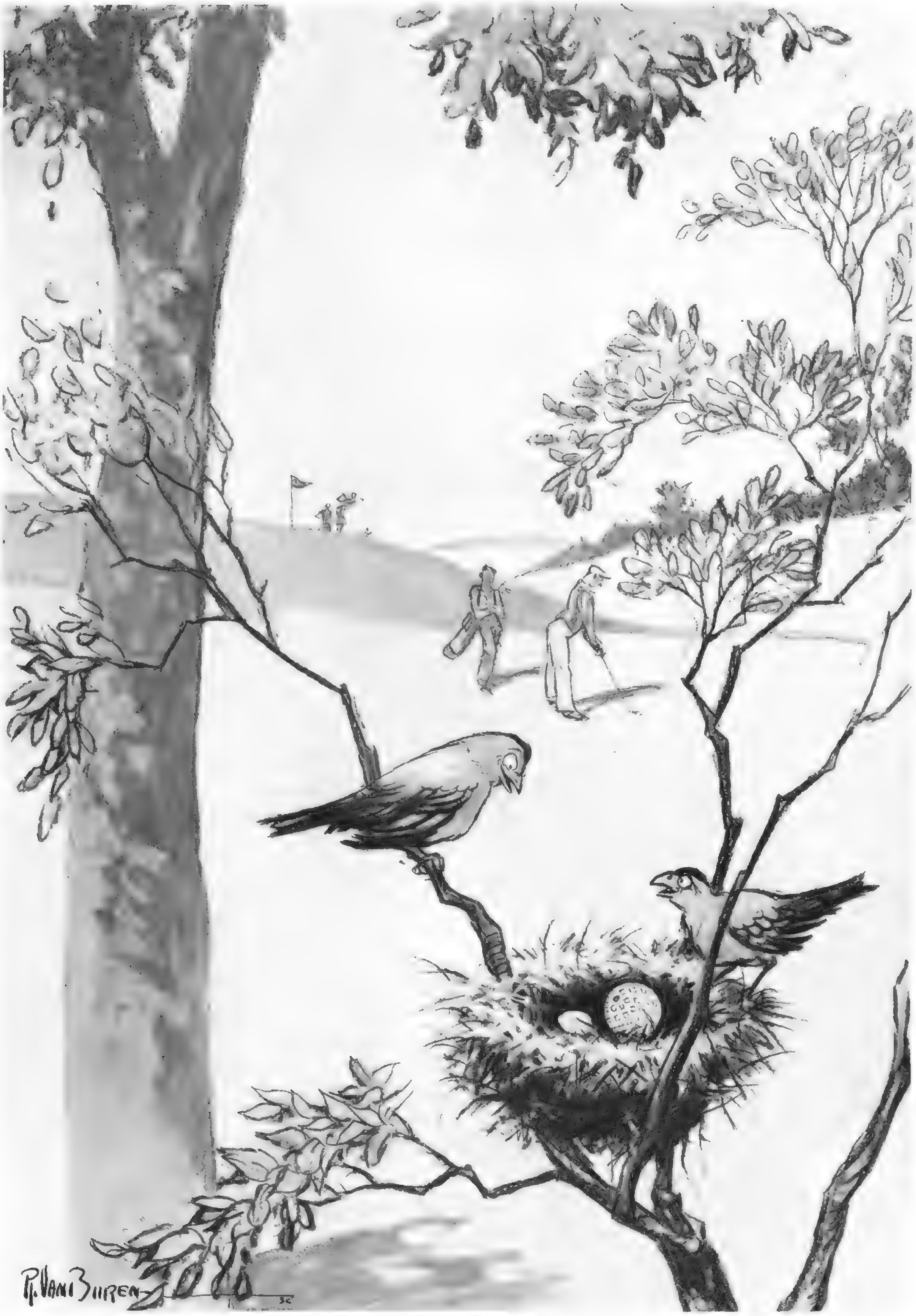

"Go ahead—sit on it awhile and see what happens!"

Bouncing the Ladies

Continued from pages 47-140

and anyway I knew there was nothing she could do to the bar, so I went on over to the coffee pot where Dixie always meets me.

The next day when I came to work one of my lady bosses called me on the carpet. "You have been a satisfactory bouncer," she said, "But I can't have and I won't have you bringing your personal affairs into my barroom. When your sweetheart breaks all the windows it is going too far."

"Well," I said, "It so happens that I was with my sweetheart last night until I took her home, and she didn't break any windows. In fact, this is the first I knew of any broken windows."

"I don't like to doubt you," my boss said, "but the windows were broken. When Jake, the porter, came to work at five o'clock this morning he heard a crash in the barroom. He turned on the lights. Several windows were broken. Again there was a crash and a brick came through another window. He ran outside. It was a young lady. When Jake objected she said, 'It's all right, Peter will pay,' and she threw a brick through a window.

I had a few words with Jake after that experience, and he promised that the bosses would never hear any more such tales. Nevertheless I was wary of girls who got left behind. But it is a funny thing in the bar business, a week will go by and nothing happens. At first it is swell. You have a chance to talk to the men along the bar and time to slip out to the street for a cigarette. After a couple of days you begin to wonder if the boss thinks you're worth your pay. Finally you realize that it's just a lull and that trouble is around the corner.

It had been quiet for about ten days and then I earned a month's pay all in one Saturday night. The customers were on edge. There were four or five incipient brawls. A mother and her son came in and got drunk together. A wife came in and found her husband with another girl. And I had to throw a guy out four times. He'd wait until I wasn't looking and then sneak in again. Finally we closed up shop for the night. I had locked the cellar and the kitchen, and was all ready for a drink before I went home, when I noticed a pair of women's slippers and some stockings on a chair. There wasn't a soul in the barroom. I went in and turned on the lights in the dining room. There was a dress draped over a table. Then I saw the girl. She was sitting on the wide bench that runs along one side of the room. All she had on was a chemise or something.

"Listen, woman," I said, "what do you think you are doing?"

"Thissh a lousy hotel," she said. "Can't even go to bed in peace."

I reasoned with her. "This is no hotel," I said, "This is a bar. Now put your clothes on and I'll call a cab for you."

"You get out of here," she said. She was indignant.

"No," I said, "You've got to leave."

"I don't like this place a bit," she said. "I won't stay here another minute."

"That's fine," I said, "Now put your clothes on, please."

"Are you going to get out of here or aren't you?" she said.

Well, she tried to put her clothes on, but I had to help her. You see, bouncing isn't the simple and charming thing it used to be. If I lose my job, and one of these days I will, the reason will be that I can't bounce the ladies. #

Racketeers in Literature

Continued from page 94

eficial. Theory was their long suit, and their advice was so general that it was often silly. They dispensed such counsel as: "Make your characters living, breathing people, not figures cut from cardboard." Or, "Get drama into your stories." Or, "Thrill your reader, make him laugh, weep, rejoice!" They might just as well have said, "Write good stories." Not once did they talk specific craftsmanship, because such a thing was unknown to them. So from them I got only unmeant praise and urgent advice to send on the next manuscript and its accompanying fee.

I bear no grudge; the money would otherwise have gone for Arrow-Notch collars or nut sundaes; but I was nonetheless baffled by a situation which found the teaching of a specialized art in the hands of people who had never shown any aptitude for that art.

There are two causes behind this. A writer of saleable fiction is too busy following his trade to devote much time to teaching the trade to others. Even when my stories, for example, are sold at their lowest prices I can earn more money in a given time by writing than I can by teaching.

The second cause lies in the lack of any state or federal requirements on the part of those who would teach the citizens to write. Architects and plumbers and surgeons and dentists and bus-drivers and lawyers and pharmacists must all possess definite qualifications before they are permitted to offer their services in exchange for money. But in order to teach fiction-writing you need only stationery and an advertisement in one of the journals published for literary tyros.

Imagine a golf pro who could not play the game, or a teacher of the piano incapable of the simplest tune. A lawyer teaches law, a doctor teaches medicine. And if it is your ambition to become a boxer you could learn more from Benny Leonard or Tommy Loughran than from all the theory-packed critics in the land. If there were any men with that kind of professional qualification teaching short story writing in my salad days a persistent search on my part failed to locate them. And by professional short story writer I mean a man who earns his bread and beer by writing short stories.

Some of the critics, though unable to write stories themselves, can point out the flaws in yours. That, of course, is a service, one which no editor has time to give you. Such critics earn their reading fees, a charge varying from fifty cents to $3 per thousand words. This fee is a legitimate charge and is set forth in the advertisements. The wording, however, is sometimes deliberately misleading, as in the one which attracted a young woman I later met at Temple.

This advertisement promised that no reading fee would be charged. You simply mailed in your story, and if it was saleable the critic would place it and deduct the customary agent's commission from the editor's check. So this girl mailed her story and the critic answered at once. The chance of sale, said he, was excellent. Before he set about making that sale it would be necessary for the author, merely as a matter of routine, to forward a money order for $8.50. This, it seemed, was to cover stenographic hire and postage—items of expense carefully concealed until the application of flattery had excited hope.

Someone once estimated the number of our would-be authors at 250,000; others put the figure at a million, and the depression is said to have added heavily to the ranks. Thousands of dollars are taken from them daily, some by critics who give honest service, much by quacks whose swindles are occasionally amusing.

One stripling, for example, showed me a letter which urged him to send more manuscripts on the grounds that he had "a psychologically good name for a writer."

Another brought in an advertisement that offered story plots for sale at the rate of twenty for a dollar. I have seen at least three famous writers walk the floor for days in an effort to coax a single plot into useable shape, and yet here they could be bought for a nickel each. One evening a middle-aged woman, much uplifted, produced an analysis of her handwriting. It stated that she had an unmistakable talent for short stories.

"Characterization," she crowed. "He says characterization and description are my strong points."

The graphologist had gone into details. He could do more than divine from her signature whether or not this woman had a future in fiction; he could even specify which branch of letters she was destined to adorn. To me there is something positively Olympian about the ability to predict that one person was meant to specialize in western yarns, another in sea stories, and that a third had been fore-ordained to deal vividly with penthouse seductions.

The commonest crime of the venal critics is the insincere praise they employ to maintain an incoming flow of manuscripts and money orders. Time and again I have read letters acclaiming stories that no competent judge could commend without putting his tongue in his cheek. When the novice can afford both time and money, perhaps no great harm is done; but there is something pathetic about those who, lured on by flattery, make sacrifices year after year in order to pursue a lost cause. Their vulnerability was analyzed two thousand years ago by a writer who won fame with brief travel articles. His name was Julius Caesar, and in one despatch from Gaul he said:

"It is easy to persuade men to believe that which they want to believe."

There remains the old moot point: Can an art be taught? I have stood both in the pupil's shoes and in the teacher's, and my belief is that instruction can guide talent but can never be substituted for it. The student is hopeless who lacks imagination, invention and feeling for words. If some of these gifts are present sound teaching can chart the road for the beginner—can, to borrow a phrase I once heard Booth Tarkington use, tell him "a few turns not to make." The gifted novice will arrive eventually under his own power, but good advice can shorten his apprenticeship by enabling him to learn from other men's successes and failures.

Beginners whom I have helped have been published in *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Liberty*, *The Pictorial Review*, *College Humor*, several pulpwoods and half a dozen of the juvenile magazines; but these students had talent, and any professional writer could have told them the things I told them.

I know personally a dozen men and women whose stories you have seen for years in all sorts of magazines. I questioned them about their beginnings. Not one could say he had ever received constructive help from a non-professional source. In every case, however, they acknowledged a greater or less debt to some other

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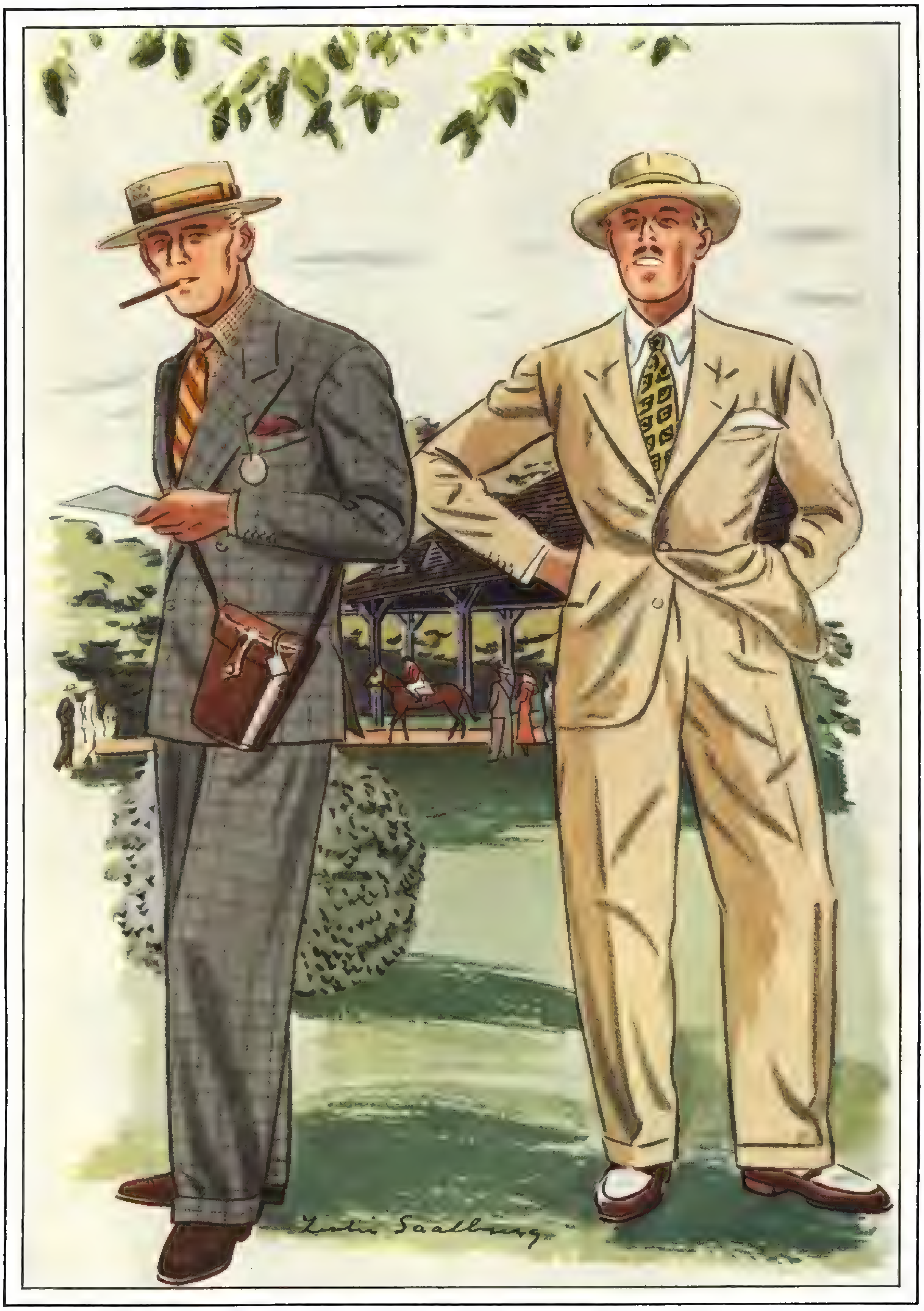
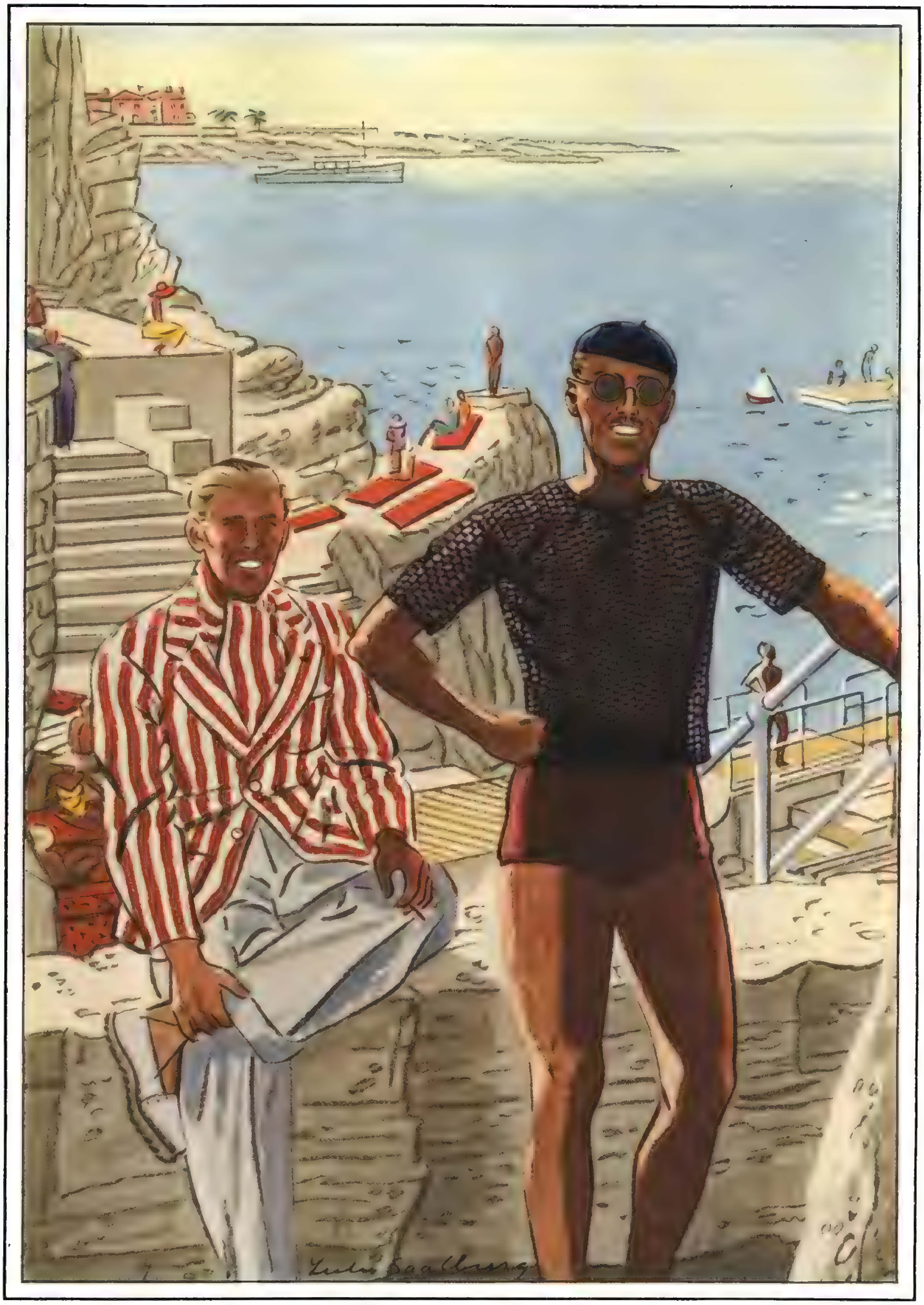


THE TWO ODDS-ON FAVORITES AT SARATOGA

PAY your money and take your choice. If it's British, it's the outfit on the left; American, the one on the right. The double breasted grey flannel suit has a darker overstripe, carries but four buttons instead of the hitherto customary six, and has side vents. The coat's fullness is under the arms and under the shoulderblades in back. Note the combination of a tan shirt with a grey suiting. This is new and good. The shirt has a slotted collar, introduced last year in London and fast becoming a favorite American fashion. Both the tie and the hat-band are in regimental stripings. The shoes are brown buckskin. The other suit is the popular natural color gabardine, worn with the perennial white Oxford shirt with button-down collar attached, and Indian Corah tie (a rough light-weight silk) with hand blocked printing, brown and white Norwegian model shoes and a fine Panama hat with striped band.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



AT EDEN ROC ON THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN

One of the world's most fashionable swimming holes, Eden Roc at Cap d'Antibes, has no beach at all, just steps and all sorts of intricate plateaus that have been cut out of the rocks. Against this background you see, reading from left to right, an Englishman and a Frenchman, modelling two types of Riviera beach outfits. The Englishman wears, over a polo shirt and knitted swimming trunks, a single breasted notched lapel blazer of terrycloth with a muffler to match, light blue mohair crash beach slacks and a pair of Basque canvas espadrilles with rope soles. The Frenchman wears, as Frenchmen do, a beret (an item that has lost most of its followers in this country), ribbed swimming trunks and the new fish net beach shirt with crew neck which was first introduced at St. Tropez. This shirt should be a natural where shirtless bathing is still prohibited, because it lets you tan and keep your shirt on.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Racketeers in Literature

Continued from pages 94-142

writer with whom they had come into contact.

That was my experience, but I was particularly fortunate in the professional to whom I applied. It happened in my sophomore year, and the man was Hugh MacNair Kahler. I knocked upon his front door, ostensibly to get an interview for *The Daily Princetonian*, but really because I admired his stories mightily. I thought then—and do today more than ever—that some of his stories, particularly those grim and powerful tales of rural life in New York State, stand among the finest in our language. In this belief I had distinguished company. His collections, *The East Wind* and *Babel*, had just been published, and the jacket of one bore almost hysterical praise by the late John Galsworthy and Booth Tarkington.

"Here," I decided, as I knocked upon the front door of the Kahler home, "is the man for me."

For the next four years I carried my manuscripts to him, and that long-suffering man went over them line by line. Unless you are a writer you can not possibly realize what a boon it was to listen to a real authority discuss, for instance, the advantages and disadvantages of the several viewpoints from which a story can be told; the ways of turning coincidence into a strength; the ways of condensing a story into scenes; the ways of building up a story from a character or a situation—all the priceless craftsman's lore that passes from writer to writer without ever getting into the text books. I have not made the most of that instruction, but it was there. So my moral seems to be: If you want help, go and knock upon a professional writer's front door. Pick out the man whose stories you admire most and knock upon his door. If possible, live with him.

But will he let you in? Will he allow you to live with him? It is hardly likely. I certainly would not. Of course, if you are a young girl, and resemble Miss Myrna Loy, it might—

But if you were that handsome you would not ask to live with me. You would already have found a warm welcome with some man whose stories, if such a thing is humanly possible, you admire even more. ⧻

The Field of the Dark Pines

Continued from page 71

were bare. The row of black dots was gone. The damned nervous fool had pulled the salvo lanyard instead of the arming one. Or probably he had not watched some green mechanic on the field, letting him rig the wrong wire. Well, nothing to be done about it now. All pilots gave the "ready" signal.

He pushed the button-tricker on his stick, rattling out a few rounds to make sure the wing machine guns worked well. He heard like cracklings on both sides behind. Then, signalling to change from V formation to singlefile, he eased his throttle wide open and dove for the valley-head.

Once down between its walls the low rough air struck and threw the plane about, pitching him against his safety-belt. The bare hillsides flickered by. The scream of the motor was full of strange cries and calls as though the vacant ground below had wakened from a bad dream. A blank hill dead ahead. Which way to turn. Suppose the map had been wrong. He threw the ship into an almost vertical bank to the right. The valley opened. The hills fell away. There was the shining sea, the plain, the town. At one end of it light flashed on a web of rails. And lined through the web lay a long string of coaches with a brown, milling confusion, like another wriggling string, alongside the still one. He took a bearing well to the north of the trains and dove lower behind a near, thin line of trees.

Wheels just above the ground. The trees rushed at him. He swept up. Another sight of the sea. But it was just a bright band along the shore for beyond, pearl-white, soft, and blanking the sea-horizon, lay a rolling mass of fog, creeping slowly in and up the inlets of the beach. Forty minutes more gas. Suppose the fog crawled inland before he got his squadron home.

Down behind another line of trees. The town was hidden again, he was so low. Too low for anti-aircraft guns to see or lay on him; too fast for them to track his course. The troops might hear his motors but direction would be obscure: the noise filled the sky. Glancing behind, his head was whipped around by the slip stream. Good formation.

A mile north of the trains. One steep turn to the right and the trains were ahead of him. The brown stripe was confused now; little, brown figures running about and pointing sticks upward. There was a drumming and crackling all below, and the pale, thin smoke of rifle fire.

Over them. Right hand groping for the bombing lanyard; pulling it regularly. Left hand wrestling the kicking stick; fingers pressing the trigger-button regularly too. Guns spitting. The brown men in front running wildly and bending like a wheat field before a gust. Little groups formed and aimed upward and then slipped out of his narrow vision. Explosions behind. The ship bucketing and rocking; the tail kicking up with the blasts. His guns hammered constantly through the screech of the motor.

A harder blast behind. The ship pitched almost out of control. He got hold of it again, looked back. Number Four gone, buried, flaming, in a great pit. All its remaining bombs went at once when it crashed.

The trains end. Noise dies. Clear country ahead. Pull up. Look around for Jap pursuit now. Look back. Throttle down and rock wings to signal assembly into V formation and check results.

Behind there a lane of flame and smoke. Coaches ripped open, little brown figures lying and crawling, others still running. Against the smoke three ships of his squadron still coming, two flying steadily, the third wobbling and plunging. Finally it slips wing-down and falls: Number Three, the one who lost his bombs. A spurt of yellow dust jets up just before it strikes. Then the ship crumples and bursts out in blue flame. The remaining two close in quickly. They keep south, down the coast, for their airdrome. No other ships in the sky.

He looked at his gas-gauge and then eastward to sea. Long, white paws of fog were creeping inland. As he crossed each stream a ribbon of fog lay below and slowly it spread over the low ground as well. Westward the sun dropped behind the hills, black now with red-gold, dazzling edges. Gradually the tide of fog glowed pink as they crossed its weaving arms. Somewhere down there now their own front line must run, a barricade against the Japanese advance between the mountains and the shore. Once across it they would have less to fear from hostile planes.

Aloft it was still day but on the ground dusk was coming with the fog. There was light enough, though, to distinguish familiar landmarks. And so he hardened his mind to one more certain effort when he saw, in the space that should have been their airdrome, a wash of pale fog; thick, opaque, and precise in boundary as though painted on the ground with a brush.

His gas-gauge showed zero now. They were on their last reserve gallons that do not register. He signalled his two ships to follow and glided down. The fog might not be so thick as it looked.

But it was; thick and cold and silent. Up through it came no sound to guide a blind landing. He pushed forward his throttle again, climbed clear and looked back. Only Number Two followed now. Five must have chanced a landing. Wish him luck.

Rocking his wings again to be followed, he headed for the field behind the House of the Dark Pines. That field would stand him in good stead now. It was on higher ground and might be clear of fog. Number Two still followed slowly, and he throttled down to nurse him along. Then Two's wings began to teeter; there was the glint of a dying propellor as Two nosed down, out of gas, to a dead-stick landing in the darkness of the valley below.

And it was when he looked forward again that he saw the Japanese planes, three of them, headed north from some mission over the Chinese rear areas. They were easily a thousand feet above him. Dark against the ground, he had evidently not been noticed.

But as the two leaders passed like ducks on the wind and faded northward, the third fell out of formation and began to circle over him. Suddenly it dove and the rattle of its guns broke out. He opened his throttle wide, listening fearfully to his motor. Just one extra gallon of gas he prayed for. And there was a belt of ammunition still. Climbing, he fired a burst. The Japanese winged over and swept up to get on his tail once more.

His own motor coughed and staggered. The other's guns rapped out on him. He saw ribbons of fabric rise from the smooth skin of his fuselage and blow quiveringly in the slip stream. The ribbons came nearer; came to him.

Numb, and with seeming slow-motion of an event which we dream, using the last of his power and speed, he flung his ship backward and almost straight up until, for a moment, the Japanese floated in front of his sights, and he fired. The other plane shook, and then, with a screaming motor, tore above him and headed north and away into the dusk as his own ship stalled, whipped over, and spun.

Whirl. Whirl. Jerk. It was hard to move. His body was heavy. The controls were enormous. One more effort. Surely just one more.

The ship answered heavily; rushed out of the spin. It was dark below but he could see his stiff propellor in front of him. Now he could make out the field that he had learned so carefully. He was floating in, settling. The avenue of pines loomed ahead. The plane struck, lurched, rose, struck again, rolled wildly. A wing crashed into the first of the pines. The tail slewed about, pitched up, but settled back. It was done.

In the new silence he laid his head on the combing. It was still among the trees. Beyond in the valley a dog barked. The first star shone out. From the branches of the dark pines moisture dripped, slowly and regularly. From the cock-pit of the broken ship heavier drops returned also to the earth.

And the same light that was morning over a California beach now withdrew from the long avenue of pines. ⧻

The Very Latest

Continued from page 51

radio took the long one-way trip to the Siberia that is my attic.

You say you were doing this too at this time? Oh no you weren't. You may have been doing it three or four years before, but during practically the entire time I was coping with this battery-devourer, you were simply sitting calmly by your radio, and listening to a lot of swell programs. For you had the kind of machine that simply plugs into the light socket, and wouldn't know a B battery if it came up and socked it in the eye. You see this type of radio had gone on the market exactly two weeks after I had bought my dry-battery contraption. During the following years, resolved to show a brave front, I was loudly assuring anybody who would listen that *I* wasn't going to fall for one of these new-fangled plug-ins until I was convinced that they really worked, and didn't use up more electricity than Niagara Falls could produce.

Well, they did really work, and they didn't bankrupt their owners. Their tuning became sharper, their tone more mellow and more accurate. They improved, as you know, in countless respects. And so, finally, after I had wrestled with and been thrown by my ten thousandth dry battery, I saw the light, and invested in what was obviously the last gasp in modern, up-to-date, double-acting, triple-distilled crooner-canners. For a month everything was just dandy.

And then what happened? Some bright boy had to go and invent short-wave broadcasting. It became the stunt to get police signals, ship messages, and symphony concerts from Madrid and Timbuctoo. All my pride and joy would do was to pick up a few hundred odd stations from New York to San Francisco, and of course half of these carried the same programs at once. Now I still use this machine, but I am not satisfied with it. Today I am all steamed up about hearing short-wave programs although I realize that the idea is no longer a sparkling novelty. Almost any day now I am going to invest in a machine—a veritable Mount Everest of radios—which will be guaranteed to pick up any and all amplified sounds on the globe.

So here is a tip for anybody who happens to be interested in the future of television: Don't read what the scientific journals have to say about it. Never mind what Professor McDoodle, eminent scientist of Utopia Institute of Technology, thinks. Don't take the word of the engineers of the North American Gigantic or the All-European Limited electric companies if you want to know when television will become commercially practical. If you want a red hot tip, the real McCoy, just keep an eye on me, and see when I buy that greatest of all-wave radio sets. The following week you'll be able to get a first-rate television outfit at your corner drug store for $9.95 installed.

It's the same old story with everything I get my luckless hands on. Some of these 1936 cars I have seen look mighty sweet, and I would be much tempted if I could afford one. But what's the use? If I fork up, it is ten to one that the 1937 models of the make I choose will use gravel for fuel, contain built-in pianos, park themselves automatically, and cost twenty-five per cent less. The stoves of the future, if I purchase the latest model now extant, will undoubtedly be able to go down town and do the marketing, and then come home, cook the dinner, and wait on table, and it is a cinch that the new heating system I know I ought to install will soon be outmoded by one that works by thought transference.

And so, goaded to desperation by a career of putting my money on the wrong horse, is it any wonder that I hope for the perfection of one more, just one, invention:—a scientist who is content to go on a vacation once in a while. And now pardon me while I remove this old antediluvian typewriter up to the attic. I'm on my way down to the store to get a new paper-pounder which, they tell me, is absolutely the ultimate of ultimates. #

The Natives Are Friendly

Continued from page 77

little horses. Grain is very well, but they must have fodder to content themselves."

"Yes."

He began to tell us some long story about local matters. His blurred speech, rather low, mingled with the running water. One could say "Yes" and "Truth?" and "How not?" at the necessary intervals, and not listen. Quietly we made a little progress with our notes. Let him talk.

"*Caballeros, muy buenas noches. Alejandro, ¿que tal?*"

This was a big man in a heavy, plaid overcoat of native weave, with a towel round his neck for a muffler. We introduced ourselves. He was the Alcalde. He was sober. We set down our notebooks.

"Your fire does not burn well," he said.

"No. The wood seems to be green."

"Surely. Here it rains much. Have you no pine wood?"

"No."

"What a shame. Those are good horses, where do they come from?"

"The black from Yalisjáo, the bay from México."

"Yes, they breed good horses over that way."

Don Alejandro said, "They have no fodder for them. It is a shame. I feel badly for the little horses."

"The fodder has rotted," we said.

The Alcalde nodded. "Here it rains continuously."

"So they tell us."

"Grain is all right, but they should have fodder," the drunk insisted.

The Alcalde nodded towards him. "He has been drunk now for eleven days. No one else could do it as he does. His lady is away. Eleven days. Give him a drink, señores."

The flask went round.

"You are industrious," the Alcalde said, "working so late, and by this poor fire."

"One must, otherwise it accumulates."

Don Alejandro said, "They are industrious, also well bred. They are not like those others."

"The oil men?" the Alcalde asked.

"Yes."

The Alcalde turned to us. "A year ago there came through here people of the Jaguar Oil Company, seeking oil. Here they found nothing. They had many mules, and a white man to cook for them, and much money."

"We wished they would find oil," Don Alejandro said. "But when we came near their camp, they were extremely rude. They drove us out like—like thieves."

"A white man even as cook, and they did not use yeast. They used red tin cans called Royal to make bread with. Many very good cans with lids, which they threw away. Our Indians gathered them up. What is that, Royal?"

"It is like yeast," I said. "A powder which makes bread raise itself."

"They drove us away, they laughed at us," Don Alejandro said.

"They tell me that you came with just two porters carrying your goods? From Chanquejelvé?"

"Yes, sir. We came to look at the ruin yonder."

"El Carváo—a notable ruin." The Alcalde nodded. "Tell me," he said earnestly, "how it is that you young men travel like us poor Guatemalans, with just two porters, and you are so well bred, while those who were so rich were so ill bred? Which are the typical Americans?"

I thought fast and answered feebly, "Perhaps they were English. The Jaguar is an English company."

They received my effort in polite silence. Don Alejandro hiccoughed, Byers made a slight snorting noise and bent to fan the fire.

"Your wood is not good. It is wet," the Alcalde said.

"For me, I feel badly for the little horses, that they have no fodder."

"We tried to get some, but here it rains too much," we answered.

Don Alejandro said something to the Alcalde. The big man blew sharply three times, on a whistle. They sat waiting, while Byers and I looked at each other in desperation. It was growing late. An Indian came running out of darkness, and stood before the Alcalde. Both men talked to him in the native dialect, and he trotted off.

"It is cold here, and we interrupt your work," the Alcalde said.

"Have no care. Work never spoils by waiting."

Don Alejandro hiccoughed again.

"Eleven days that he is drunk. He is a phenomenon. He will last a week yet. Give him a drink, señores."

"This is good to keep the weather out. Here it rains much, I must admit." The drunk took his share swiftly.

"One sees."

"Is it not laborious, writing in this cold?"

"Yes, a little. But one does what one can."

"For me," the Alcalde said, "I hate work of the desk, at any time of day."

Both horses looked up and whinnied. There was a noise of rustling. Three Indians came into the light, two carrying loads of fodder bigger than themselves, one with a heavy burden of firewood—the good, small sticks of deadwood and precious fat pine. They dumped them down.

"There is fuel for you," the Alcalde said. "Now you can have comfort. You have tolerated our molestation long enough; now we shall leave you.

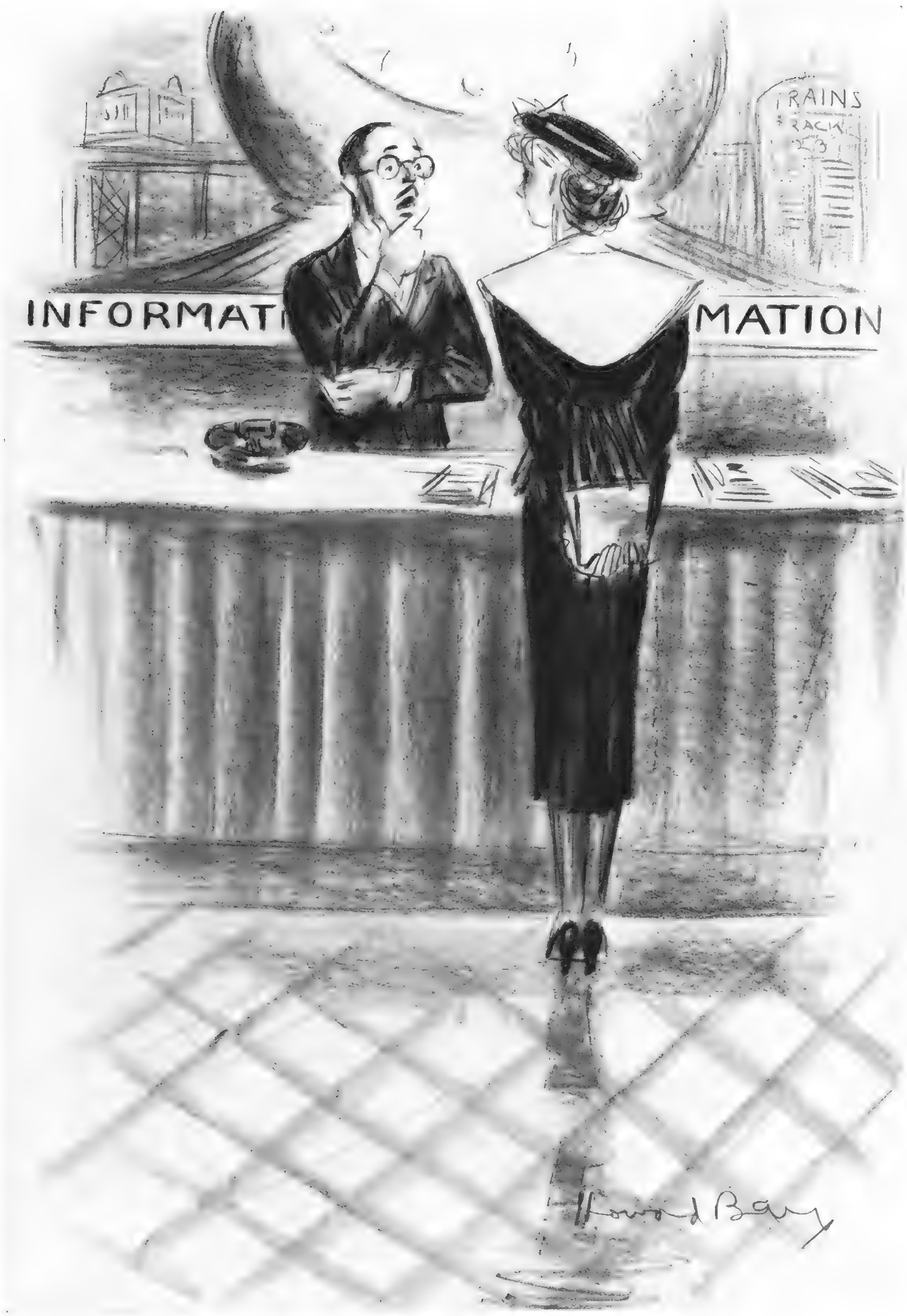
"There is some fodder I had stored. Now I can be happy for the little horses."

"Señores, a thousand thanks—"

The two men rose.

"We please ourselves in this small thing," the Alcalde said. "We wish you to have a pleasant idea of this poor village. Look, some of these flags are loose; if you pry them up, you can make a hearth in your room there. Only please put them back in the morning. May you pass a very good night. With your permission." He left.

"You are two well-bred young men," Don Alejandro said. "It is a pleasure to entertain you." He hiccoughed. "May you pass a very happy night. With your permission." #


TRAINS
INFORMATI
MATION
Howard Baer

"Yes—in a case like that you should really slap his face"

A Day of Pleasure

Continued from page 49

clemency because no woman was ever hanged before in this state."

"She killed her husband didn't she?"

"Oh, yes. No question of it, only it was a matter of sentiment and no woman was placed on the gallows in this state before. And so they thought the governor might change the sentence to imprisonment for life."

"That's only a slow form of dying. Besides the law is the law and men and women are the same before the law. She killed her husband didn't she?"

"Sure, she killed him alright," replied the barber. "But you know I don't think he was much good. But anyway she had no business to kill him."

"No, the law is the law. And you can't try to beat it. The law is designed to protect property and life and limb. Its courts and officers are doing a service to humanity. They do their duty."

"Sure, that's what I always said. The police know who the gangsters are and so why don't they lock them up? . . . You think that's short enough on top?

Then they spoke about other things and in this way the hair-cut and shave were accomplished and the stranger walked out of the shop a little freshened up and due to the clipper the fat rings on the back of his neck showing more plainly than before.

On his way to find a sea-food restaurant he paused in front of a hatter's window and went in and bought himself a nice big felt hat with a broad brim for which he paid ten dollars. It was a good hat and at the moment he thought that nothing was too good for him. The old hat with its sweat stained band was not even worth taking along. He left it there.

In the restaurant he changed his mind and instead of having cold lobster he ordered a whole broiled lobster with hot butter sauce. This he thought would be juicier. And while he waited for the lobster to broil he had a plate of oysters and drank two cocktails.

It was noon when he left the restaurant and he was feeling pretty good. He stuck his chest out and with the brand new hat on his head he walked down the street as though the whole city belonged to him. He bought himself some extra fancy cigars and wandered into a movie called *The Price of Love.* The name attracted his attention and he was curious to know what the story was about. But it proved to be quite different from what he expected and he left the movie house a little disappointed.

The newsboys had the afternoon papers on the streets as he came out of the theater but somehow or other the news did not interest him. He lit a fresh cigar and climbed into a taxi and told the driver to take him through the park. It was a pleasant afternoon, not too cold and not too hot. He leaned back in the cushions of the cab and puffed on the cigar. He saw the children in the park wading in the pool and sailing their toy boats and he ordered the driver to stop. "That's a pretty sight," he said. "Why can't people be kids all their lives?" Then he saw two pretty nursemaids in uniforms wheeling perambulators along the walk and he said to the driver, "I haven't been here in some years. Is the 'Cat and Mouse' still going?"

"It's a cabaret place, boss."

"What time does it open?"

"Night time."

"Where are the Janes in the afternoon?"

"Don't know boss. Most anywhere. Park, movies, in the department stores, some stay home, most anywhere boss. Some go to Billy's for a drink and to see what they can pick up. It's in back of the Commercial Hotel and a great place for traveling salesmen."

It was not many minutes later that he found himself in Billy's place buying a drink for a young woman with blonde hair.

"You know," she said. "I only came in here to see if my sister was here because she has a crush on a fellow who hangs out here. And I don't often get around to these places but I went to the movie this afternoon. Did you see that picture also? Well, I don't see why they are raving about that girl at all. Say, you don't know me mister man and I don't know you but if she's an actress then honest to God I'm only a piece of cheese. I guess she must be the girl friend of some director in Hollywood or some big shot. Well some people get the breaks and some people. . . . My sister and I played big time across the country. We had a song and dance act and then the whole vaudeville business blew up and so. . . . Yes, I'll have another. And so we came home and waited for a call from Hollywood!"

"Don't often come down this way myself," he said. "But once in a while a fellow owes himself a day off. It does him good. A man gets kind of lonesome."

"Where's your wife?"

"I have none."

"Work all the time?"

"No. Not all the time. I take it easy. I have a shop in Westville. Wagon wheels. But I don't go out for business. Some special orders come to me and sometimes some repairs. But it's all automobiles these days and not much wagon business."

She was feeling sorry for him already. "Say, it's not easy for a young girl these days either. My name is Dolly, what's yours?"

"Jim," he said. "Just plain Jim."

"And my sister's name is Peggy. You'd like Peggy."

"Where is she?"

"Well, that's what I've been telling you. I came in here looking for her because her boy friend George, he hangs out here."

"Why don't you get hold of her and we will have a swell party. A fellow can't have a party alone."

"She might have a date with George."

"Well, ask George to come along, the more the merrier."

"Say Jim, you're alright. Well let's have another drink and maybe they will be along."

He signaled the waiter. "Anything you say is okay with me Dolly."

After a slight silence she asked, "You live all alone in Westville?"

"Yes."

"Don't it get on your nerves to be alone?"

"That's why a fellow must come away from the place and have a party and a little fun once in a while."

As he said this the waiter brought the drinks and Jim drew a five dollar bill from the envelope.

In a little while her sister Peggy arrived with George who turned out to be a furniture salesman for an installment house. They joined them at the table and things grew livelier. They all thought it would be a good idea to have a nice party.

A newsboy came through the place with evening papers and George bought one. Dolly opened it up and exclaimed, "Gee, they hanged her this morning." Then she read aloud. "After the governor had refused a plea for clemency last night, Mrs. Klopp walked her last mile this morning and mounted the scaffold to pay the penalty for the murder of her husband. She is the first woman to be executed in this state. She was accompanied across the prison yard by the prison matron and the chaplain. Her step was steady and her gait even until it came to mounting the six wooden steps of the scaffold. She seemed dazed and hesitated on the second step but the hangman reached down and drew her up. She put her arms about him and clung to him as though he were the last living thing left on earth. Her eyes were dry and not a word passed her lips. He put the freshly greased rope over her head while she embraced him. It was with some difficulty that the hangman could free himself and plunge back to spring the trap."

She threw down the newspaper and whispered, "It's terrible. Terrible!"

Jim said, "Well she killed her husband didn't she? The law is the law. The governor is a square man and if he didn't think it was right he could have. . . . Say, how about going to the 'Cat and the Mouse' after supper. I haven't seen a cabaret show in years."

"Alright Jim," all agreed. And they thought he was a good fellow.

The sisters, Dolly and Peggy, went home to dress up in their very best and get ready for a big evening while Jim went upstairs to the hotel room occupied by George the furniture salesman. Here he had some photographs of furniture that he wanted Jim to see. A new combination couch that can be opened up to a full-sized bed was the main subject of conversation.

But the furniture man was also anxious to tell Jim that he made no mistake in his choice of companions.

"Those sisters," he said, "are a damn fine pair of girls. A man couldn't fall in with better company. They are a couple of straight shooters. Yes, sir. Just a little down on their luck, could happen to anybody, but they are no gold diggers. Why, a million dollars couldn't buy one of them if she didn't like you. But if she liked you, well then, if you didn't have a nickel it would be all right with her. That's the kind they are."

"Say, I can tell a person a mile away," Jim boasted.

And soon the girls, dressed in evening gowns, were announced and the men came down into the hotel lobby. They went to a swell place to have a good dinner and a nice bottle of wine.

It was evening now and all day long he had been seeking pleasure and some of the things he had hoped would be joyous did not turn out so well. But now, this was the real thing. The girls were quite pretty and they were pleasant and gay. And they knew all kinds of stories that they related in an entertaining manner. And as for George, the furniture salesman, he too was a good fellow. He was no grafter either for twice he apologized for having horned his way into a nice party. And each time he did so Jim assured him that it was a pleasure to have him "because three is a bad number."

Yes, these were all fine people and it was a great pleasure to have them on a party. And the sky was the limit. Turkish cigarettes for the girls, a good Havana cigar, the best in the house, for George and a round of "What's the name of the French liquor made by the monks? Yes. That's it. Four of those with the coffee."

Now things were getting really gay. And about nine o'clock that evening they decided to go to the "Cat and Mouse" and dance and see the cabaret show. They took a taxi to the place.

At one time when Peggy was dancing with George and Dolly and Jim were alone at the side table, she leaned over and touching his large hairy hand said, "You know, Jim, I could like you a whole lot."

He pressed her hand, but then the waiter passed and she drew it away. And when the waiter got to the bar the bartender said to him, "I think I know that fellow's face. But I can't place him."

At eleven o'clock the floor show went on and people showered streamers at each other and made

Continued at top of page 151

What kind of shirt should you wear when it's hot?

IT'S only logical that in hot weather, you should give your body the comfort of cooler shirts.

Most hot-weather shirts, however, wear poorly . . . or the collar refuses to sit up and be good . . . or they shrink after a few washings.

But no longer need you sacrifice coolness to be neat, or sacrifice neatness to be cool. Now Arrow extra-cool summer shirts — give you both. Now, you can get summer shirts with the Arrow label and all that it stands for.

Above, you can see three of the new Arrow Summer Shirts. The first (worn by the man riding up with Two-gun Pete) is *Arocool.* Formal and handsome enough for town wear, yet made of an amazing new fabric so light and open you actually can get a coat of tan through it! $2.

The second (center) is Arrow's famous *Gordon*—one oxford shirt that will *stay* your right size! $2.

The third (right) is the Arrow *Hitt,* with the famous Aroset collar that never needs starch—yet *looks* starched, and refuses to wilt even under the hottest sun. Hitt is $2.

All these shirts have the one and only Arrow Collar—the best-fitting, best-looking, most comfortable collar ever devised by man. All are beautifully tailored. And all are *Sanforized Shrunk!* This means that they are *guaranteed* not to shrink—*ever.* Why not look them over? Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

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If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow shirt

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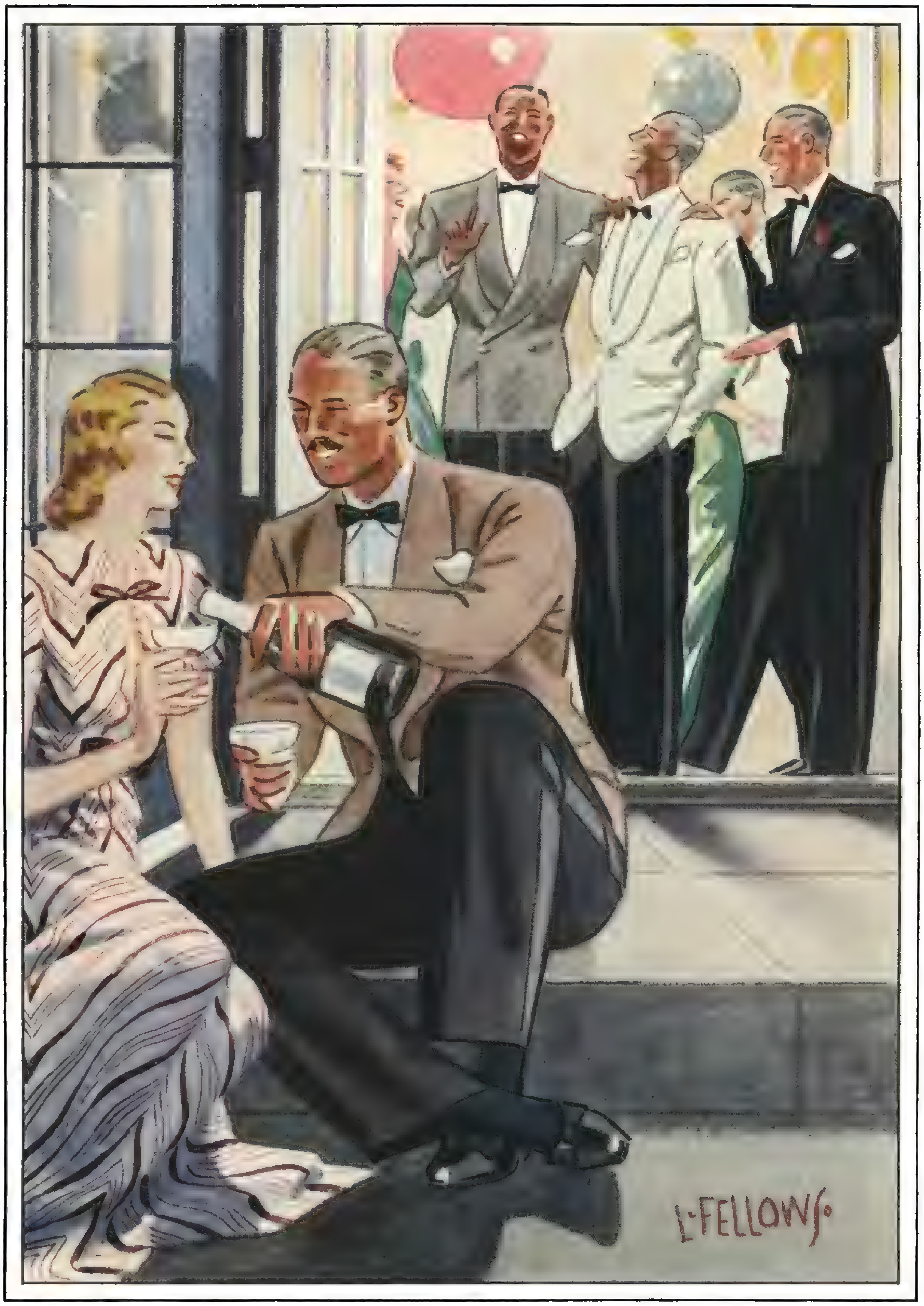

THE BURMA SHADE SUMMER DINNER JACKET

The old summer formal combination of blue jacket and white flannels got the gong because of its obvious incongruity with summer evening dresses. Hence the white dinner jacket was welcomed with open arms and although its vogue was threatened momentarily by the ridiculous mess jacket craze, it has since gained ground each season, its position being strengthened rather than weakened by the introduction of such color touches as the use of dark green or midnight blue bow ties with matching cummerbund and hose. The single breasted white shawl collar dinner jacket, however, remains entrenched as the most popular summer formal garment. There has been a tendency to go in for color in dinner jackets, and the grey double breasted in the background has limited fashionable acceptance. But the favorite deviation from the norm of white is the new Burma shade, shown in foreground.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Day of Pleasure

Continued from pages 49-148

lots of noise with rattles provided by the management. Also paper caps were distributed to add to the gaiety.

The floor show ended at a quarter of twelve and by this time three tables were drawn together and "friends" had joined Jim's party. Now Jim was feeling good and one of the girls wanted to know if the orchestra would play, *My Old Kentucky Home.*

"I never was in Kentucky," she said. "But I just love that song. It makes me feel good to hear it."

The orchestra played the song and there was a great silence in the place. Jim drew some bills from the envelope and asked the waiter to give these to the musicians. He glanced at the remaining bills in his hand. There was enough left to pay for the party and a little over. He folded them and placing the roll in his trouser pocket, crumpled up the envelope and threw it on the floor.

A minute later the waiter picked up the envelope and brought it to the bartender who opening it read the word "Jim" written in blue pencil. He also saw the printing in the upper left hand corner and showing it to the waiter whispered something in his ear.

This was the beginning. One whisper led to another. Some people left the place quite abruptly. One girl said she had a sick headache and Dolly overheard something and signaling to her sister they excused themselves for a moment. But they did not return. In less than five minutes George and Jim were left alone at the table. Something was up.

Jim took out his big railroad watch and looked at the time. It was a minute to twelve o'clock. "This big onion," he said proudly, "does not lose a minute in a month."

But the bartender caught George's eye and beckoned to him. When he came over he said to him: "The ladies are waiting for you in the lobby of the Commercial. I thought I recognized that fellow, he was in here a long time ago." Then he held out the envelope on which was printed "State Penitentiary," and leaned over across the bar and whispered, "He's the hangman!"

"Funny they all walked out on me," Jim said as he paid the check.

He put on his new felt hat and without glancing to the right or left walked straight out of the place. He walked the streets for several blocks and presented the ticket for his car at the parking place. He was feeling good. He looked up overhead and saw the stars and remarked to the boy, "It's been a nice day."

Now the day of pleasure was over and he was driving back to Westville. Somehow or other on his hands there still lingered a rancid odor of grease. #

An Old Japanese Custom

Continued from page 75

trolley between Osaka and Kobe, and next to Kida sat a dismal little chap in a dirty blue kimono and very worn *getas.* Apparently he and Kida were acquainted, because they rose, faced each other, bowed low while holding on to their knees, and sucked their breath in true native fashion. The car rattled on, and Kida and his crummy-looking friend began a rapid conversation. At last the other plucked a pocket book from his kimono sleeve and handed Kida a business card. Kida, with his steady and disarming flourish, displayed his wallet and offered his own card in return. At the next station the blue kimono got off. Kida examined the card, and laughed lustily. "It says 'Tsurumi Oguruso, Vice-President, Osaka-Fu Shipyard.'"

I was puzzled. "He can't be a vice-president of a shipyard."

Now Kida roared. "No, no. Only faking. He has junk shop near our office."

"But what—"

Kida explained. "Japanese custom. Japanese carry two kinds cards, one real, one fake. Real for business. Fake to give friends. Fake look better. Have fine title, manager, president, not *banto,* waiter. All fine firms."

"How about yourself?"

Kida was caught, and looked sheepish, but only for a moment. Then his laugh rose again, and he showed me his fake business cards. I did not know enough Japanese to read the legend on the cheap white paste-board, so Kida obliged willingly. "It says 'Hierom Kida, Credit Manager, The Mito Foreign Bank, Kobe.'"

"There is no such bank," I said.

"I know," Kida admitted with mischief in his voice. "No Mito Bank, no Osaka-Fu Shipyard. Japanese custom."

"But doesn't that man suspect you?" I asked.

"Yes," said Kida. "He know I lie. I know he lie."

"What's the use, then?"

"Japanese custom," he reiterated. "Rook finer, and then save fake cards and paste up in book. I have many hundred. All fake."

Kida had been in my employ several months before I discovered that he was a poet. One morning he came in with a magazine. "Osaka Poetry Journal," he announced. He flipped the pages and pointed at a poem. "Meicho write this. Meicho is poet name for Kida." He said in reply to my question that he had had a great many contributions accepted by the "Journal," which, like its brothers and sisters all over the world, paid atrociously little.

"Read it to me," I asked.

Kida recited the poem, and later he read me many more. They were all strangely alike, and at the conclusion of each he told me, without pausing for a moment, the price he had received, usually two or three yen.

It might run like this:

"It is night,
the moon shines,
a dog barks far away,
under the bridge runs the little river,
the leaves of the maple tree fall in the night,
I am lonely.
Two yen."

For a poet I must say that Kida's temperance was admirable. He never appeared in the office in a squiffy state, and only a few times was he the victim of ravaging hang-overs. But one Monday he showed up with one of the blackest eyes I have ever seen, and there was only a feeble spark of a smile under the thin mustache. "What in the world has happened to you?" I asked.

It was a long and sad story. He had to begin with his prize possession, a talking machine, for which he had more than one hundred foreign records, mostly opera. That is, he used to have them. After office on Saturday Kida had called on some friends in Nishinomiya, and much *sake* had been imbibed. He arrived home at a late hour, roaring drunk, and became enraged at finding all the members of his large family soundly asleep on the floor. So he had lighted lamps, over the protests of his relatives, and wound up the talking machine. He had played three or four records, when Mrs. Kida, whom he had always referred to in guarded terms, rose from her couch, walked up to her husband, and hit him as hard as she could in the face. Kida's answer to this was to throw the records, one after the other, out through the open door, into the night, wherever they happened to skim.

"Tonight," said Kida, barely touching his colored eye, "I no go home. Stay in Kobe with *beppin-san,* with pretty girl." He pulled out his pocket book, and took from it the photograph of a decidedly good-looking Japanese woman. "*Beppin-san,*" he said. "Private stock. Pretty girl, what? My wife, she pretty, too. She pretty, all same bulldog." And with a sudden tired anger he added, "She only baby-making machine. Machine explode two times. Now explode soon again."

If Kida at the time of the blackened eye felt that the burdens of fatherhood were too heavy to bear, he seemed to have forgotten all about his desperation and his *Beppin-san,* when Mrs. Kida a few months later presented him with a third son. He glowed, he pranced about the office, he imitated the squeals of the infant, he showed me how big he was, how healthy. Three sons, what more could a Japanese ask for?

In November, when I had been in Japan for about two years, orders came for me to return to New York. I had been homesick for a long while, and it felt fine to get away, but I was sorry to part from Kida. One of the last days in Osaka, my office stripped of nearly all its furniture, I gave Kida his last check, and a bonus, thanked him for good work and wished him luck. He had brought me some farewell gifts, another, and a very pleasant, Japanese custom. They consisted of five *sake* cups. Two were fashioned from tangerine peels, varnished on the outside and lacquered inside. The other three were of very ancient Korean make, in blue China, small as thimbles, and decorated with paintings of temples.

I had no idea how I could reciprocate, and asked Kida, "Is there anything you would like that I can give you?"

He seemed to have expected this question, because he answered, "Prease, a foreign necktie."

There were no European shops in Osaka, so I asked Kida to meet me the following day at the Lane & Crawford store in Kobe. He showed up, still wearing the stringy knitted scarf that he had used for two years. I introduced him to Jack Hoult, who had charge of the men's wear department, and Kida held out his hand, bowed and said, "I am very preased to meet you," and went about the business of selecting a cravat.

At last he had made his choice. It was a voluminous four-in-hand of the most horrible color combination. Violet, purple, red, crimson, and pink, with violet predominating, mingled like the hues of some foul and sickening dessert on the crinkly silk. "This very pretty," said Kida, utterly pleased, "but I think very expensive." He showed me the price tag. It said 2:50 yen, or about one dollar. I told him I was sure that would be all right, and Kida promptly gave his old tie a rest in his coat pocket and lovingly wound the new acquisition around his neck.

* * *

At Christmas, in New York, I received a letter from Kida. It told me that he had got a job with another foreign firm, still in Osaka, but that he missed me very much and that he often thought of the happy times we had together. The letter ended, "Today I have on your beautiful violet necktie. Oh, how memorious it!" #

John's Mother

Continued from page 85

her life. She can't imagine a person being lustful, or wanting to carouse, or not being religious, or anything she's not. She's so good . . . that sometimes I hope to God I don't ever have to see her again."

He was not talking to me, but to himself, arguing it out, as he must have argued it out alone many times before, and ending up, eternally, with the same dreary, puzzling answer.

"I can talk like this, of course," he murmured, wonderingly, "but then she'll do something so good to me, or say something so fine, that I'm in it again, adoring her, trying to make up because my father wasn't a decent husband, not doing things I'd like to do, thinking she's the most marvelous woman in the world and I'm ungrateful and ought to be killed for not appreciating it. But I can't. I just can't."

The words stirred through the night air and died. We could see a swollen red moon rising in the east. John rose, stiffly, and picked up his racket. "Well, let's go," he said. His voice was flat.

He did not refer to his mother again. I suppose that the agony of embarrassment had set in, and he hoped that I would forget what I had heard.

I did not. The memory of his troubled monologue awoke that Sunday. His mother came to see him. I am sure he would have preferred it if I had not seen her. I know I would have. But, unfortunately, I happened to run on to them, and was introduced to her.

She did not look much like him, except in coloring. He was big and awkward, she was tiny, compact. Both had the lightest of blond hair and blue eyes, and the same startlingly white complexion. She was clinging to his arm when we met. Her manner was gracious, yet it put one off. As clearly as if she had said it aloud, she implied: "This is my son. Mine. Understand? Very well, then. I do not want you to be friends with John. It's unfair to me. I've given everything I had to this boy, and no one shall take him from me. It's very well for you to admire his work, and respect him, but the intimacy of friendship? Never, young man. John is mine. And when he meets a girl he likes, she will just have to step aside. I cannot allow any trespassing on my property."

That night I was in my room, reading *The Brothers Karamazov.* I like to identify physical characteristics of the people in books with my acquaintances. I thought Alyosha must have looked very much like John.

There was a knock on the door; John came into the room. He stood well away from the shaded light, but it was evident he was excited.

There was a nervous expectancy about him. He looked aroused, anxious for revenge.

"She's gone," he announced.

"Has she? Have a good time?"

"She gave me five dollars. 'I'm goin' to town.'"

This was a silly euphemism among the men we knew for visiting a brothel.

"Are you?"

"Yes."

He didn't tell me that he hoped she would find out. It was too sickeningly obvious.

However, it was his business. I told him to have a big time.

"Yeah. See you tomorrow."

He turned and went out, looking tremendously proud of himself. #

Kept Women in China

Continued from page 54

your wife chooses for you has been especially trained by her to comply with all your tastes and peculiarities. She knows all your favorite love poetry and drinking songs and whether you like lipstick or not, and she is probably skilled in the use of that extraordinary device for the encouragement of middle age, the *Tsai Gan Dan*, or Little Silver Egg, whose thin silver stem vibrates when a rosined bow is drawn across it.

But if you are a young man and prefer to do your own choosing, decorum forbids any reference to your mistress within your household. Assignations between a gentleman and an unknown lady are arranged through their servants, though often "accidental" meetings take place at the silk merchant's or the druggist's. The proposal is always that the lady "take a journey" with the gentleman. Will she accompany him to the Willow Gardens, or to the Green Moon Lake for the evening, for a week, or for a month? In earlier days the couple really retired to some little country pavilion for their rendezvous, but in more recent times the actual journey itself is usually dispensed with, although the form is still used by those well bred in the ancient usages. The passage of time has brought about a curious telescoping of this custom. Nowadays the meeting takes place in the lady's house, but she must still rigidly adhere to the length of time set by the gentleman in his invitation. When the proposed time has elapsed, etiquette demands that she announce her plan "to return to her own house" despite the fact that she is already there. Then her friend must urge her to "stay." Here we see a typically Chinese situation, entirely artificial and ceremonious, yet in practice working very well. Having only pretended to take a trip, and having spent the whole time in the lady's own house, he is really her guest, not she his. After she has protested three times that she must go home her duty is done and her friend may leave her or not, just as he pleases, with perfect politeness and no feelings hurt.

But to return to the gentleman's original proposition. He suggests that his servants shall transport them and care for them on the little trip. She replies that as soon as she had received his message her own servants had made all the preparations. He insists that at least he be allowed to defray the expenses to the extent of the servants' salaries. To this she at length acquiesces, and he gives her butler a sum fixed by custom at about twice what the actual expenses would be on such a journey as he has proposed. This strange but ingenious fiction disposes of the money question, and since it is invariably adhered to it prevents mercenary motives from dampening the spirit of the holiday. If the lady happens to be inspired only by devotion to her bank account he never discovers it, for all ladies behave the same way.

He arrives at her house at the appointed time, and the pretense that they are about to take a trip is kept up a few moments longer. For she is seen to be wearing a plain traveling garment of dun or dove colored silk. But when, after ritual gestures of greeting, this is removed, under it is surprisingly disclosed a robe of deep and voluptuous crimson. Still more ballet-like ceremony is observed, but when at some length this gown too is shed. its crimson is seen to have been in stirring contrast to her white and curiously perfumed skin. Further ritual, propounded after careful centuries of delicate experiment, and designed to move the heart through the gateway of the senses, is accompanied by the almost noiseless beating of a hidden drum, in rhythms like those of the human pulse.

Let us consider some further economic aspects of mistress keeping, and the delicate art of bidding the mistress an economic farewell, two phases of the relationship which so often in the West leave the pocketbook in a state of collapse and a taste of verdigris in the mouth.

The brief liaison, as described above, terminates amicably enough at the prearranged time, having entailed an expenditure of only about twice the actual overhead of service, food, music, flowers and fireworks. The Chinese, of course, are passionately fond of fireworks, and although they invented gunpowder centuries ago, left its use in guns to us. Until recently they used it only to fill the evening air with flowers of fire and the poignant trajectories of rockets.

But the long affair of months or years brings up different economic problems. Etiquette demands that the lover put the keys of his money vault into the hands of his mistress, but only as a symbol, for etiquette also forbids her to spend any of his money except for the household expenses. He may give her ornaments and jewels, but when they part decorum obliges her to return every single earring and feather. Presumably a good bracelet could thus be used over and over again on blonde after blonde, and with occasional trips to Cartier's for repairs, would last for years.

A small sum is placed each day in a box on her dressing table. This is supposed to defray the expenses of her wardrobe, but she may save it if she chooses, and in practice usually puts aside a little each day. These financial arrangements have certain advantages over our own more informal customs, and relieve the lady of the necessity for making private deals with jewelers and couturiers to double the amount of the bills her protector receives, so that she can bank the difference.

But by far the most important detail of etiquette is the rule which governs partings. If the liaison has lasted one full season, that is, three months, the gentleman may not withdraw his support until he has found the lady another protector whose social rank or fortune is at least equal to, and preferably greater than, his own.

If he has been unable to persuade any of the boys in the stag line to cut in, he must take his mistress into his household as a permanent concubine, or else buy her a little farm and grant her a permanent allowance.

So when her lover begins to give a series of carefully selected little stag dinners in the apartment, the lady's parting tears are dried by the realization that her next friend will be at least as wealthy or attractive as the last.

This provision gives the enjoyment of youth and beauty some of the elements of the game of Old Maid, the only loser being the player who cannot get rid of the Queen at the last, when she has grown old and fat.

As a parting suggestion from East to West it might be well to recall that as long ago as 500 B. C. Confucius strongly advised his young friends to talk as much as they wanted beforehand, or even afterwards at breakfast, but meanwhile not to say a word. #

● (Left) The sort of camera shot you get once in a lifetime—a Montana moose crossing a lake. Snapped on a big-game hunting trip.

● (Below) A pack trip up in the big-game country. Packing is both an art and a mystery, according to those who know. Rare skill and scientific accuracy are essential.

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On this page—a few snapshots picked up beside the trail by two men who know and love the West—Robert P. Lamont, Jr. and John Held, Jr.

● (Above) Irving Alderson ("Little Bones"), one of the best cowmen in Montana, snapped by his friend, John Held, Jr. Every year the latter goes West to hunt, fish, ride, and rope cattle, at all of which he is an old, experienced hand.

● (Below) One of the finest breakfasts in the world—a couple of two-pound trout, taken right out of the water and broiled over glowing red-hot coals.

● (Above) Robert P. Lamont, Jr., owner of the famous Perry Park ranch in Colorado, one of the crack stock-breeding ranches of the West. Snapped here with a trained falcon, with which he hunts pestiferous magpies on the place. Mr. Lamont is an expert shot with both rifle and camera.

● (Above) John Held, Jr., artist, humorist, writer, sculptor, and cowboy—the last being his favorite occupation. He is also a skillful and enthusiastic Kodak fan.

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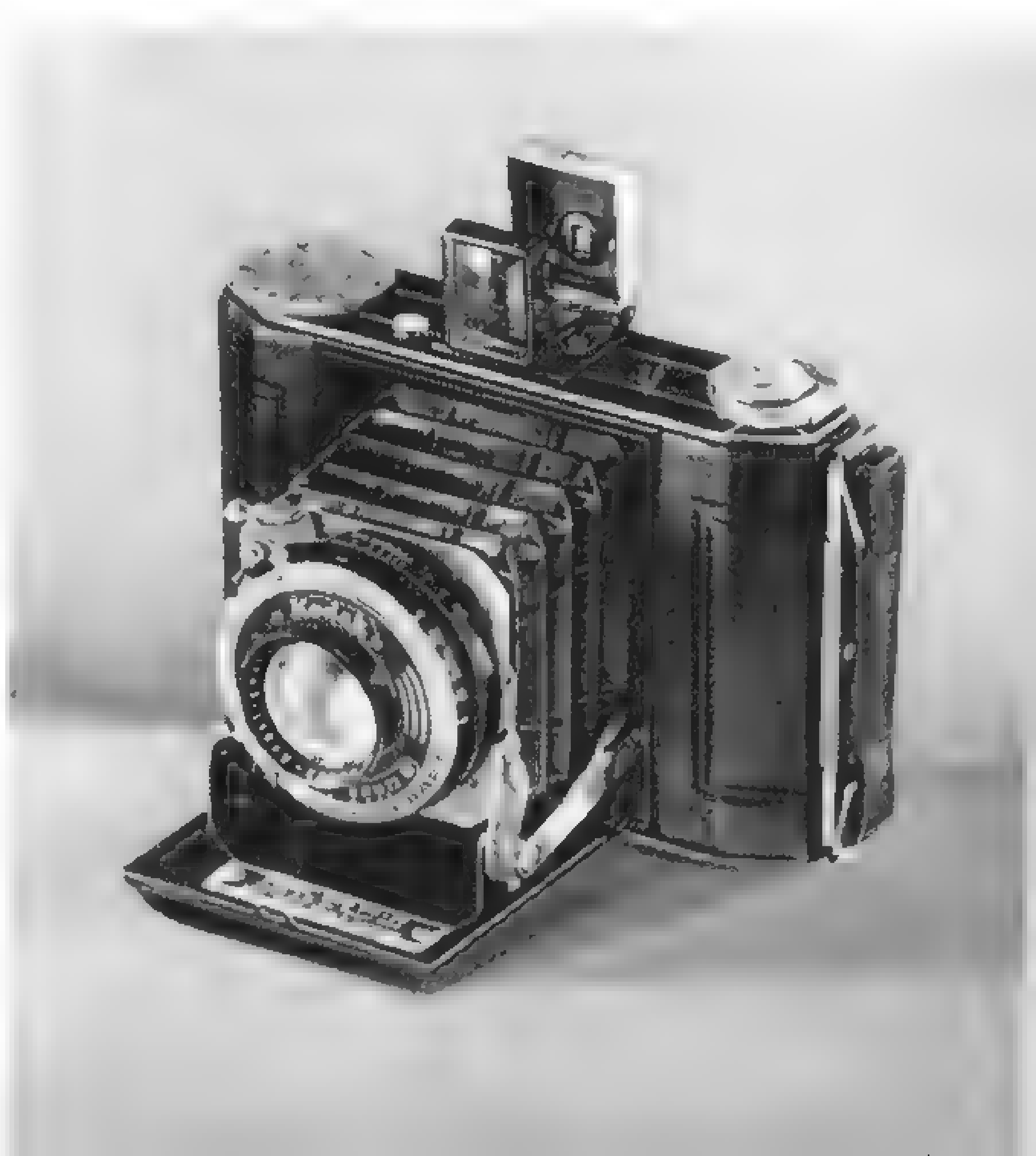

Lawyers Laugh Last

Continued from page 64

He stormed back to Springfield, murderous wrath in his heart, retained another law firm and filed a $200,000 damage suit against Koop, charging false arrest and imprisonment.

He went to bat with Koop on this at about the time the supreme court handed down a decision on his appeal—or some two years and eight months after he and Koop first met in his office. The decision went against Mahoney. He was now in default in the lower court, and the court rendered a judgment against him for $200,000.

On the day the judgment was entered, the jury trying his case against Koop brought in a verdict awarding Mahoney $75,000 damages.

By now, however, both Koop and Mahoney were completely bankrupt. Koop had sold his business to raise money; he had exhausted his credit; he was hopelessly sunk in debt.

Mahoney had lost his newspaper, lost his home, lost every cent he had.

Each took a pauper's oath when called upon to pay each other's judgment.

"Well, this looks like the end," said Mahoney to his lawyer. "I guess there's nothing more I can do to him now."

"Oh, yes, there is," said the lawyer. "You can send him to jail if you like."

"How can I send him to jail?"

"You have a judgment against him, haven't you? He says he can't pay it, doesn't he? Very well; put him in jail until he *does* pay it."

"I'll do that thing," swore Mahoney, a demoniacal light in his eye, "if it's the last thing I do in my life, so help me!"

"It'll cost you fifty cents a day," the lawyer gently interposed, "to pay the sheriff for his board."

"I'll pay it!" said Mahoney. "I'll pay it, by heaven, if I have to sell the shirt off my back!"

It was so ordered.

But, just as Mahoney's warrant for Koop's arrest was served on Koop, a similar warrant was served on Mahoney. For Koop, also harassed by the strange turn of affairs, had gone to his lawyers, had made the same complaint, had received the same advice and had done the same thing that Mahoney had done.

It came to pass, therefore, that Koop and Mahoney reached the same jail on the same day at the same moment.

They were locked in opposite cells. They faced each other through the bars—even more ferociously than they had faced each other, three years ago, in Mahoney's office.

But now Mahoney, incoherent from baffled rage, could find no words even to remark: "What did I tell you?"

And Koop, likewise choked with wrath, was likewise silent.

So they just sat in their cages and glared at one another . . .

While their lawyers added up the profits. ⧺

Transcontinental Troop Train

Continued from page 125

can describe the foulness of the interior of that car and, all the time I was giving orders to quiet the melee and aid the wounded, I was being frightfully sick there in the middle of the car.

Without quite knowing how I did it, I got the two fallen men out into my vestibule and, shouting imprecations at the others, herded them back into the seats. Then, when all was quiet, I summoned Lieutenant Morris from the troopcar next to mine.

I told him what had happened and what I had done, and I guess I must have appeared nervous to him, because he spoke sharply to me.

"Get hold of yourself, man. This is nothing to what you'll see in France. You had better let these men stay out here on the platform until we get to Needles and then I'll see what can be done."

"I'm all right, Lieutenant," I told him, "but the heat is getting me, sir, just as it's getting to those fellows in there. That, and the water. Those men have been in there since yesterday without water."

"There isn't any water on the train," he told me. "There never has been any water on this train. We will get water at Needles if we have to take their damned railroad apart, but we will all have to wait until we get there."

"How about this wounded man, sir?" I asked. "Can't I have some water for him? He won't last until we get in."

"I just told you there isn't any water. Not a drop," he stormed at me. "How can I get you water when there isn't any?"

I realized then, I think, that the heat was having its effect on the others in the rest of the train, the heat and the thirst; the desire for water and the torture of knowing none could be had. I had never seen the lieutenant so vicious.

It was getting to him, all right, but it hadn't hit him as hard as it hit me.

"Very good, sir," I said. I couldn't say any more.

Standing there in the vestibule, after that, with one dead man and a dying one for company didn't help any. The wounded man lay there, coughing and bleeding. I tried not to think about him. But there was only the heat and the sand and the telegraph poles. I was afraid to think about my thirst. Somehow I didn't want water for myself as much as I wanted it for that poor devil lying there in the vestibule. I watched the poles for a while, because I didn't want to watch him die. There was a sudden fascination in those poles; a sinister fascination. Every few seconds one would flash past the window and the noise of its passing made an odd sound, an eerie sound, rather like a sigh. It got so I was watching for those poles. Every one of them. I somehow knew that if they stopped, then the world would stop, too. And all the time the heat and the thirst were holding me tighter and tighter. I knew it was useless to struggle, but I tried to tear myself away from watching the poles. I couldn't. Wires ran from pole to pole. They dipped and rose and dipped and rose, and every time the wires rose a pole went by with a soft "whoosh." The wires fascinated me. I could not take my eyes from them. I guess now that I was hypnotized, but anything was better than watching that poor devil on the floor gasp and gurgle his life away. All there was to life was undulating heat and undulating wire, followed by stiff pole after stiff pole.

The crisis came when the wounded man spoke.

"Water," he gasped. "Water!"

I couldn't give it to him. It was too much. I couldn't stand any more.

I went inside the car.

When I opened the door that diabolical stench rushed outward at me. Here was something I could do.

"Why in Hell don't you open some windows," I shouted. The men looked at me rather blankly. There was no more fight in them. The heat had pressed them beyond that. One or two moved to the windows and struggled with them fruitlessly.

"Hell! That's too slow," I yelled over the noise of the train. "Break them open before you suffocate."

I could see myself attack the nearest window with the butt of my automatic. I was still able, you see, to do some thinking for the men.

But it was the feeling of glee that came when the glass crashed under the impact, and the inrush of hot air, like fingers of flame, that ended all that.

I can't explain what happened next. I make no excuses for myself. Even today it is as though I had merely dreamed it all. It isn't real.

Holding out my automatic to the man nearest me—he had bitter, brutal eyes—I said:

"See this? I could blow you to Hell if I wanted to. I don't want to, but I could if I wanted to."

His reply, now, seems just as strange. But it was a normal reply then.

"Here. Give it to me," he said. "I can shoot, too. I can shoot any bastard that says I can't shoot."

I gave it to him.

"What can you hit?" I asked.

"I can hit anything," he replied. "Get me some water and I'll hit anything you say."

"All right," I replied. "I can't get you any water until we reach Needles, but I'll get you some there. But if you don't hit what I tell you, you'll die in Hell before I'll give you a drink."

"What do you want me to hit?" he demanded.

We looked out of the window. There was nothing but sand and dust and telegraph poles and heat rising from the ground in waves. There wasn't anything moving. Nothing that would make a target, I mean. I stuck my head out of the broken window.

"Look!" I shouted, pulling myself back into the car. "Do you see that head sticking out of the window of the last car? That Chink head? I'll bet you can't hit that."

"I'll bet I can," he said, and leaned out of the window. He aimed my gun carefully. There was a roar as the gun went off. It made a different kind of noise, with the roar of the train, from any gun I have heard before or since.

"I did it!" he shouted, and I looked to see. Back in the last car there was the head of a Chinaman lying across a window sill and even from where I was I could see the blood and the brains dripping down the side of the car.

"All right. You did it," I told him.

"So what? Where's my water?"

"There is no water now."

"But you bet me some water I couldn't."

"Okeh," I promised him. "Give me my gun and I'll pay my bet. I'll get you all the water you want when we get to Needles." He protested, but gave it to me. I hadn't thought that he would not.

There was a shrill from the emergency air signal and suddenly the brakes of the train began to shriek. We were still out in the desert and it was still hot. Stopping in the desert wasn't going to make things any better. I ran out to my vestibule, because I knew that's where I was supposed to be when the train stopped. This time both men on the platform were dead. I thought perhaps the track was blocked up ahead and opened my vestibule

Continued at top of page 156

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Transcontinental Troop Train

Continued from pages 125-154

door. Almost before we had stopped I saw a fellow in olive drab whipcord, with an immigration department badge drop from the last car and run forward. He climbed into the last of the three troop cars, where the commanding officer was. Almost at once he returned, followed by the commanding officer, Major Ordway, a captain and two lieutenants, and the group made their way to where I was.

When they got to me I saluted and stood at attention. I was on duty, remember. Major Ordway looked at me, hard. That wasn't so bad, though. It was the heat that bothered me. The heat seemed to pulsate from the ground right into my face. From my face it went into my brain and all I could think of was that the march of telegraph poles had stopped. There was no more dust and there were no more telegraph poles, and I knew—I was absolutely certain—the cessation meant disaster.

"Was there a shot fired from up here a few moments ago, Ellis?" Major Ordway asked me.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Who fired it?" demanded the major.

"One of the men in the car had a gun and was shooting out of the window," I told him.

Then the immigration department man stepped in.

"Those Chinamen in the last two cars are wild about this," he told the major. "It's bad enough to handle them in this heat and then someone takes it on himself to snipe off one of their leaders for no reason at all. Unless you make an example of somebody, and prove we are protecting them, I'll not be able to keep them in check. You've got to do something."

"I'll do something, all right," Major Ordway promised, "and whoever is responsible for this will wish it hadn't happened."

I couldn't tell the major it wasn't the man's fault or my fault, but just the damnable heat. I couldn't say we were all nearly crazy with thirst and dust and parading poles and undulating wire. I wanted to, but I couldn't. I said nothing.

"Who was it?" the major demanded again.

"I don't know sir," I said, and it sounded like a line in a play. One part of me was a spectator, prompting the other part that was acting in the scene. It was all very melodramatic.

"Well, we'll see what we can find out inside," the major said, and went in followed by the others.

All that damned fool had to do was keep his mouth shut. I wasn't going to tell Major Ordway my part in the affair, but I wasn't going to put someone else on the spot, either. But he didn't do that. He pushed past the others and came up to me.

"Where's that water," he demanded. "You promised to get me some water when we stopped."

"We're not in Needles yet," I reminded him. And then he did it. The other men in the car stood with their mouths open and their eyes blank. I guess they were stunned by the heat. I don't know what else.

"But I hit him, didn't I? I shot his brains out, didn't I? You promised—"

"What's all this?" The major interrupted. "Did you shoot that Chinaman?"

"Sure," the fellow said. "I bet him I could and I did."

"Did you have any part of this?" the major asked me.

"No, sir," I stated, and all the time the spectator part of me was gleefully watching the other part of me lie. "No, sir. The man must be out of his mind. I did promise to get him some water when we got to Needles. We have been without water all day, sir. But it was not dependent upon his shooting any Chinaman."

Now this is the reason I know the heat and the thirst had affected every man on that train. Major Ordway turned to the immigration department man and to the three officers with him.

"Did you hear this man confess to deliberately killing the Chinaman?" he demanded.

The officers nodded and the immigration official said, "I certainly did. What are you going to do about it?"

"Captain Watson," the major ordered, "place this man under arrest. Form a firing squad and prepare for execution."

I remember thanking God there were no drums. If there had been drums I should have gone mad. The slow beat of the Dead March would have been just too much after the parade of the telegraph poles; the dead telegraph poles. But there were no drums. There was nothing but heat and sand; fierce, pressing heat, and sand that scorched your face while you stood upright; dry biting heat from a blazing sun; and no water. That was the worst of it. There was no water.

The men were marched out onto the desert to form two opposite sides of a square. The firing squad stood between the two lines of soldiers and fifty paces from the railroad right of way. Back of them, toward the train, were some of the Chinamen, while the condemned man stood twenty paces from the firing squad, farther out on the desert.

I stood there, watching him. That is, one part of me was watching him and the other part was watching my own actions and the actions of the others. I could see the heat waves rising from the hot sand between us. I could see that everyone was moving automatically. The scene was terrible for its formality; a formality entirely without dignity, that was automatic. I could see the heat pressing one man on to do this and another to do that; not because they thought of doing it themselves, but because it was inevitable that they should do it. Even the commands meant nothing. The movements of the firing squad were without volition; they were routine, dull, dead.

The orders of the captain to the firing squad were flat and lifeless, also. His demeanor indicated his rank. That was all. But the sounds that issued from his lips were weighed down by the heat. It was useless to combat it. The heat was irresistible.

The man had guts, all right, or maybe it was the heat. But he refused to have his eyes blindfolded. He just stood there, his shirt open, smoking a cigarette and looking at me—at me, I tell you!

It didn't seem real to me then and it doesn't seem real to me now. Even though I remember how his body jerked and fell forward in the hot sand. Even when I recall how his legs quivered and his toes dug into the ground. Even when I remember thinking the sand couldn't burn his face because he was dead. None of it seems real from the very beginning; not even the heat and the thirst; not even the telegraph poles, the endless telegraph poles; nothing except one thing. That was what he said when they asked him if he had a last word.

Looking straight at me, he said it, and his words barely reached me through the heat; he said to me—

"You son-of-a-bitch, you didn't get me that water."

The Story's End

Continued from page 119

She hated her husband—yes, and she hated dead Edward, too—for having dragged her into this mess. Why couldn't they have behaved like civilized beings? *She* was the one the row had been about, and if they had consulted her, she would have told them both to go to hell.

It was vanity, not love of her, that had sent John gunning for Edward. John didn't love her; he needn't pretend he did. Edward hadn't either. They were just a couple of overgrown, selfish boys, quarreling over a toy.

She hated that smirking prosecuting attorney. The things he had said about her! She prayed for an acquittal, because she hated him so. That would show him he wasn't so smart as he thought.

But whatever the damned jury did made little difference, if only they'd hurry and get it over with, so she could get away from this sickening courtroom, from those insufferable photographers and newspapermen, from this wretched town. Whatever happened, she was through! If there should be any money left, she'd make John give her some and she'd go to California. If not, she'd go anyway, and John could go to prison—or go to hell.

She was sure John didn't appreciate what she had gone through in an effort to save his neck. She was a fool for having done it, for having submitted to the prosecuting attorney stripping her naked, as it were, on the witness stand. She was a fool, because he didn't appreciate it, but she couldn't help herself. After all, there had been a time, long ago. . . .

"What's keeping that damned jury?" she fretted.

The defendant's eyes sparkled. The jury would be in soon, and he would know the end of the story. He was excited, in a curiously impersonal way. He felt as he used to feel toward the last act of a thrilling play, or as he reached the climax of a corking book.

He had tried and tried to identify himself with the principal in this courtroom drama. He had failed utterly. He was a spectator, and the John Lawson they talked about was a dual character created here in the courtroom in the last four days. Sometimes he was a hero and sometimes a scoundrel, depending upon which attorney was questioning the witnesses.

His own identity had been lost in this dual personality developed before his eyes. When he tried to think back to that November night and recall exactly what had happened, the scene became blurred and unreal in his memory. He could think only of John Lawson, scoundrel, killing a helpless man in cold blood, or of John Lawson, hero, protecting his life and his honor.

The villain and the hero had played their parts competently. It was difficult to predict who would triumph. It was good drama, with suspense created and sustained to the end. John Lawson, spectator, couldn't guess the outcome. But the jury would bring in the answer.

The courtroom stirred with excitement, and there was a flurry of sound and movement which died quickly to stillness and quiet as the jury filed into the box.

The defendant sat up and waited with breathless interest for the end of the story.

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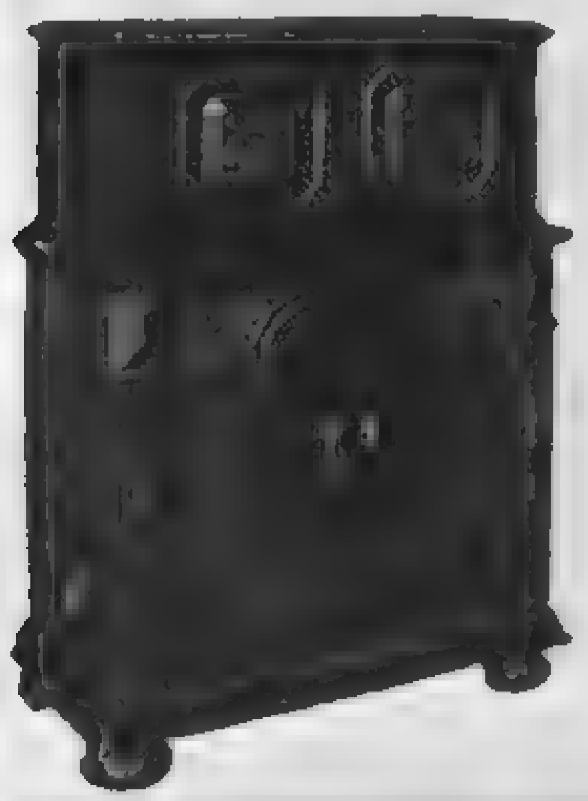

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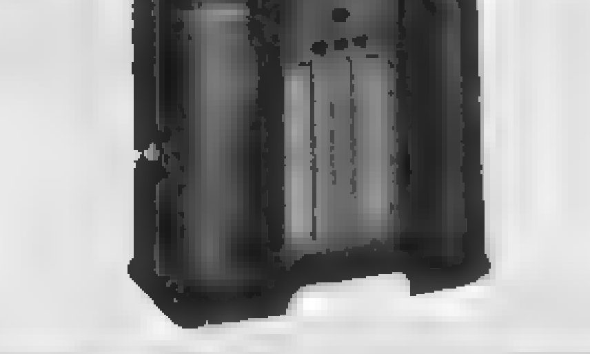

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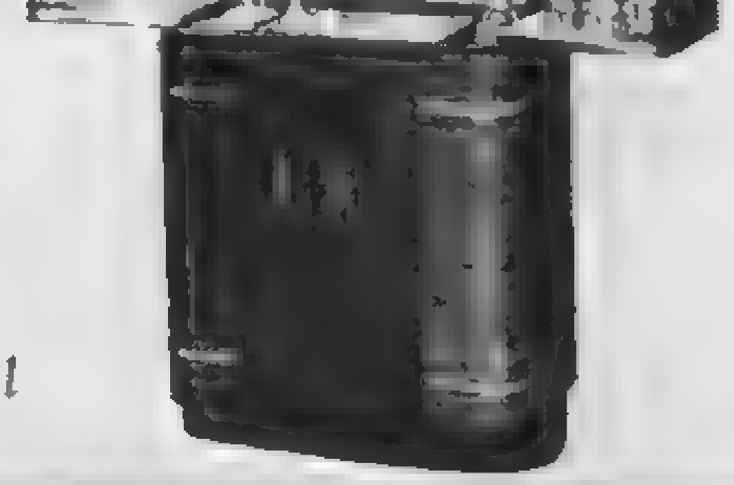

Model 536

Model 528

Energizer of the Aged

Continued from page 66

cause and which I have never encountered in any other human. He himself calls it "free energy." More specifically, it may be described as over-responsiveness to a great variety of stimuli. There is, by chance, a perfectly clear-cut example of this trait of Pitkin's simplified to its reflex essentials. Pitkin and I were driving together at night to a preview south of Los Angeles. We were late and our driver was trying to make time.

He forgot, apparently, that some unregenerate road builder who did not take the California climate seriously had built "thank-you-ma'ams" across the boulevard to carry off rain water. We hit a couple of these ubiquitous ditches and bounced moderately. Then we hit one that felt like the Panama Canal. I am heavier than Pitkin but in our previous bouncing there had been little disperity. When the car jounced this time, however, my hat was not even brushed by the car-top while Pitkin's head hit the roof with a crack like splintering wood. He slumped limp and unconscious against my shoulder. We took him to the nearest hotel, carried him in and called a doctor. He was in bed two days—a record for Pitkin.

That bounce of his has never been equalled in Los Angeles "thank-you-ma'am" records. The explanation is this. I bounced limply, inertly—Pitkin bounced actively, that is he jumped against the roof of the car. His hair-trigger release of energy, prepared by previous jounces, was set off during the split second of descending into the road depression and the reaction tensed his leg muscles with such extraordinary force that they drove his head nearly through the top of the automobile. The entire stimulus-response was so simple and elementary, so devoid of intervening ideas or emotions, that it revealed very prettily the nervous mechanism which is the secret of this man's incessant activity.

Pitkin does things because he cannot help doing them, not because he wants to get them done. His almost limitless flow of nervous energy is produced by the remarkable sensitiveness of his brain to the tiniest tap of environment.

Unquenchable responsiveness is the key which unlocks the otherwise mysterious personality of Walter Pitkin. It explains first of all his strange array of unassorted interests. When you walk into a man's house expecting to discuss financial details of a business deal and find him sitting at the piano with pencil and musical score composing a symphony it is likely to prove disconcerting. But if you realize that this same fellow will be diverted instantly into the channel of money-making at your first mention of dollars and cents his odd irrelevance is no longer irritating. Mr. Pitkin is interested in blending coffee, he is working on a new type of bullet, he is a connoisseur of rare cheeses. He is a dirt farmer, a professional adviser of show people and personal friend of Rudy Vallee, a marvelous cook, a student of the perceptions of flatfish, an enthusiastic owner and operator of a new type steel motorboat and a writer of dialogue for motion pictures.

He responds with equal vigor to any serious interest he encounters.

There is only one story about Pitkin's multifarious activities which isn't true—the duck-farm yarn. I think it was Dr. John Watson who first informed me that our friend Pitkin raised ducks on his New Jersey farm. The next time I heard the tale the numbers of these fictitious birds had increased enormously, there were thousands of them it seemed, and Pitkin had been obliged to move out of his house to make room for the ducks. Those who knew Walter Pitkin found nothing unbelievable in that and for years the story was told whenever Pitkin's name was mentioned. On my first visit to the professor's hundred-acre place at Dover, New Jersey, I expected to plow my way through ducks from station to house. But I was disillusioned—not a quacker appeared. I mentioned the matter disappointedly to my host and Mr. Pitkin snorted as only he can snort, with fury and fine scorn for human stupidity. "Ducks!" he said, "Ducks! I wrung their necks. I had a couple crates of ducks sent up for my kids to play with. Some assinine visitor saw them on the back porch and ever since then it's been 'Quack! Quack!' wherever I go. Stop that story, Bill, if you want to do me a favor." So here I am stopping it—I hope Walter Pitkin will be grateful. But knowing him I'm terribly afraid he may have become interested in ducks since my last trip to his farm and for all I know that delightful Jersey hillside may be dotted, now, with duck-houses.

There was one true item in the quack story—the one about his moving out of his beautiful old country mansion. Pitkin became interested in stone construction. So he and his five stout lads built themselves a house of stone and moved into it, disregarding the despairing protests of Mrs. Pitkin.

The six male Pitkins, a formidable battery of concerted energy, performed every bit of labor on the new residence with their own hands, even to plumbing and fixtures. Which goes to prove, along with Pitkin's dirt farming, his boat-building, his mechanical inventions, his excellent cooking and his high bouncing, that this man's astounding reactivity is not limited to intellectual problems or pursuits. Though disliking games—I think because explosive response does not result in playing skill or the comfort of other players—Mr. Pitkin reacts quite as readily to physical opportunities for action as to mental. Wherever there is an open channel for free energy to flow there will Pitkin's energy be found flowing.

A curious quirk of the chronic responder's personality is the role played by other people in his life. Ordinarily one human influences another through the affections, or through the inducement-submission relationship, the leader persuading and the follower submitting to advice and suggestions. But the ready responder does not submit.

He is impervious, so far as I have observed, to friendly or social influence exerted upon him. The ideas and suggestions of other people appeal to him in only one way, the opening of new avenues of activity, physical or mental. If someone suggests to Pitkin an undertaking which appeals to him he will literally stick closer to that one than a brother—until the joint enterprise is completed or until co-operation becomes no longer necessary. Then he disappears from view in comet style, leaving behind, as usual, a brilliant trail of sparks. There is no ill will on Pitkin's part—there never was any good will, either, in a personal sense, only interest and more rarely admiration for a person whose unusual energy along a certain line has opened for the free energy master a new avenue of reaction. Pitkin was preparing a series of lectures, for example, with a colleague, the series to begin early in January. Suddenly the famous journalist dropped completely out of sight. No letter, no message reached Pitkin's collaborator. The other man waited until the day before he was supposed to appear for the opening lecture, then began wiring frantically to all of the professor's known addresses. Several days later a special delivery letter arrived from Vancouver, Washington.

Calmly, matter-of-factly Pitkin wrote that he had decided to drop the lecture project—and that was that. The cautious, plodding colleague had failed to keep Walter Pitkin's interest in their joint enterprise red-hot, with the inevitable consequence that Pitkin forgot both friend and lecture series and dashed away where fuel for spark manufacture looked more promising. If you understand this personality oddment of the regal reactor you do not take offense because you do not take Pitkin at any time personally.

Doctors have played a more influential role in Walter Pitkin's career than any other class of persons. Ear-trouble meant more to him, in the beginning, than the little red schoolhouse in Ypsilanti, Michigan, the town of his birth. It may have been listening to pious preachments in the Hartford Theological Seminary that affected his ear, but be that as it may this obscure auricular ailment bounced our youthful energy addict to the far corners of Europe in search of a physician who could cure him. A German doctor finally accomplished this miracle by telling Pitkin not to sneeze. For years the young man never blew his nose, restraining himself no doubt with all the active self-discipline which he puts into his abstinence from profanity, a futile energy expression which to this day he eschews. It was the sojourn in Germany which led Pitkin into psychology, linguistics and world-surveying. Since that initial pilgrimage to a medical Mecca Pitkin has continued, at frequent intervals, to hunt out new and extraordinary practitioners who have thus served impersonally as highly satisfactory objects of energy expenditure. No mortal could endure the wear and tear of free energy without frequent physical breakdowns of one sort and another, and to this rule Walter Pitkin is no exception. I have seen him working indefatiguably in his brightly lighted office with eyes so super-sensitized that even the dimmest twilight glow caused him excruciating pain. I have seen him dashing about New York doing the work of ten men, with his face like a death mask and his body twisted with intestinal agony. A doctor might send Pitkin to South Africa for therapy but could not possibly keep him in bed. To restrain Walter Pitkin's free energy would be putting his personality in a straight jacket lined with quicklime. Sickness in Pullman sleepers has driven this man with the over-energized stomach to air-travel. Pitkin claims that he has never been air sick. But it was a pale green Walter whom I met at Glendale Airport after he had crossed the Rockies in a tri-motored plane at 14,000 feet. When I tried to be solicitous, however, Pitkin assured me, "Great flight—most enjoyable experience of my life! Flying is all right—deliver me from Pullmans!" Proving, I think, that untrammeled activities like flying and intensive searching for doctors are more effective antidotes for the illnesses of an avid responder than any amount of medicine or rest cure.

Most successful men forget their failures and take unadulterated credit for rare judgment in selecting business openings which led to success. Not so Pitkin. He is not only willing but anxious to tell the world that he succeeded by the hit and miss method—many misses and comparatively few hits. But inevitably, if a man swings at the ball a tremendous number of times the total number of his hits will be correspondingly great.

There isn't any strike-out rule in real life, Pitkin will tell you, the only limit is a man's energy and his willingness to keep

Continued on page 161

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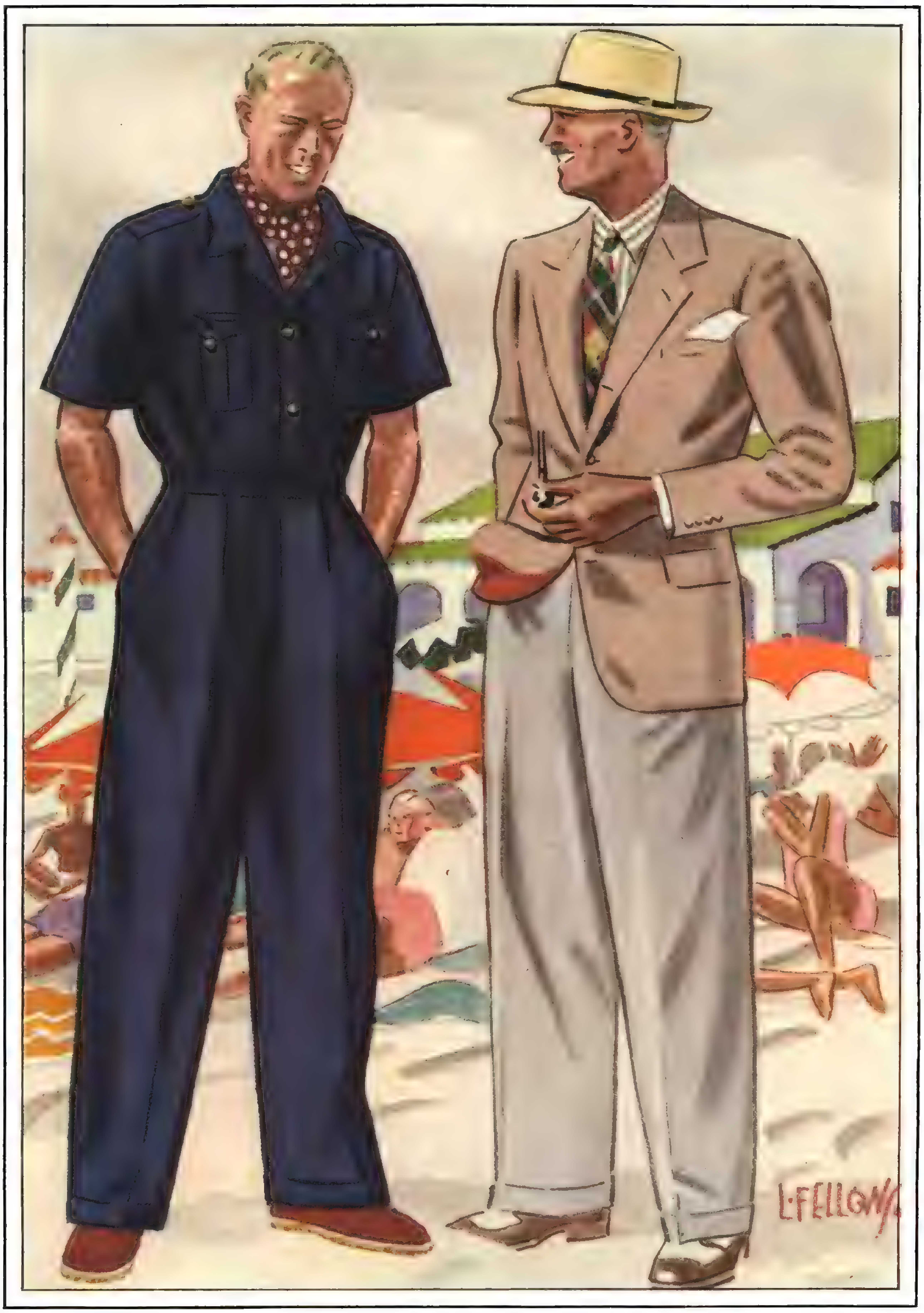


ACTIVE AND SPECTATOR SEASHORE CLOTHES

For the past few seasons on the Riviera and in isolated instances at Palm Beach, well dressed men have been wearing beach suits of the type shown on the left. But it was only this past winter that this type of dress received quantity acceptance in Florida and Nassau, assuring its coming national popularity. The military shirt is short and cut square so it may be worn inside or outside the slacks which are of the same light weight fabric in either matching or contrasting color. The Basque espadrilles are red canvas with rope soles and the scarf is foulard. The other outfit, consisting of gabardine jacket, grey flannel slacks, Panama hat, striped madras shirt, India madras tie and Norwegian model shoes, is so popular that it bids fair to become almost a uniform. The pinkish iridescence of the gabardine is caused by the all-over red backing, exposed by the coat's turned up corner.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Energizer of the Aged

Continued from pages 66-158

swinging no matter how often he misses.

It is the batting average that counts and the only way to keep it up is to increase the number of attempts to hit. Babe Ruth got a great many bases on balls and forced a great many errors in the outfield because opponents were afraid of his terrific batting energy—it is rookies who stand with their bats on their shoulders who are ignominiously retired from the game without a single hit. Pitkin's is a one-word slogan, ACT! Never mind results, never mind consequences, never mind hurt feelings, ACT!

Pitkin's ability to follow his own formula is a facility which few possess. While it is true that many men succeed by chance after many failures it is likewise true that they content themselves with following up and developing the first triumph. Pitkin is quite as ready to abandon a field wherein he has triumphed as one which has witnessed his failure. He enjoys violent, continuous, nerve-straining effort for its own sake. He has had his fun in the sheer trying—what comes of it is somebody else's worry, not his. If it produces a three-hundred-and-fifty dollar a week movie contract, what of it? Nothing, except the opportunities furnished for faster and more hectic activity. If some bit of extra frenzied activity results in his being fired, well? A chance now to broadcast Americanism on the radio. When air lanes become clogged with too much swat-'em-in-the-eye stuff, there's lecturing. But if some lethargic female doesn't like the fact that Pitkin goes on the platform with his hair mussed and his collar rumpled à la Clarence Darrow, it's her loss not his. He'll return to an abandoned conquest and inspire the aged and crippled with the joy of beginning life, love and everything but loafing at the age of seventy-two and a half. Pitkin hits the sky-ways, the byways and the try-ways with everything he's got, throttle wide open and brakes burned out.

There is—there must be—a powerful feeling of superiority in Walter Pitkin's make-up derived from his ability to react aggressively to any stimulus presented. He will sail into the office of any company head in the country and offer to take over his duties, never for one second doubting his ability to improve upon the present executive direction of the company affairs.

Pitkin at one time approached the shoe industry, then at its lowest ebb, with a reorganization program which he assured them would lift their business from the pit of its own follies. They believed him; men who had devoted their entire lives to practical work in the shoe trade took advice as meekly as office boys from this astounding stranger who was wholly unknown in the field. When a boy Pitkin read the entire *Encyclopaedia Britannica* consecutively from A through the letter K, when something else claimed his attention. A few years ago he walked into the staid, British atmosphere of the encyclopaedia office and told them the points that were wrong about their book as he had worked them out in boyhood. They were strangely impressed. Pitkin became American Editor of the 14th Edition of the *Britannica* and put more life and vigor into that time-honored publication than any Britisher would have believed possible. Pitkin's superiority feeling also expresses itself with regard to money—both in the making and in the spending. He demands top-notch prices always for everything he does, regardless of the market or whether his services are desired, and usually he gets what he asks. When it comes to spending he scorns extravagance and luxuries as he does profanity; but he will spend money like a drunken sailor on any project he believes in. In training one of his young sons to supervise labor, he permitted the lad to hire all the boys in the neighborhood to work on a tennis court.

It was amusing to see that long line of children filing by the table where Walter Pitkin sat with his check-book absolutely throwing money away by the handful to carry out his idea. Pitkin thinks nothing of transcontinental telephone calls, buying new cars or tractors for his farm and practically throwing them away again, or flying two or three thousand miles for a few minutes conversation.

A motion-picture producer with a new distribution plan called at my office once on the West Coast. He needed ten million dollars to put his idea across. I knew some New Yorkers who might be interested and suggested that within a couple of months fifty thousand front-money might be raised, with the ten million underwriting to follow a year later. Mr. X agreed with the soundness of the plan and went away well satisfied. An hour and fifteen minutes later he called me on the phone. He said, "Never mind, Marston, about that plan we discussed. I have the money and we don't need you in the picture." I was paralyzed with astonishment—ten million dollars in seventy-five minutes! Later I found out what had happened. The producer had talked to Walter Pitkin. Then the sparks began to fly.

Pitkin sat down instantly and wrote a telegram—it was more than two feet long when delivered and demanded ten million dollars within forty-eight hours. The New York broker to whom it was addressed took it seriously—you can't help taking Pitkin that way—but he didn't happen to have ten million lying around the office.

Nothing happened for a few days. Then Pitkin got bored with the leaden-footed march of events and flew to New York. After a few minutes' conversation in Wall Street he flew back again—without the ten million. But he was quite happy about it. Demanding such a sum pleased Walter Pitkin equally well whether he got it or not and flying across the continent satisfied his craving for exaggerated response. A vigorous swing at a wild pitch, a clean miss, and Pitkin is set again with his superiority quite unimpaired to strike twice as hard at the next ball.

Walter B. Pitkin's psychology amplifies his success formula—he is the apostle of Free Energy. He proposes a rating scale for humanity according to the relative amount of Free Energy which each individual possesses. Pitkin studied the *History of Human Stupidity*—a tremendously long *Short Introduction* to which he published in 1932—and reached the conclusion that human progress is snail-like and must be hastened by cumulative development of Free Energy. Critics have suggested that injection of Pitkinian furore might change us all from shellfish to dancing mice who jitter continually about in circles. But the practical objection to a Free Energy rating scale is merely this—there would be only one person worthy of being rated, the inimitable Pitkin. Free Energy in degree comparable to his exists in no other human being whom I have ever X-rayed psychologically. Many able men are forceful, energetic, quick on the trigger. But no individual, man or woman, whom I have encountered possesses that typical sensitivity to all energy-releasing stimuli which characterizes Pitkin. Pitkin stands at the head of his own rating scale and also at its foot. There just isn't anybody else on the list at all. I should feel a little sorry for Walter's loneliness were it not for the fact that he isn't lonely. He is seraphically unaware of his energetic divergence from humanity and if he were aware of it he wouldn't give a hoot. To him it would be another pleasurable opportunity to react intellectually and puzzle out why other humans are devoid of Free Energy like his own.

I met yesterday a girl who has been trying to write for six years. She has talent. She has had competent instruction and advice. But somehow she just hasn't been able to drive herself into success, the vital spark has been missing. Recently she got hold of Walter Pitkin's book on *The Art of Writing Short Stories*. "It did something to me," she said, "I don't exactly know what. Other people have given me the same rules for writing but Mr. Pitkin's way of putting things gave me a new feeling of vitality and confidence. I *know* I can write now." She can—on the energy she borrowed from Pitkin's book. It doesn't matter particularly what Pitkin writes—I have heard high praises for his work and I have heard critics condemn some of his two dozen volumes as platitudinous drivel—what does matter is the energy he somehow injects into the printed page. A playwright told me, "I'm not a mystic. But I swear that Walter Pitkin's effect upon his readers goes into the Fourth Dimension. I can't put my finger on the trick of it.

"There's an electric aura about his writing that shocks one into action." Personally I do not think in terms of "electric auras" but the effect is there. Pitkin's Free Energy is stored between the covers of every book he writes as more than one hundred and forty thousand readers of *Life Begins At Forty* will agree. Laugh at his ideas, discount the accuracy of his statements, throw out *en masse* the bizarreness of his theories and still you feel that curious energy impact which has stirred the dead brain cells of so many Pitkin readers into new life. Literary analysts find the mechanics of it hard to explain because it does not depend upon verbal devices. I think one has to write a book with Walter Pitkin, as I have done, to understand how he produces his unique effect.

The essence of it is this—Pitkin takes a vast amount of material, an exceedingly complicated scientific theory or a stupendous philosophical idea and packs it all into a single, popularly written paragraph.

He believes that if he can put across the point of a technical discovery so that it will be useful to non-technical readers, he is justified in paring it to the core. Sometimes part of the core gets whittled away, but Pitkin still maintains that the end justifies the means. Systematically he strips off nonessential portions of his material and then, if the residue is still undigestible, he begins a ruthless elimination of essential parts. I have seen him take a tableful of data and condense it into two sentences. The result is startling—you read a dramatic, dogmatic statement which is at once challenging and unbelievable.

Pitkin's famous title *Life Begins At Forty*, is an example in point. Life does begin at forty for some people, in some senses, under some circumstances, with some thousands of "ifs," "ands" and "buts." Pitkin knows all the complications better than any critic and for that very reason he is able to cut them cleanly away.

It is thus that he packs intellectual T. N. T. into harmless, innocuous words. As Socrates was a gadfly to Athenian Sophists, so Walter Pitkin is a redheaded woodpecker to slothful or aged Americans who try to sleep late under a tin roof. ⧺

Gods of the Keyboard

Continued from page 102

soon be married."

Rubinstein was always putting his foot in things, and was deported from Russia. One evening he was playing whist with the Tsar's sister as his partner. She made a mistake and Rubinstein blurted out, "The way you play, people play in Siberia." The remark was reported to the Tsar and the pianist kicked out of the country within 24 hours.

Later in life he developed a slick method of keeping himself out of trouble and of avoiding nuisances. When a wealthy dowager brought her daughter to him, he said, "Must I hear her play?"

"Please, master," pleaded the woman.

"All right, play!" Rubinstein shouted to the girl, and gazed out the window until she had finished. Turning suddenly to the mother, he inquired, "Has she a voice?"

"Oh, yes, very nice!" was the answer.

"Then I'd advise her to become a singer."

Three years later the same woman came back with her daughter. "You remember," she said, "you advised my daughter to become a singer. Now may she sing for you?"

Rubinstein shook his head, "Madam, I have changed my mind. Your daughter should stick to the piano!"

It was Rubinstein who instituted the "farewell" tour, first saying "Good-bye" in 1870, and every year thereafter threatening to retire. He was still giving farewell recitals in 1887. On his last tours he made so much noise that sensitive people would have walked out on him had they dared. During a "command" performance at Windsor Castle, he played Schubert's *Erl-King*, and to the phlegmatic English "the keys, strings, hammers, and guts of the instrument seemed to be flying in all directions." Queen Victoria kept pushing her chair further and further back until, when he finished, she was in another room.

Another time, the daughter in an important English home asked him brazenly to be good enough to play a waltz, as the guests wanted to dance. Rubinstein obliged, playing it at a conventional tempo until everyone was on the floor. Then he changed the speed many times and gradually rushed it until no one could keep up. Then he banged the piano shut and walked out.

* * *

Bumptious as the last-century mountebank-pianists were, none was more enamored of his own playing than de Pachmann who button-holed a famous composer and said, "Do you know who are the three greatest pianists of all time?" And then jarred his expectant friend by saying, "I, myself, and de Pachmann!" After which, he gave devout and earnest thanks to his creator.

Older concert-goers do not need to be told about Vladimir de Pachmann, unrivalled musical jackanapes and hot-air merchant. They will never forget the grimacing "Chopinzee" who put over a monkeyshine a minute. He was the piano's foremost clown.

As an artist, de Pachmann was not at his best in the heroic forms. He had a clear, delicate touch that suited the romantic, sugary Chopin. "How nice!" he would say after playing a phrase, "See! I am the great player—the greatest player. Nothing could be finer or more superb than what I have just played. It is marvelous. When I hear what I play, I say, 'It is finished—a perfect thing!'"

He personified what audiences believe an artist should be, and when he found the public enjoyed his crazy remarks and stunts, he enlarged his repertoire. In later years he did more talking than playing. A friend told him he blabbered too much, and bet that he couldn't play through an entire recital without cutting loose with his tongue. De Pachmann won, but he didn't play half so well as usual.

In retaliation he wagered he would get 25 encores at his next recital at the Queen's Hall in London. The stage there has 25 rows of steps for oratorio singers. After each encore, he would go one step higher and wave his handkerchief to the audience. They soon caught on, and again he won his bet.

De Pachmann hated critics, and was furiously jealous of other pianists. In the Singakademie in Berlin, he brought two woolen socks onto the stage and proceeded to lay them across the piano. Before sitting down to play, he announced in a pontifical tone, "These are the socks George Sand knitted for Chopin. Observe them well."

Next day a critic called on him and asked to see the socks. De Pachmann brought them out and watched the critic press them to his lips reverently. "And wasn't it funny," the old boy would leer when he told the story, "Wasn't it funny? They weren't Chopin's socks at all. They were my socks." And then he would shrug his shoulders, "Ugh, critics!"

After another recital, he embraced Harold Bauer and invited him to lunch. Mr. Bauer inquired, "But how is it, Mr. de Pachmann, that you who so cordially dislike every other pianist are so kind to me?"

"My dear boy," de Pachmann replied, "I never even think of you as a pianist!"

With Leopold Godowsky (known to his intimates as "Popsy" Godowsky and now living on Riverside Drive in New York), de Pachmann was always friendly. Mr. Godowsky ranks as No. 1 wit among living pianists, and his best-known joke is now a classic. He attended the debut of Jascha Heifetz with Mischa Elman. It was very warm, and as Elman wiped the perspiration from his brow, he complained, "It's hot here." "Not for pianists!" said Godowsky.

De Pachman frequently appeared in public with Godowsky, though he disliked being seen with any pianist. The two were eating in a continental restaurant when Ossip Gabrilowitsch approached. Mr. Godowsky said, "Of course you know Mr. Gabrilowitsch," to which de Pachmann answered, "Yes, yes, of course—the violinist." Godowsky corrected him, "Why, no! He's a pianist—you know that!"

All the time, de Pachmann was tugging at Godowsky's coat to get his attention. When he could, he said, "Of course I know it, but I don't want him to think that I know he's a pianist!"

Another time, Mr. Godowsky asked de Pachmann to go with him to the debut of the young Backhaus in Royal Albert Hall. De Pachmann said, "No, if I go I'll make him celebrated at once."

"But he's a nice looking fellow," Godowsky explained.

"Well, then, I'll take a chance," said de Pachmann.

They went, and afterwards came along to a gala supper in Bellini's restaurant, where they were seated next to each other. As each course was served, de Pachmann would wait until Godowsky had started to eat. Then he would exchange his plate for Godowsky's. After this happened several times, Godowsky asked, "Say, Vlady, what *are* you doing?"

De Pachmann explained, and he firmly believed what he said: "You know, Paderewski is living on the first floor here—and he might have me poisoned."

* * *

Paderewski was the last great wizard of the ivories. He descended from Olympus over forty years ago and continued as the world's foremost chord-sweeper until he could play no more. He was a knockout in this country. At his first appearance here, women fainted and young girls shed tears of rapture over his aureole of red-gold hair. Maids in homes he visited bottled the water in which he had washed his hands and, had he come a few decades later, he would certainly have been received at the Battery and had tons of toilet-paper showered on his head from skyscraper windows.

Without benefit of such advance publicity, he was able to attract and hold thousands to whom music was only a noise and a piano a wired contraption to make it. The yokels wanted to see him and be in his presence. They enjoyed standing until he was seated, not minding that the house was, by his orders, overheated (passions rise with the mercury and, if you don't believe it, try it out some time).

Paderewski never played until he was good and ready. That was okay with his public, in fact, they enjoyed waiting forty or fifty minutes. It gave them something to talk about. He sat alone in his dressing room, hermetically sealed and guarded from interruption. He would dig his knuckles in his eyes in a final gasp of concentration. Once, as he was walking toward the stage, his secretary thought he did not see a step. He spoke to warn him. Paderewski wheeled about and without a word went back to his room again to collect his thoughts.

His entrance on a dimly-lit stage was like no other's. No fanfare, no flourishes, no banners! He alone reincarnated a legendary old-world figure, courtly and serene, romantic and mysterious. The atmosphere of his recital was the blend of an artistic rite and a singular spectacle, such as few musicians have ever created. Nobody snored when he was at the piano.

His playing was never merely piano playing. He told a story of great living and great thoughts—it was a sermon and a lofty vision of beauty. He never failed his public and they never forgot him. No matter what other pianists come, they will always say, "But I heard Paderewski!"

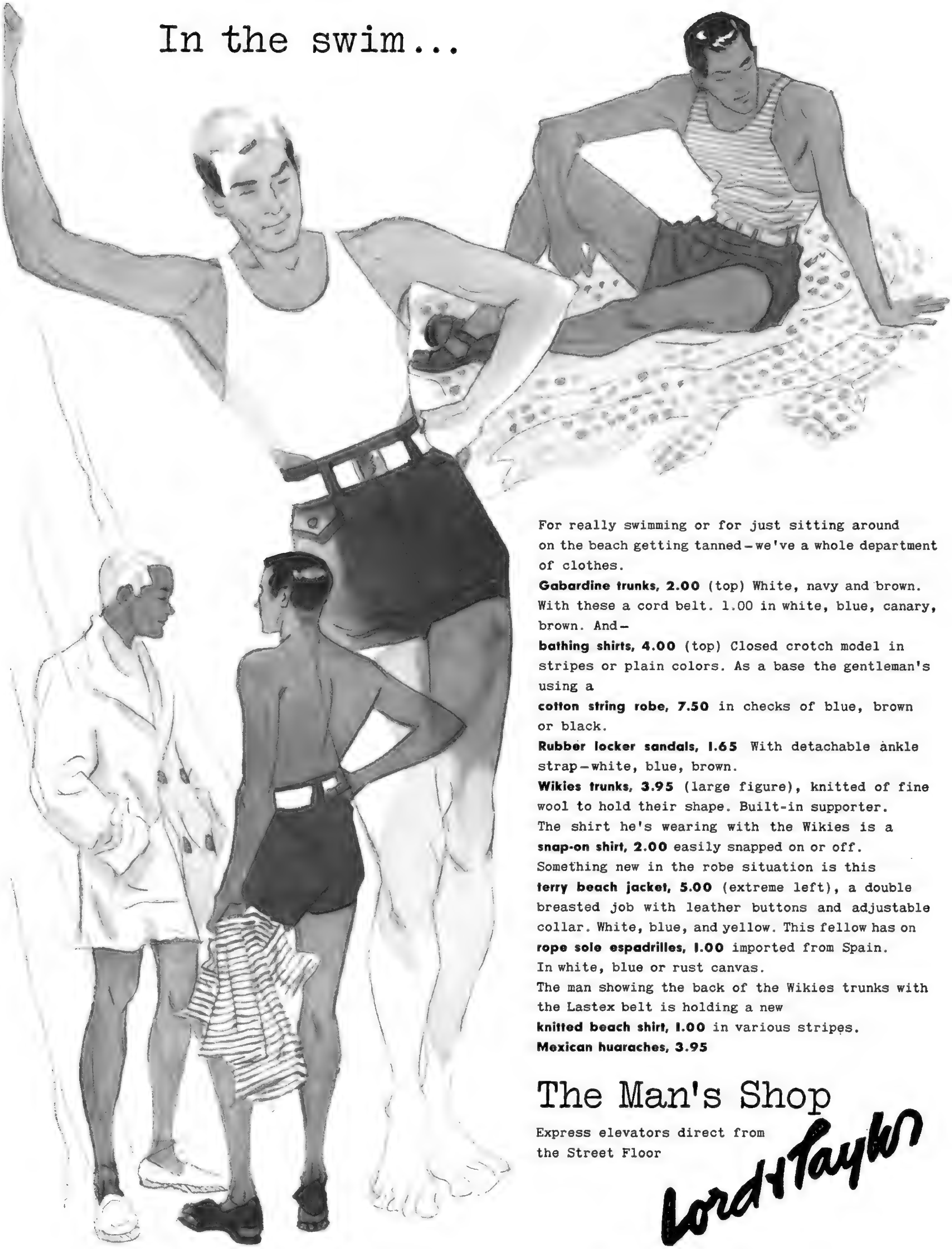
This magnetism, Paderewski exercises on all who know him. He is as compelling in private conversation as in public, in politics as in music. Modern Poland is, perhaps more than even diplomats know, a monument to his tenacity of purpose. When he was three, his village was ransacked and ravaged by Cossacks putting down a Polish uprising. This experience was burned in his memory. From early childhood Paderewski devoured everything that pertained to Polish history and traditions. And when the time came it was he who could, because of his prominence in the world of art, render more aid to his country than any politician or general.

As the World War drew to a close, Paderewski realized the important part America would play in carving a new Europe. He came here, united the American Poles, and won over to his cause not only Colonel House but the more difficult personality of Woodrow Wilson. After a private all-Chopin recital at the White House, Paderewski set forth the callous dismemberment of the living body of the Polish nation amongst its neighbors with such telling effects that President Wilson decided then and there to proclaim as one of his fourteen points an "independent and autonomous Poland with a Corridor to the sea." It was the first time in 100 years that a responsible statesman had dared mention a resurrected Poland and Paderewski alone was responsbile for Wilson's determination.

One senator, on meeting the great pianist in Washington, said,

Continued at top of page 164

In the swim...



For really swimming or for just sitting around on the beach getting tanned—we've a whole department of clothes.

Gabardine trunks, 2.00 (top) White, navy and brown. With these a cord belt. 1.00 in white, blue, canary, brown. And—

bathing shirts, 4.00 (top) Closed crotch model in stripes or plain colors. As a base the gentleman's using a

cotton string robe, 7.50 in checks of blue, brown or black.

Rubber locker sandals, 1.65 With detachable ankle strap—white, blue, brown.

Wikies trunks, 3.95 (large figure), knitted of fine wool to hold their shape. Built-in supporter. The shirt he's wearing with the Wikies is a **snap-on shirt, 2.00** easily snapped on or off.

Something new in the robe situation is this **terry beach jacket, 5.00** (extreme left), a double breasted job with leather buttons and adjustable collar. White, blue, and yellow. This fellow has on **rope sole espadrilles, 1.00** imported from Spain. In white, blue or rust canvas.

The man showing the back of the Wikies trunks with the Lastex belt is holding a new **knitted beach shirt, 1.00** in various stripes.

Mexican huaraches, 3.95

The Man's Shop

Express elevators direct from
the Street Floor

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue at 38th Street

Gods of the Keyboard

Continued from pages 102-162

"I am told, Mr. Paderewski, that every time you play that fascinating instrument of yours," (he made a movement with his arms as though using the bow of a violin), "you add another province to Poland."

At the Peace Conference Paderewski's powers never failed him. He alone of the diplomats spoke all languages. And he was never at a loss for what to say. He knew what he was after, and nothing deterred him.

More difficult yet was the task, when the Great Powers hesitated about the new Poland. It was necessary to unite warring factions in the homeland. And, with his wife, Paderewski embarked in a small British cruiser, going through the mine-strewn Baltic to land at Danzig. In spite of a rough sea, cold and discomfort, Paderewski played for the officers on their tinny old hag of a piano. It was hard work, for apart from being out of tune, the hammers wouldn't work, the pedals stuck, and the ship rolled and twisted to avoid floating mines. The musician said his arms and legs were stiff for days.

But it was for Poland—and, arriving, Paderewski brought about the necessary "union of hearts" at that most critical hour in his country's history. Later, as their Premier, he had the crowning honor of his life: he walked up to the table in the great *Salle des Glaces* in the Palace of Versailles and enscrolled his name on the Treaty that brought his country back among living nations.

A French statesman when introduced to him said, "You, the great pianist, now a politician—what a comedown!" But Paderewski thought otherwise.

He was heartbroken when he did not succeed in working with his own compatriots. There were jealousies and Paderewski, the unrivalled orator in whose presence half the world finds it pleasant to be, could not sway the uncultivated peasants of his native land. After a long speech of welcome in French to an Allied Commission visiting Warsaw, he repeated it in Polish. A voice interrupted, "But this is not a concert!"

Paderewski left his homeland without a word. Of the defeat of his ideals, the temporary (as he sees them) intrusions of greed and injustice, he says nothing. He entered again the world of art, regained his laurels there, though he had not the old technique and he committed blunders for which conservatory pupils are rapped on the knuckles daily. Then, in the twilight of his life, he withdrew to his chalet, Riond-Bosson, to meditate among the Alps.

* * *

With Paderewski's retirement, an epoch ended. The age of the Titans has passed. No more does a piano recital rival a circus. Today, audiences are drummed up by committees and sold civic pride. They don't know whether they're going to hear Schnabel or Bauer, Horowitz or Hofmann, Iturbi or Gieseking. And mostly they don't care. They'd rather turn on the radio. #

Monkey Chatter

Continued from page 88

he'd have hit her. Besides, he had a nurse.

When she was sick had he gone off? Not for a minute. And she had two nurses. Two nurses, yes, two. She went off to New York when he only had but one.

And then Vic began to tremble. He can't get the image of her and Tony in New York out of his mind. And the faint perfume that was hers would be all for Tony. And her body pressed close to him in a taxi, or when they danced, or—or — —

Then Vic goes to pieces. He isn't a pleasant sight.

That always makes Dolly whimper for him to stop. Please, please stop. She doesn't mind the awful way he looks and breathes, as though through his nose—now. But say that smart people are wrong, and there is a God. And if there is, why the dead then will be dead God's way. And that sort of dead can get up and walk about at night from their graves. Everybody knows that houses have been haunted, and people too. People who have wronged the dead, for the dead have a way of finding out things like that after they are laid away, so she has been told.

Oh, it's easy to believe smart things when there are lots of cocktails and lights and people about. But awfully hard to have faith in them in the dead of night with an old man shouting, "Wait until I'm dead and you'll see, you'll suffer, mark my words." And she knows he would, if he ever found out some things, after he'd passed on. He'd come back then and stand at the foot of her bed and—and—

No, she doesn't mind him looking so haggard and wild, or even bellowing, for that shows he's alive. But if he were dead, just a shuddering horror at the foot of her bed—a silent grinning wraithlike horror—why, she'd die of fright herself.

That's why she whimpers, "Stop! Please, please stop."

But the minute Vic stops going to pieces and begins, "I know you saw him in New York last time, I know it. You're writing him, too. I want you to tell me the truth," she forgets all about his ever being dead and just wants to wallop him. She did one night, with a hair brush. And his nose bled for two hours. Served him right. Maybe it would teach him to let her alone and she could get some sleep.

But walloping him doesn't get her checks nor make it easier for her to get down to New York and visit her sister. When she has received a certain letter she knows exactly the smart thing to do. And that is to say, "Vic dear, how can you expect me to love you when you treat me so?" And she's smart too, when she puts into the little catch in her voice just the proper note. Just the right and proper note to make him think she really wants him to love her.

And does that lick Victor Rainsford Buckley? Why, he's kneeling by her bed in a minute. Sometimes she lets him in, especially if there's certain things in the letter that will make her need an extra big check when she goes to see her sister. And she lets him in too, when she has stayed away too long and is frightened. Frightened that he may be angry enough to really do what he's threatened. But otherwise, her dainty small thumbs are quite firmly and practically down.

While she is away the long distance operator has plenty of exercise. It costs Vic money, for sometimes she'll sit whole minutes without answering his questions and he'll have to shout, "Hello, hello, hello! Are you there?" and then wait more minutes for her sulky "Yes, I'm here."

"But why don't you answer?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing, of course."

"Sure? If I call around ten, will you be in then?"

"Of course I'll be in, and asleep."

"You don't want to talk to me?"

"How can I talk to you if I'm asleep?"

Sometimes Vic will want to speak to her sister. But he never does. Her sister is always in the bathroom or just going out to the movies, or something. And she's staying home because she has a headache. Yes, a very bad splitting headache. And when Vic suggests why doesn't she come home if she isn't feeling well, she never answers.

Sometimes Vic asks if she has company. She always says no. But Vic says he certainly heard voices. Sometimes he is certain he has heard a man's voice. It is at that point she hangs up on him.

Then Vic will have to tell the operator, "We were cut off," and blush when the operator reports back, "Your party has hung up, sir. Shall I try to get them again?" And he tries to be very off-hand when he says, "Oh, well, you might just as well try."

When the connection is finally made and Dolly's angry voice snaps, "Well, what is it now?" he knows the operator is listening in and having a huge time.

But he always says, "Why nothing dear—just wanted to say goodnight."

Silence. Silence. . Silence. . .

"Dolly—goodnight, Dolly. Dolly, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Goodnight, dear."

"Oh, goodnight."

Bang! Down goes the receiver. He never calls after that. He thanks God he has some pride.

Sometimes he will lie awake in his wide canopied bed until the black outside on the terrace begins to melt into grey. Once he called up Cleveland just to speak to Tony. He really wasn't going to speak to his damn cousin, just hear his voice and hang up. And that might worry Tony. But they told him in Cleveland that Tony was away for a fortnight. That was the night he wanted to kill himself.

But when Dolly got home she swore before God and all that she held sacred, that she hadn't spoken to Tony or set eyes on him the whole blessed time she was with her sister. But her body was put to the test to take that trick. She was really frightened.

In the end he believed her.

Still, he does think of detectives. Once he almost asked Mr. Grimwald how a chap went about it. But he remembered in time that he was a Buckley and a gentleman. Besides, he had no children to threaten Dolly with as Grimwald had.

Sometimes he wonders how long he will live. It may be for years and years. It may be just till tomorrow. The doctor told him that heart might go bang any minute. It is then he thinks of the letters his banker has written. He never mentions them to Dolly, and burns them as they come.

For what are dollars to a man whose soul is up for barter anytime, just to be close to her for five minutes? So he turns quickly the other way and tries not to worry. Tries not to think that maybe after all Dolly does really love him.

So when it does happen, that last scene, he won't be here to hear it. She can break all the mirrors and windows in the house, and shout and scream. He won't hear it. He'll be under six feet of protecting earth then. He won't be able to answer her back or even say a word in his defense.

Only the shrunken figures of his bank balance will jeer, "Up your leg, old girl, and yours too, Tony, God-damn your stinking soul."

But still, still he worships Dolly. And if dust and ashes can worship too, his coffin will indeed be a shrine. #

Health with Enjoyment . .

Schlitz

the beer with *Sunshine*

VITAMIN·D

THAT feeling of radiant health enjoyed on a breeze-swept deck—that sense of bracing invigoration and fresh vitality—are captured for you in each sparkling, foam-capped glass of SCHLITZ, the beer with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D*.

It gives you the cooling tang that soothes heat-frayed nerves and awakens jaded spirits. It gives you SUNSHINE VITAMIN D—that priceless source of vigor and refreshment that lives long after you set down your empty glass.

Modern living; clothing; hours spent indoors or in the shade—rob us of sunshine benefits even in mid-summer. SCHLITZ in brown bottles or cans gives you the SUNSHINE VITAMIN D so important to health and vigor—plus the *old-time* SCHLITZ *flavor and bouquet mellowed to ripe perfection under* PRECISE ENZYME CONTROL—*and at no increase in price.*

Beer is good for you—but SCHLITZ, the beer with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D, is *extra* good for you. Drink it daily—for health with enjoyment. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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SUNSHINE
VITAMIN D
the BEER that made Milwaukee famous
Schlitz
Sunshine
Vitamin D
Beer

**Each 12-ounce bottle or can of SCHLITZ contains 100 U. S. P. X. Units of Sunshine Vitamin D. SCHLITZ brewer's yeast contains the pro-vitamin D which is activated directly by the ultra-violet rays of the sun to form Vitamin D. (Protected by U. S. Letters Patent.)*

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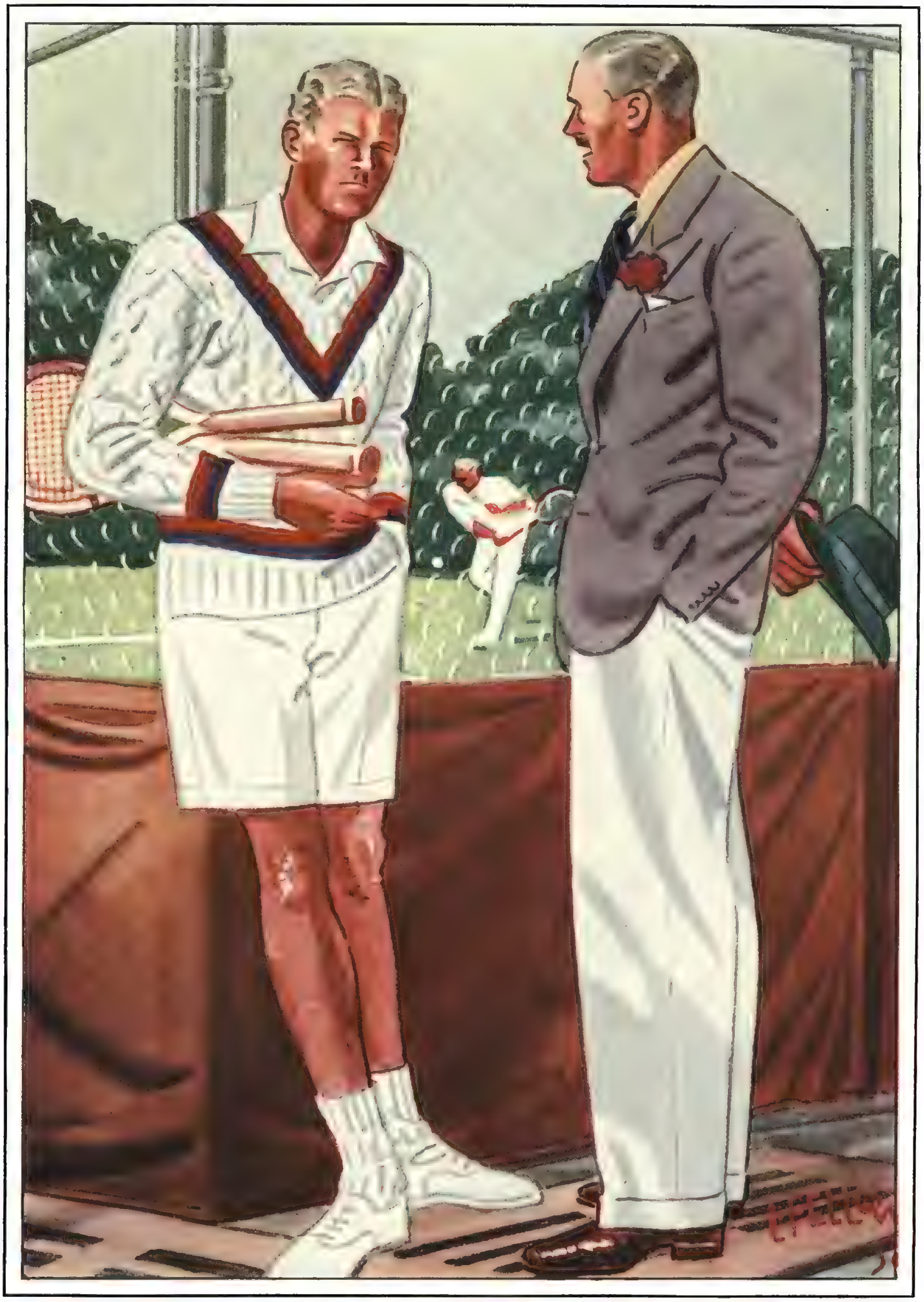
The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous



TYPICAL OF THE MOST REGIMENTED SPORT

We get pretty tired of showing tennis clothes, because the more they change the more they're the same thing. Long white pants, short white pants, high white shoes, low white shoes . . . it seems a fairly feeble use of space. Anyway, here's the current version, on the slim off-chance that you don't know it. The other fellow is a little more interesting. He's wearing the new combination of tan shirt and grey suit (of which he left the matching flannel pants at home and wore white ones). His shoes are the brown crocodile leather introduced in London last summer. His hat is the pride and prejudice of *The Sound and The Fury*, the much discussed green pork pie. His shirt is really champagne color which is more yellow than tan, although the principle of the thing is the same. Spitalfields tie and red carnation end the inventory of this costume.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Stuff the Little Children . . .

Continued from page 97

of postage and packing). I was a confirmed answerer of advertisements in my youth and I know how potent this appeal can be. The moment a child begins to read, he has a passion for associating himself with the grown-up world, and there in the advertisements the grown-up world is waiting for him. The bane of my life as a child was the advertisement which said: "Write on your own letterhead for free samples." (We ran the local post office, which by an arrangement known to every fourth-class postmaster, made postage virtually free. You paid for the stamps, but as your postal income was collected on the number of pieces of mail sent from your office, this meant in effect that you got two cents back for every two cents you spent.) The kind of manufacturers I liked were those who responded to your name on a postal card. I did not know what a letterhead was and I felt that samples ought not to be restricted to any exclusive class. Still I was living in the era when advertisements were moderate and comparatively technical, being addressed to men. The box top and carton stage was still far in the future. Yet when I received an album of photographs of babies brought up on a particular breakfast food or became the local agent for some miraculously pink soaps, I knew that I entered the great world. (It was rather ignominious to have to return all the soaps because if I had been able to sell them, my reward would have been a really elegant stickpin.)

The kindergarten children of today are not habitually asked to become traveling salesmen which is, I suspect, one of the reasons why parents may eventually have to form a boycotting organization.

The children concentrate their sales talk at home and slowly engender an atmosphere of hostility which nothing can overcome. I suggest to the advertisers that ultimately this hostility will be turned against them. Pressure on ourselves we may consider legitimate, but I think in the end we will not like the idea of our own flesh and blood being more persistent and more vicious in their salesmanship than the professionals themselves. #

Chaulmoogra Hunt

Continued from page 59

bark mat, cross-legged, beneath a mango tree's shade, with his little hands on a book. He looked dreamy.

His dress was a priest robe, with one shoulder bare, and his crown was an Indian turban. On one finger I noticed a white ivory elephant, his symbol of inherited power.

It seemed odd to behold such a Ghandi-like chap where all the nat-sin were decorated with skulls. Made me think of chapel service in Flanders.

Well, we walked up to Mawlayk and saluted. We did not bow or salaam. It's a damn' poor American, or Englishman, either, who will kowtow to anybody on earth.

The duwa responded soberly, and invited us to his mat. Apparently he kept no cortege. He beckoned to a woman laying flowers on a shrine and requested her to bring us refreshments.

She brought jugs of rice beer and nut cookies, the duwa's favorite repast. We thanked him in the grandiose phrase of the East, and gave him Jack's dragon tooth. It was a hit, a most decided hit. It filled him with holy joy. We felt the psychic moment had come, so we told him why we were there. We wanted to lease his timberland and were willing to pay what was right.

His benign manner dropped as if his face had been slapped.

"I regret," he said, "I never sell timber."

We explained we were not buying lumber. We desired only fruits, nuts and acorns. The things the trees yielded. We'd not damage his trees. When he got the idea he smiled like the moon.

"Why, take all you want," he said.

Then we had to back up and start over. We did not ask these things for ourselves. It was business, plain business. We hoped to gather and sell. It was only right we should pay for a lease.

We had a devil of a job working him to it. At first he protested we would lose money: the forest crop could not be worth much. We told him we'd take the risk gladly. Then he said a written lease was superfluous, because his word was law everywhere. But he might die, we said—God forbid!—and some jealous person might question our right. He saw the point, and acceded. He would sign the law paper; he would let us pay silver. Since we were sure to lose money, he would charge us one rupee; just one silver rupee, no more.

That tickled Jack Keith to his molars; but I would not have it that way. It looked too much like a swindle, and was likely to get us into a jam. Five hundred rupees—I stuck till I won, though Jack glowered as if he would kill me.

"You're jolly free with my money," he said.

The deal closed, we explored our possessions. They were everything we had dreamed. So Jack began hiring a crew to hunt seeds while I commandeered fast runners for Lumding, the nearest spot from which telegrams could be sent.

I dispatched wires to every large leprosarium in every part of the world. The runners got replies back in a fortnight. As I read them, I could feel my purse dance. Every wire was a contract, stipulating, of course, the seeds must be genuine *Taraktogenos Kurzii.*

I was botanist enough not to worry about that. We should net five thousand pounds the first season. We joked about the dumb duwa who had sold us the cure while he prayed for his lepers at nat-sin.

Jack had his crew set, and we went right to work to fulfill our end of the contracts.

One night we were lolling about our campfires in the gloom of the ferns and chaulmoogras. The natives were sorting the seeds. Jack had his boots off and was trimming his toes with a big shining dha. He looked funny.

Without the least warning a terrific roar shook the forest trees to their roots. It seemed to roll from our very campfires. So sudden, so close, so appallingly loud every man of us sat paralyzed. Next instant a huge tiger leaped out of the fern and seized a young lad by the shoulder. The boy screamed. The tiger bounded away, the poor fellow shrieking for help.

Jack flung his dha knife from where he sat. He was quicker than red firecrackers. The dha struck the beast in the leg, near the rump. He dropped the boy and whirled round to fight it.

I got out my Colt and cut loose through the smoke at a point where I could see the brush thrashing. One shot must have scotched him. He bolted. We picked up the boy and doped his wounds with hot salt.

He was incoherent with terror.

The tiger, you see, is a spirit. Just why it's worse to be killed by a spirit than by a plain savage beast, I can't figure out—but that's Burma.

That night all our natives sat huddled in fear. Men who had cut off foes' heads in fierce battles. Nothing hurts like imagination. Not until the green daylight began to drip through the leaves did they shake off the blue funk and act human.

We put the injured kid into a basket on poles and sent him back to the village. About ten miles down a dry sandy gully.

Our seed-gathering went on as before. But next day came the news that a fresh leprosy case had been discovered by Mawlayk.

The duwa and his tejees were worried.

They blamed the new case onto our insult to the tiger. Jack tried to laugh it off; but I couldn't. Superstition is serious business. Two days later, worse luck, another leper was found and banished across the river. The duwa, they said, prayed all night.

That ought to have appeased the offended nat; but it only served to excite him. The following night a tiger bellied into the town and snatched off a ten-year-old girl. The duwa, then, asked us to come. He wanted to tell us something.

As soon as he had served us with food and drink he spoke to us solemnly:

"My friends you have caused us great sorrow. The nat that lives in the striped beast is offended. I pray you insult the tiger's spirit no more, lest he destroy all our people."

"Hell's bells!" blurted Jack. "They're just big bloomin' cats, and the sooner they're all skinned the better."

Then the duwa told us a legend.

It was many, many generations ago that his people roamed down from the north. A mighty race, demi-gods, heroes, entirely free from disease. They feared no man, but respected the nats, especially the nat of the tiger.

All but one hunter—the impious Bré. This Bré hid himself near a waterhole where the Tiger King came to drink. He bent his great bow of buffalo horn and hurled a shaft into the tiger. The beast pitched and roared in such supernatural wrath that the echoes bred a thunder storm in the hilltops. A lightning bolt killed the rash Bré.

Since that day the people of Mawlayk have been afflicted with fevers and plagues. And the tigers, descendants of the huge Tiger King, still claim an occasional victim. In time, when the well of wrath has run dry, these penalties will cease altogether.

I asked if there was any way to appease an offended nat.

Mawlayk assured me there was. A tiger nat could be soothed by voluntary sacrifice—if a man would offer himself to the tiger. He hoped it would not come to that.

Jack and I declared we hoped not. We promised to be kind to the tiger. Of course, in our hearts, we hadn't the slightest intention of allowing his natship to maul us. We figured the leprosy panic would pass and business would get back to normal. So we gave the duwa good wishes and returned at once to our camp.

We found the crew loafing, grumbling, whispering about the bad luck we had brought.

Jack grinned his diabolical grin and told them it was quite all right. He'd give them a chance to lift the curse, in line with the best traditions. The man who did the least work would be tied out at night as a sacrifice to the tiger.

Great Buddha! how they

Continued on page 168

Chaulmoogra Hunt

Continued from pages 59-167

snapped into action. They realized he was spoofing, but the bare mention of it put the ghost terror into their hearts.

Next night a wild elephant herd ran amok and trampled over the village. That didn't increase our prestige. Two persons were killed; some injured.

We half expected Mawlayk to try to welch on his contract to get us out of the country. But that was the last thing in his mind. He had given his word which, written or spoken, not even an earthquake could move.

On top of the nerve-wracking elephant scare, two more lepers were found in the village. This precipitated a panic. To make it more awful, one of the recent exiles attempted to swim the river.

The guard wound his horn and people flocked to the bank, shrieking, warning, gesticulating, exhorting. The fellow persisted in coming. The guard gritted his teeth and aimed his crossbow. He put a bolt through the man's neck. He sank with a gurgling wail.

* * *

Next day a different messenger came. Not a smooth-skinned, long-legged boy in a clout; but a tejee, a dignified headman.

He gave us good greeting from Duwa Mawlayk, then quietly moved through our camp. I don't believe he spoke four words; but at once our men became silent. They drew apart from us and formed little knots and whispered in their own tribal language.

"I don't like the looks of the weather," Jack said.

"Try to learn what's brewing," I told him.

So Jack and his ingratiating grin sauntered here and there through the natives. They would not spill him an inkling. Asiatics are past masters at playing dumb; giving answers unmeaning, confused. They got Jack so riled he cussed them.

At this point I happened to call to mind the lad we had saved from the tiger. His father was one of our porters. I maneuvered around until I cornered this man behind a tangle of vines by himself.

He acknowledged his debt and let the cat from the bag. The duwa had given up hope. He feared the leprosy scourge was beyond control and eventually would wipe out his people. To prevent this he had resolved to take the last desperate step that might appease the punishing demon.

He would give himself to the tiger.

They had found the remains of the ten-year-old girl. The tiger would return to that kill. Mawlayk would go to that spot and wait until the beast came, to offer himself for his people.

Meanwhile the village would march and chant, praying the tiger-nat to be kind and forgiving.

Imagine a tiger forgiving.

How was that for a crazy setup? Selling the stuff that really would check the disease, and feeding yourself to a tiger.

Jack and I sat oiling our guns that night, not saying a great deal to each other.

Finally Jack got to his feet and kicked a log towards the fire.

"Hell," he said, "he won't do it."

"Just a ceremony, maybe," I said.

"That's it," said Jack. "You hit it. A ceremony, a ritual, a kind of form they go through. Just a pubdub of native palaver.

"I'm going to sleep," he said.

We both stretched out on our mats. The forest was deathly still. All our men had gone down to the village to take part in the march round the shrines.

Even without them such hush was abnormal. It indicated cats on the prowl. I put out my hand to make sure of my Colt, when an angry roar blared through the forest. A tiger had missed a kill.

Soon I heard the swishing and cracking of bush as wild pigs scudded past, terror-stricken.

Jack and I sat up an hour, waiting. We recalled what had happened before. Nothing stirred; so we were settling to naps again, when a fresh roaring broke out, farther off.

It seemed somewhere between us and the spot where the girl's remnants were found—the place where Mawlayk would wait.

Another roar, still farther. Jack flopped on his mat.

"I wish the fool would shut up," he said.

Next day, before dawn, we struck down the dry creek which would lead us into the village. We saw big cat-feet in the sand. When we got to the village everyone was asleep, exhausted by a night of nat worship.

We went to Mawlayk's house. He was gone. We aroused a tired fellow—one of my telegram men—and hired him to take us to the place.

Mawlayk was not there; but he had been. The tiger had been there, too. After the tiger a frenzy of jackals, perhaps; for human bones were strewn over the jungle.

At the root of a leprosy-curing tree I saw a finger bearing a ring. In the ring was an ivory cameo, a white elephant, symbol of power.

We left it there beneath the chaulmoogra. . . .

Joe Felloes lapsed into silence, staring moodily into the Meh Ping.

"Go on, Joe," I said. He jerked.

"What's that? Oh, sure. I was telling about Jack. Telling about that tough hombre, Jack Keith. Well, he slipped out that night; hired a guide and vamoosed. He left me this note and the lease."

Joe gave me the note:

> Dear Buddy— I don't like this hill country too much. The climate is bad and there aren't any girls. Besides, I have a sweet job waiting for me in Honduras. You keep the lease and cash in while you can. It will be double profit.
>
> Jack.

"That's right, Joe," I said. "Double profit. It may be years before those natives realize what they've sold. And Mawlayk's signature will always protect you."

"Mawlayk's signature," said Joe. He took the lease from his pocket. He looked at it a long time.

"Jack Keith sure went sissy," he said.

He tossed the lease into the river. #

Little 'Chita

Continued from page 41

They're like the cats in a cat act, waiting for me to make a false move. Then they'll get tough and go to Georgette, and they're smart enough to know she's the only woman I care about. I never have any luck without her."

"You have a funny way of showing it, that she's the only one you care about," said Norma. "But you did me a good turn once when I needed money, so I'll see if I can't figure out something."

They sat in silence for a few minutes. Presently Norma spoke: "John, if I get you out of this you have to promise me you are going to be straight with Georgette."

"I take my oath on it and may my mother drop dead this minute if I—"

"Well, I don't believe that kind of talk," said Norma, "but you didn't ask me questions when I needed dough. Now listen here . . ." She talked to him for perhaps five minutes, then got up and went back to her table. Shoemaker took out his watch and waited ten minutes, then sent for a waiter. He wished he could be there to see whatever act Norma was putting on, but he had to stay here. "Go get Mike, the piano player, the Cuban piano player. Tell him I want him here right away." The waiter brought Mike back.

"Sit down and tell me the truth," said Shoemaker. "You're in a jam. You know that guy you stabbed up around a Hundred and Fifteenth Street last year? Well, they want you for it. There's a detective outside to arrest you."

"No, no! You are wrong. They arrested a friend of mine and is in Sing Sing now, they are going to fry him. I was only witness. You are wrong." He crossed his legs and lit a black cigarette.

"I'm wrong, am I? Well, they think you did it. Your friend in Sing Sing, he told the cops you did it. You see that big fellow at Table 7? You know him?"

"Yes. Detective," said Mike. "But they don't want me."

"That detective is here to pick you up for the murder of Salvatore Something. You and your wife, 'Chita. She is your wife, isn't she?"

"Yes, yes."

"Now listen to me, dope. When the American band goes on again you come in here like nothing happened. That detective is waiting around till the place closes and then he's going to collar you and 'Chita. Now when the other band goes on, you come around by the kitchen and I'll pay you off and you can go out by the fire escape. They're watching the front door downstairs, two more dicks. I only do this because I like you and 'Chita, and I may get in a jam myself, tipping you off like this, but if you work fast and careful you can get away. And don't come back here or phone, because they'll be watching this place and listening in on the phone, and the first time you try to get in touch with me they'll pick you up and you'll burn and so will 'Chita." The terrified Cuban wanted to leave without waiting for 'Chita, but Shoemaker made him tell her.

* * *

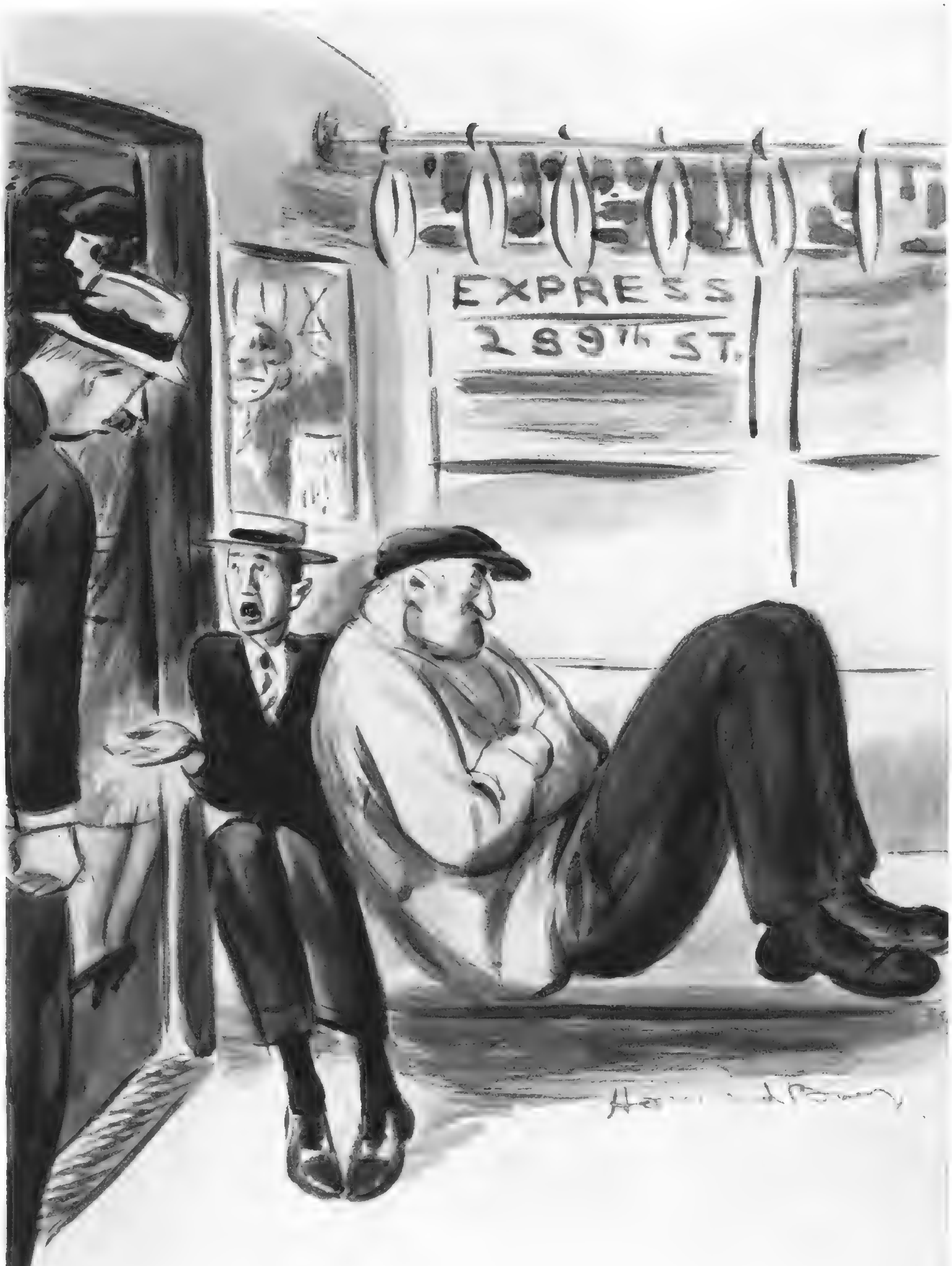
It was daylight on Broadway and Norma was washing out her stockings. "Still awake, Peggy? . . . Well, so that two-timer Shoemaker thinks I did him a great favor. He thought I was double-crossing the detective. What really happened was this Brown, the newspaper guy, he went for 'Chita and the detective warned him to lay off her because she was bad news. He told Brown 'Chita was married to the piano player, that's how I found out. It was true what I told Shoemaker about them being there when that fellow was stabbed, but they weren't mixed up in it. But those Cubans are afraid of cops and getting slapped around, so not only Mike and 'Chita, but the whole band beat it."

"Didn't Shoemaker think it was funny the detective didn't squawk when the Cubans didn't come back?" Peggy asked.

"Listen, Shoemaker didn't think anything, he was so glad to get rid of them."

"Sounds pretty phony to me, the whole thing. What did you say her name was? 'Chita? What a name. And what was the detective doing with you in Shoemaker's place in the first place?"

"The pay-off," said Norma. "He heard this 'Chita was hot stuff!" #


EXPRESS
289th ST.

"I hate to break up his rest, but I was supposed to get off three stations back"

Afternoon of an Author

Continued from page 35

shirted redcaps out in front. The street narrowed as the business section began and there were suddenly brightly dressed girls, all very beautiful—he thought he had never seen such beautiful girls. There were men too but they all looked rather silly, like himself in the mirror, and there were old undecorative women, and presently, too, there were plain and unpleasant faces among the girls; but in general they were lovely, dressed in real colors all the way from six to thirty, no plans or struggles in their faces, only a state of sweet suspension, provocative and serene. He loved life terribly for a minute, not wanting to give it up at all. He thought perhaps he had made a mistake in coming out so soon.

He got off the bus, holding carefully to all the railings and walked a block to the hotel barbershop. He passed a sporting goods store and looked in the window unmoved except by a first baseman's glove which was already dark in the pocket. Next to that was a haberdasher's and here he stood for quite awhile looking at the deep shade of shirts and the ones of checker and plaid. Ten years ago on the summer Riviera the author and some others had bought dark blue workmen's shirts, and probably that had started that style. The checkered shirts were nice looking, bright as uniforms and he wished he were twenty and going to a beach club all dolled up like a Turner sunset or Guido Reni's dawn.

The barbershop was large, shining and scented—it had been several months since the author had come downtown on such a mission and he found that his familiar barber was laid up with arthritis; however, he explained to another man how to use the ointment, refused a newspaper and sat, rather happy and sensually content at the strong fingers on his scalp, while a pleasant mingled memory of all the barbershops he had ever known flowed through his mind.

Once he had written a story about a barber. Back in 1929 the proprietor of his favorite shop in the city where he was then living had made a fortune of $300,000 on tips from a local industrialist and was about to retire. The author had no stake in the market, in fact, was about to sail to Europe for a few years with such accumulation as he had, and that autumn hearing how the barber had lost all his fortune he was prompted to write a story, thoroughly disguised in every way yet hinging on the fact of a barber rising in the world and then tumbling; he heard, nevertheless, that the story had been identified in the city and caused some hard feelings.

The shampoo ended. When he came out into the hall an orchestra had started to play in the cocktail room across the way and he stood for a moment in the door listening. So long since he had danced, perhaps two evenings in five years, yet a review of his last book had mentioned him as being fond of night clubs; the same review had also spoken of him as being indefatigable. Something in the sound of the word in his mind broke him momentarily and feeling tears of weakness behind his eyes he turned away. It was like in the beginning fifteen years ago when they said he had "fatal facility," and he labored like a slave over every sentence so as not to be like that.

"I'm getting bitter again," he said to himself, "That's no good, no good—I've got to go home."

The bus was a long time coming but he didn't like taxis and he still hoped that something would occur to him on that upper-deck passing through the green leaves of the boulevard. When it came finally he had some trouble climbing the steps but it was worth it for the first thing he saw was a pair of high school kids, a boy and a girl, sitting without any self-consciousness on the high pedestal of the Lafayette statue, their attention fast upon each other. Their isolation moved him and he knew he would get something out of it professionally, if only in contrast to the growing seclusion of his life and the increasing necessity of picking over an already well-picked past. He needed reforestation and he was well aware of it, and he hoped the soil would stand one more growth. It had never been the very best soil for he had had an early weakness for showing off instead of listening and observing.

Here was the apartment house —he glanced up at his own windows on the top floor before he went in.

"The residence of the successful writer," he said to himself, "I wonder what marvelous books he's tearing off up there. It must be great to have a gift like that —just sit down with pencil and paper. Work when you want—go where you please."

His child wasn't home yet but the maid came out of the kitchen and said:

"Did you have a nice time?"

"Perfect," he said. "I went roller-skating and bowled and played around with Man Mountain Dean and finished up in a Turkish Bath. Any telegrams?"

"Not a thing."

"Bring me a glass of milk, will you?"

He went through the dining room and turned into his study, struck blind for a moment with the glow of his two thousand books in the late sunshine. He was quite tired—he would lie down for ten minutes and then see if he could get started on an idea in the two hours before dinner. #

Ireland's Unhappy Warrior

Continued from page 44

comes the white-headed boy.

It was characteristic of De Valera that he almost spoiled the show on his arrival in New York. He was hailed as "President of the Irish Republic." He went to great lengths to explain to reporters that he was not "President of the Republic," but simply "President of the Executive Council," a position quite different from the American presidency. But the stubborn oversimplification of American journalists triumphed and he finally gave up such hair-splitting. His speeches were a welcome of surprising relief, because of their sobriety and detail, after so many decades of flamboyant Irish oratory. The Irish in the United States liked this strange ugly duckling and delivered to him the astounding sum of $5,000,000. Some fifteen years later he was able to repay principal and interest of this sum, thus establishing Ireland besides Finland as the two European countries to pay their debts to America.

When he returned to Ireland peace was drawing near, principally because the English had been doing a little mathematics themselves. Formerly they made a rather handsome profit out of Ireland, but now they saw that the cost of maintaining a large army in a country which refused to pay taxes was affecting their budget. Also, the Irish themselves were getting a little weary of fighting. So, when proposals for a conference were made, both De Valera and Lloyd George came together with some relief. But, it should be added, with no strong hope that their two viewpoints could be compromised.

Lloyd George sent the telegram of invitation, which concluded with "We cannot admit you are a sovereign state." De Valera countered with, "We cannot meet you save as a sovereign state." Lloyd George sent another invitation, "We have stated our position." De Valera accepted with "We have stated *our* position." That's the way it was in Westminster when the two Celts met. Their progress in negotiation, the Welshman wailed, was impossible, "We've talked a week and by this time, De Valera hasn't got any farther than Cromwell." De Valera said, "If Lloyd George only had some imagination." De Valera withdrew from the parleys and mercurial Michael Collins had to finish the deal—make the peace, renounce the dream of a republic and take the next best thing, a Free State within the British Empire.

This was a great blow to De Valera's hopes. He refused to support the peace treaty. He likewise refused actively to join the Republicans who engaged in bloody civil war with the Free State authorities. But his sympathies were with the latter, even when strained by the inevitable tragedies. Michael Collins, who had played on the floor with De Valera's children when he was in America, was killed by Republicans. Kevin O'Higgins, Free State Minister, had the Republican, Rory O'Connor, executed. O'Connor had been best man at O'Higgins' wedding. De Valera, who still felt much affection for his old comrade O'Higgins, was imprisoned by the latter. One Sunday on the way to church, O'Higgins was assassinated.

These were the events that took the spring out of De Valera's youthful stride and widened the lines in his stern face. A prominent Irish author told me that the murder of O'Higgins had left a "deep wound, a secret almost superstitious penance in De Valera." He claims that De Valera went out of his way to purchase the house in which O'Higgins had lived, that he regularly attends the church where he was killed and that he takes the same walks as O'Higgins. This may be the key to the unhappy expression of those unsmiling eyes.

But De Valera did not nurse his sorrow in silence. When he emerged from jail, he saw that he had to sell Irish Republicanism all over again to the Irish people. So, to the jeers of the Government benches, he entered the Dail Eireann, took the hated oath to the Crown (in order to fight it) and carried on the struggle in a constitutional way. He was at it for ten years before he succeeded. In 1932 he became premier . . . or "President of the Council" . . . when Cosgrave's Government was defeated.

He proceeded to abolish the oath, reduce the King's Governor-General to the position of a court jester and to stop the payment of land annuities to the British Government. All this, of course, given the hatred of the Sassenach*, was easy. But he accomplished something infinitely more difficult. Without dramatizing it as a New Deal, and employing only his logarithmic oratory, he got the allegedly impractical Irish to support a drastic plan for making Ireland economically self-sufficient. He went about the land opening new shoe and clothing factories. He talked wheat raising

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*SASSENACH: A Saxon; an Englishman; a Scottish Lowlander—used chiefly by people of Celtic race.

Continued at top of page 172

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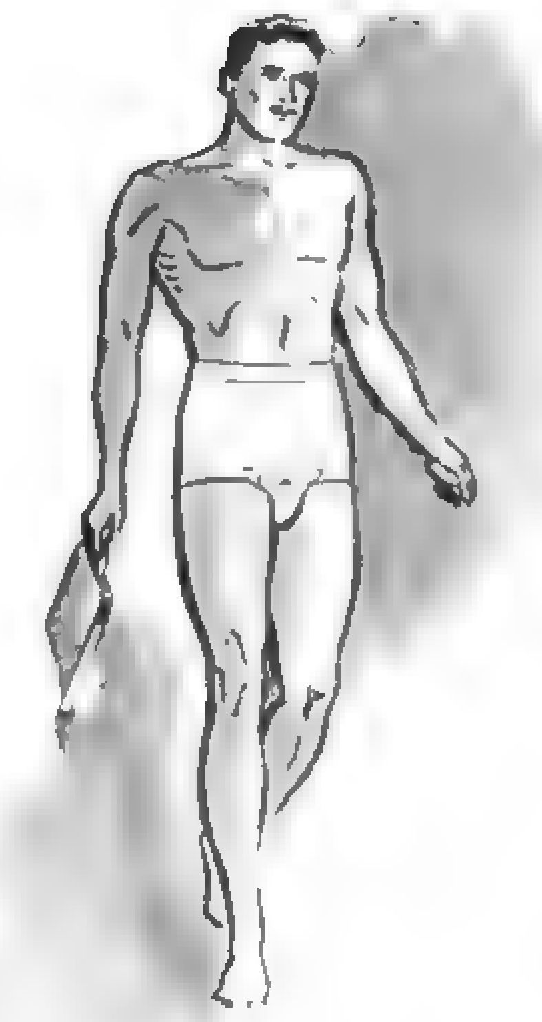

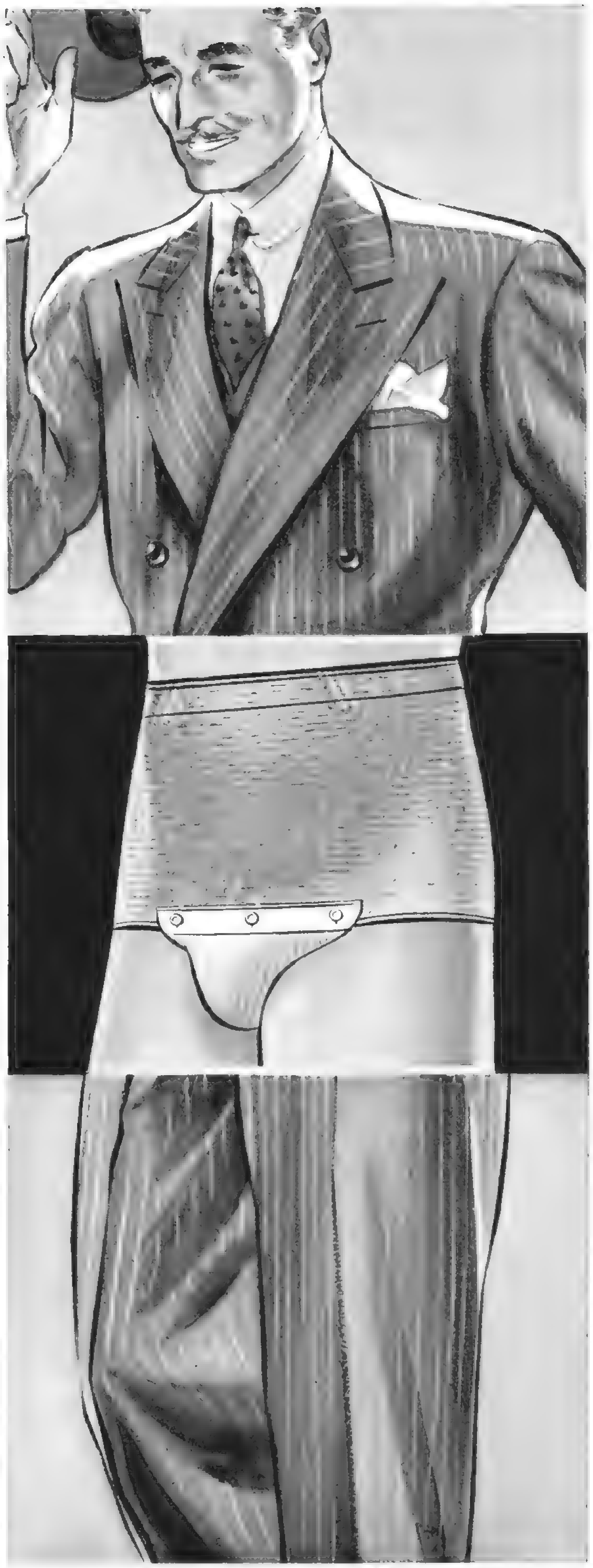

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Ireland's Unhappy Warrior

Continued from pages 44-170

to the peasants, and they liked it. He talked beet sugar production, and they liked it. He even taught them that they could make not only whiskey but industrial alcohol out of the Irish potato—and they went for it enthusiastically.

This is the amazing man, then, who has captured the fickle Irish heart. He has about as much sex-appeal as a bi-valve. Yet women adulate him. An Irish lady's maid in London left him her life's savings. A woman, by throwing herself in front of him, once saved his life from an assassin. Women turn out in large numbers to hear his solemn speeches.

He is known never to have attempted a joke in one of these extraordinary addresses. His lack of humor is proverbial. In Dublin, the story of the old man who formed an association for abolishing celibacy of the clergy is a favorite. This obviously unbalanced individual claimed that the only salvation for the Catholic Church was for priests to marry. He went to various priests and bishops with his plan. They always humored him, saying that they would take up the question at the next diocesan council. The obsession even sent him to Rome, where a Papal secretary assured him that he would refer the matter to the Pope. He finally got an audience with the President. De Valera after listening attentively to his discourse for a half-hour, devoted another half-hour to explaining in great detail all the reasons why priests couldn't marry.

His own obsession is the tragic history of Ireland, and he rarely loses an opportunity to ventilate it. Yeats wrote, "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, it's with O'Leary in the grave." With many Irish it is dead and not a few of them have forgotten who O'Leary was. But De Valera hasn't. He cannot forget the past—the grim hours when he waited for execution after the Easter uprising. This experience and Ireland's struggle for freedom are woven into his consciousness. For him, Robert Emmet was hanged but yesterday and the Comwellian settlement is but a week away.

This was demonstrated during his first speech to the League of Nations. In that he did not mince words about the Sassenach and he sent the British fuming into the lobbies. I recall his candidacy for President of the Assembly last fall. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that the British Empire members would gang up and prevent his election. Yet the British who had haughtily jested at the expense of their bitter enemy Mussolini (some of the best satire I heard in Geneva came from Englishmen) lost their composure when it was a question of De Valera. I cannot forget the savage comment of triumph of a usually quite phlegmatic British correspondent when the poll showed De Valera defeated. The English hate this man, who hates them. That, of course, is one of his best credentials to his own people.

Nor is that all. De Valera expresses better than any other Irish statesman the feelings of the peasant and small villager. And Ireland is just that. No one can win the country without taking into account these elements. His new Gosplan is simply cut to the measure of the small farmer, village tradesman and little manufacturer in villages like Bruree where he was raised by a small-farmer uncle. He will always remain a strange, uncouth figure in witty, wordly Dublin. Cosgrave, the son of a Dublin public-house proprietor, smacked too much of urban flesh-pots. The Irish suspect and hate their metropolis, much as rustics in Nebraska hate and suspect gay, sinful Omaha.

Yet while he hailed from Bruree, he is not of it. The Irish, intemperate gossips, know too much about each other's sisters, cousins and aunts to place on a pedestal anyone who is too familiar to them. Those who know the Irish can testify to their almost sadistic pleasure in denegrating one of their number who aspires to raise himself above the crowd. But De Valera's origins are clouded in the romantic haze of that Irish land of Heart's Desire, America. He grew like a strange, exotic reed in County Clare.

That is why he is respected. The Irish associate with his American birth all the rosy hopes they have learned to place in this country. His Spanish name gives a romantic flavor to his personality. Could a Murphy or O'Brien compete with this? His cautious, ascetic speeches, unmarred by the savage personalities which mark most Irish political speeches, appeal to them as befitting a dignified leader. There are too many blatherskites in the country, they feel.

Finally his very melancholy is an asset. "Tall as a spear, with a voice like a muffled bell," as Sean O'Faoloin puts it, he recalls those sombre figures of the Celtic gods and heroes—Cuchulain and Mananaan Mac Lir—whose exploits the peasants still like to relate over their peat fires of an evening. Through this door of mythology, De Valera has been able to enter that immortal company as the latest unhappy warrior. #

Last Land of Liberty

Continued from page 31

If I check my bag, they may break the lock and search everything. They will find nothing, it is true, but suppose *they put something in the bag?* Suppose they put a forbidden pamphlet or brochure in the bag, or maybe even a book, how can that be explained away?

Go to visit friends? Who knows their standing? Maybe they are in trouble and I will be suspected as a secret opponent because I visited them. No, it is better to avoid difficulties while en route. For if Mr. X got into difficulties, he might be arrested and placed in a jail and his family might not hear of his whereabouts for months. He might be held without trial for months. He might be shot before he is tried. No one can know what can happen.

Well, the second train departs. He is happy. So far so good. He arrives in Springfield. He gives his police card to the hotel clerk to check him in. He goes to his room. He takes a bath. The police arrive. They want to see his lecture before he delivers it. But he has already shown this lecture to the propaganda bureau and to the New York police. That does not matter. The Springfield police are responsible in Springfield.

They read his lecture. They don't like it. Perhaps in New York it would have been all right but the situation in Springfield is different. There they are, close to the tomb of Lincoln and they must be careful against Rightist deviations. This lecture is slightly to the Right and it must be purified before it is delivered. They themselves will purify it.

Twenty minutes before Mr. X is to go on the platform, the police return his lecture to him. Not one word that he wrote remains. In fact, there is nothing in the lecture except an exaltation of the national leader and the local chief of police. That is all that Mr. X may say. And when the ladies of Springfield arrive to hear Mr. X, they see that ten known police spies are in the room to make sure that Mr. X reads the exact document that the local police gave him. They have a copy to make sure. They have already given copies to the newspapers to make sure that they do not publish something else.

And the third leading paper in town appears with two columns blank. The editor has been sent to jail for daring to protest editorially against the treatment of Mr. X.

II.

One evening in Shanghai a number of us were gathered at a dinner party. The sixty or seventy courses were delicious and the wine was sound and plentiful. Toward the end of the evening everyone was in that cheerful mood when gossip takes on particularly private characteristics. The subject of discussion was why a certain General So-and-So never produced any progeny. The details were zestful.

This was a very private party. No strangers were present. We were all supposed to be friends. One of the company had just been appointed to high office and we were celebrating according to the customs of the country.

The next evening a very sweet young thing telephoned to me and asked me if I knew where our host of the night before might be. She said:

"You find him. We are now at the Majestic Hotel. General So-and-So is giving a party. He wants me to decoy our friend here. The idea is that we shall have a good time all night and then when we break up, they'll shove him into a car and take him to the arsenal."

I had no need to know more. I knew what being kidnapped to the arsenal meant. I got hold of my erstwhile great man and hid him in my house until he could escape to South China. They could do nothing to him in my house because over it flew the American flag. If they tried to seize him in my house, the Marines would get after them.

At this gay dinner was a woman judge. She was dismissed. Every person present at the dinner was punished. Apparently there had been a spy at this very cheerful party.

Now, not a single punished person had been indicted. Not a single one knew what the offense had been. The public, which knew nothing of the dinner party, had no idea what crimes had been committed. No trial was held. No impeachment. No jury sat to discover misdemeanors and felonies. One man's word wrecked careers. One man's word endangered lives. No law. No protection. No human rights. We were all enslaved to the will of one man.

This occurred to Hallett Abend, correspondent in China for the *New York Times*, some years ago. Abend discovered that he was being boycotted. No Chinese government office would give him any news. He was not asked to press conferences or official functions. He was boycotted socially. Pressure was put upon his newspaper to dismiss him. Every effort was made to ruin his career.

What was his crime? He had sent to his newspaper an item translated from a Chinese newspaper in which a very great lady was criticized. He did not give it as his opinion but as an index to popular sentiment at the moment. For this, the Government used all its powers to wreck him.

In 1918 I was editor of a newspaper in Petrograd called the *Russian Daily News*. This was published by H. C. Vezey, another American. It was owned by a British business man in

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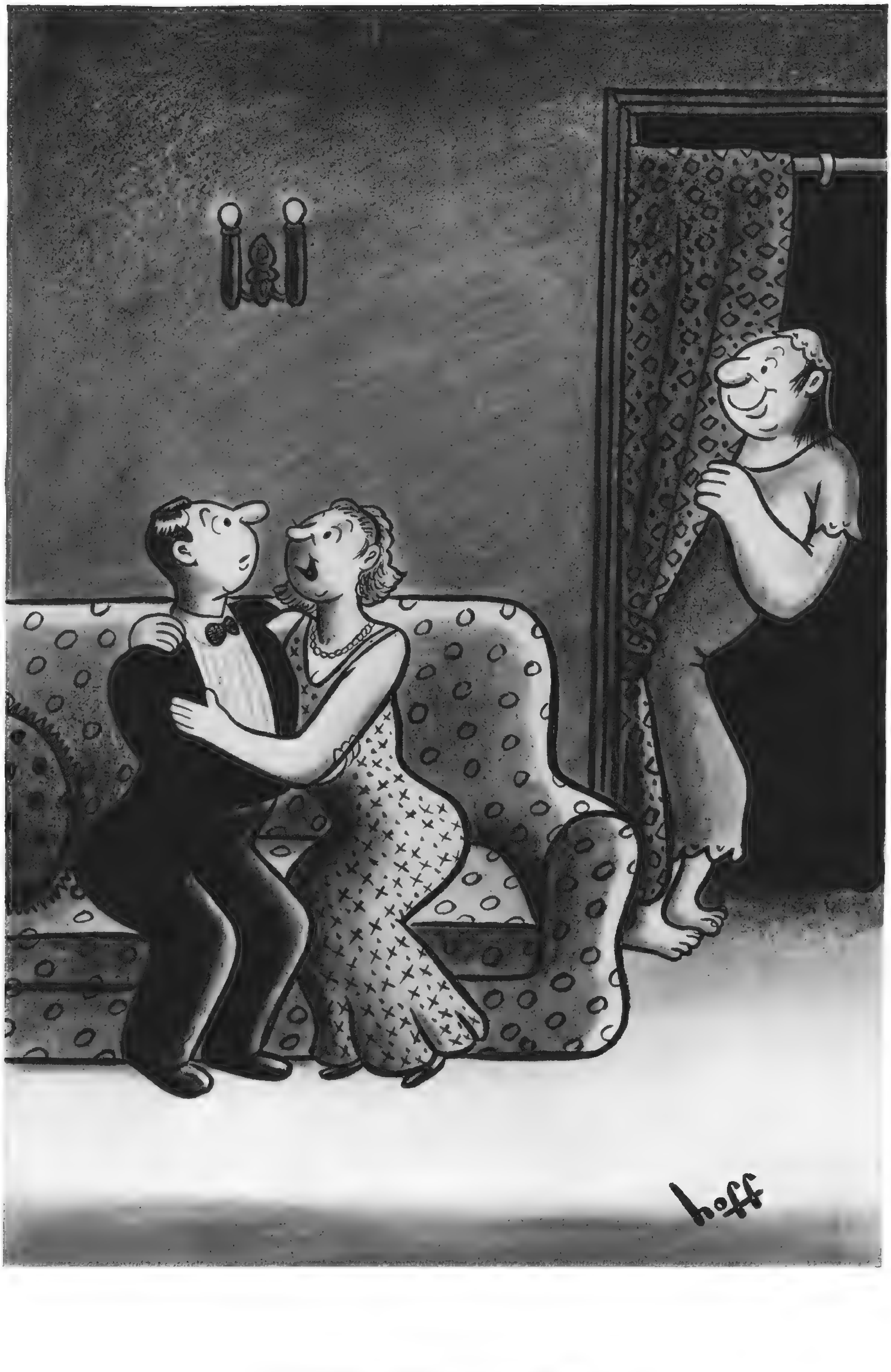

"It's all right—Mamma's regular"

Last Land of Liberty

Continued from pages 31-172

Petrograd and was controlled by the British Military Mission.

One day I came to my office as usual. A Red guard was at the door. I tried to enter. He repelled me. He said the Soviets had seized the newspaper. I asked permission to get my private papers, letters from my mother, a few odds and ends. He refused. Everything had been seized and would not be returned.

I could turn to no court for protection. They could not only confiscate property, but they could take personal effects which were of no value to anyone else on earth but myself. I had no legal rights. I had no moral rights. I was oppressed by a Red guard.

In Japan, along in the early 1920's, someone started a campaign against dangerous thoughts. It was forbidden to think about dangerous subjects. You could go to jail for thinking about anything dangerous. If they caught a student with a pamphlet or a book on a dangerous subject, he could be arrested on the spot. And it was so difficult to know exactly what was dangerous. It was changing all the time. I suppose every time a police officer got indigestion or his Geisha annoyed him, a new set of dangerous thoughts were added to the official index.

III.

Liberty is no sacred heritage from Heaven. For each particular of its blessings man has had to fight fierce battles and the fight is never altogether won. During periods of prolonged economic stability, men can afford to wage this war for human rights. So during the decades just before the Great War, human liberty triumphed in an increasingly large number of countries. The powers of kings and nobles were curtailed and the rights of the people were stated in constitutions. England, the mother of liberty, became the model for other lands, and warriors for the rights of man plotted and schemed and fought to bring to their peoples the principles of the Bill of Rights.

Russia forced a Duma on the Czar; Italy became a constitutional monarchy; China became a republic; Balkan states were reorganized under constitutions; even Germany recognized that human beings had rights.

But the War came before human liberty had taken root. Its aftermath was political and economic chaos. Men sought for stability and security. Bread was the ideal of the moment. For bread men were willing to make any sacrifice—even the sacrifice of every human right. For bread men were willing to be slaves.

Dictators seized power. Kemal Ataturk, Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler, Starhemberg, Zog, Araki—what a galaxy of great men! They offered stability and a great show and stirring speeches and a cultivation of hatred. And for what they could give they demanded a revocation of human rights. And the plague of oppression began to attack all countries. In the France of the *Marseillaise* appeared the *Croix de Feu*; in England of the Bill of Rights appeared Sir Oswald Mosley; to the United States came all kinds of individuals and organizations who preached class and group hatred and the acceptance of the doctrine that liberty is valueless.

Thus far, a few countries have been able to withstand the disease. The United States, the British Commonwealth of Nations, France, the Scandinavian countries and Holland, Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia—these remain nations of free men. The rest of the human race is enslaved to dictators. The rest of the human race lives in the fear of a life without liberty.

Which country will be next? France has again, in the last elections, proved that it can unite for freedom as it did in the glorious days of Gambetta. Spain has, however, fallen before the lash of the dictator. In England liberty has conquered, but in Rumania Carol seeks to establish personal rule. In the United States—thank God for our courts. They keep us free.

What are the liberties of man that safeguard us from tyranny? Check this list and check whether you are conscious of your rights as a free individual:

The right of habeas corpus;

Protection against ex post facto laws;

The right to trial by jury;

Limits upon the definition of treason;

Freedom of religion;

Freedom of speech;

Freedom of the press;

Freedom of Assembly;

The right of petition;

The right to be secure in our persons, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures;

The right to an indictment;

Protection against plural jeopardy, that is, against arrest for the same offense under various legalistic guises;

Protection against being forced to testify against oneself; that is, protection from torture;

Protection from being deprived of life, liberty and property without due process of law;

Protection against confiscation of property;

The right to a speedy trial;

Protection against excessive bail;

Protection in the rights of citizenship which cannot be whimsically abolished because of race, religion, or economic or political affiliations.

If we maintain these rights, no tyrant can oppress us. If we lose these rights, the best of men becomes a tyrant—perhaps a benevolent tyrant but still a tyrant. It is so easy for an official to expand his authority beyond constitutional limitation. It is so easy for officialdom to stoop to excesses of power and human liberty is lost and the battle for human rights must be begun all over again—the bloody battle of a million wars in every town and village.

I point to no man. I point to no act of legislation. I point to no political party. For unless human beings are vigilant, little administrative acts, small excesses of officialdom, petty impositions of minor bureaucrats, will destroy the foundations of liberty. It has been done before; it has been done elsewhere. Why not here? #

Based on the Ball

Continued from page 42

Certainly our worst handicap will be the English ball. Few observers of recent Challenge Rounds at Wimbledon have appreciated the enormous difference between that to which the Americans are accustomed, and the one used abroad. The difference in bounce alone, is terribly difficult and upsetting. We make balls that bounce well up to the upper brackets of the specifications, the English make them so they bounce within the lower brackets. Both are legal, but what a difference between them! At Wimbledon the American team is hitting a tennis ball bouncing 5 inches lower than they are accustomed to. This throws a player with delicate stroke adjustment completely off his game.

Nor is it any good saying that champions should and do get used to any ball, or pointing out as you may that the French came here and won with our fast ball which was little to their liking. Actually, once they became accustomed to it, once they got used to its feel on the bat, and its bounce, the American ball was exactly suited to their style of play. It gave them the requisite speed to resist the thunderbolts of Tilden and Johnston, by merely blocking the shot. The speed of a forcing shot generated the pace of the passing shot in return; it was the perfect foil. I don't think it's fair to say that the French, and especially Cochet and Lacoste who were most instrumental in winning the Cup from us in 1927, disliked the American tennis ball.

The French adapted themselves to our ball until it suited their style of play. But used to the hard, speedy, controllable ball played with in the United States, it is nearly impossible for the American with a fast service, good length ground strokes and a severe volley to get used to the English ball in a few weeks. Every year one sees the same phenomenon. The Americans are hitting the ball hard, putting their volleys away, smashing lobs and serving well at home. They go London and their forcing shots are no longer under control, their volleys no longer untakeable, their services and smashes lose accuracy.

Consequently they get mystified. They don't often know what's happened to their game. Their confidence vanishes. There must have been at least 15 points difference between the irresolute, uncertain Allison of Wimbledon and the stern, relentless volleyer who blew Perry off the court at Forest Hills a month after the Challenge Round. Vinnie Richards who has had considerable experience with both balls puts it this way: "The Wimbledon ball favors a defensive game. I found it impossible to drive: I often had to fall back on a chop."

In the opinion of many of our leading stars, the English ball floats when hit hard. It seems to be difficult to control, especially for a player like Allison used to playing an offensive game. No one who hasn't seen him abroad can appreciate what a difference the ball can have on a good player's game. True, he was not last summer playing under the happiest of conditions. True, he was overworked, tired in the Challenge Round from the strain of three hard matches against Germany, whereas at Forest Hills rain gave him a breather before he met Perry. Conditions suited him in New York, they did not suit him at Wimbledon. But in New York he had ball control. The reason for this was the ball.

The game of the best Americans, Allison, and, to a less extent Budge, is built on attack. An attack presupposes ground strokes of good length, fast enough to hurry a receiver, to force him into errors or else make him poke up a shot which can be put away at the net. But Allison's forcing shots at Wimbledon were often short and invariably so slow that Perry and Austin had no trouble at all in reaching the ball, as well as plenty of time to make the most difficult return possible for the American. That Allison was able to score some winning coups is merely a tribute to his acrobatic volleying and his uncanny anticipation at the net.

Not the climate, not external conditions, not the turf, not the two Britishers good as they are, and they are good on the centre court at Wimbledon, but the English ball is the chief handicap of an American Davis Cup team. #

SEÑOR, ONLY BACARDI HAS IT
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Bacardi Superior
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BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF CUBA
MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI Y Cia
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THAT GLAMOROUS TASTINESS THAT MAKES A DRINK

♫ SING ♫

From many a swanky pantry these days come trays laden with refreshing music to the palate. It hasn't taken long for folks to sense the pleasant opportunities that lie in Bacardi . . . Cocktails, highball, Collins—each of these assumes new, appetizing glamor when it's Bacardi they're made of. Bacardi is perfectly at home in *any* drink. Once you have tried this idea—search as you may, you cannot find a satisfying substitute for true Bacardi. That secret has remained for seventy years and more within the walls of the Bacardi distilleries. *Only* Bacardi has that glamorous tastiness that makes a drink *sing*.

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Schenley IMPORT

ONLY BACARDI MAKES

BACARDI

RUM—89 PROOF

NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 6

SISTERLY ADVICE TO BROTHER ANTHEIL

It is with sheep's eyes and hanging heads that we women readers admit we have no right to your gorgeous monthly. It says "for men" on the cover, doesn't it? Well, what could be plainer?

But supposing you were a girl and, sad as it may seem, took intellectually and humorously after father (and some of us will do it every time!); and have been taught to reason (well, just a little) at the best universities, and take an interest in the world of interesting affairs—I ask you—how would you like to have to confine yourself to the women's magazines!!??!!

How would you like to have to read page after page of wishful thinking and flight from reality, to the sad tune of *Hearts and Flowers?*

You would have as bad a martyr complex as all these old milk toast sissies who write in to criticize your good-natured humor!

You'd have as sour a puss as any of these old meanies who have missed all the fun in life and want to make sure you do, too!

So please forgive us, if some of us women still want to laugh a little and be enlightened a little, and hence encroach on your delightful monthly.

That is my first request. And here comes my second. (Fo'give me, fo'give me!)

Please page young Mr. George Antheil—and we know he's young from his temerity in trying to classify us. (We hope he's also good-looking!)

He has no less than a hundred to several hundred thousand women all in a dither, because, try as we will, we can't classify ourselves—or each other. It's most distressing!!

Take the case of Suzy Smith. She has, of the first seventeen points on the list: five points, adrenal; four points, hyper post-pituitary; three points, plain post-pituitary; two points, hyper thyroid; two points, thyroid—with a dash of thymocentric.

This makes her an adrenal-post-pituitary-thyroid!

Or what have you?

But when you come to the item—personality—you have the Eternal Feminine (thrill-chasing, sexy); the Emancipated woman (with an inclination toward manly interest: Esquire); and believe it or not, you still have the jolly old maternal instinct strong!

So what, Georgie?

And all the frank young ladies I know come out about even—and we want to know where that is!

But dear young Mr. Antheil, when you touch upon the item, "accessibility," that, my boy, is the measure of *your own* talents.

When you are older and more experienced, and more resourceful, and more engratiatingly successful, you will find that you will have to rate "accessibility" on *all* the types—er—shall I say—*high?*

Glory be to you, Esquire, and pardon the intrusion.

Yours devotedly and in obeisance!
Chicago, Ill. Suzy Smith
New York, N. Y.
Hollywood, Calif.
and points south.

OLDEST STORY EVER TOLD

If Esky had a lovelorn section as he should, you would be spared this grief. Women are mush. Men are after all hard and practical. Those who inspire and experience the situations of picture and story in Esquire should have a practical solution for my problem, and here it is.

A MAID'S DILEMMA
(non-fiction)

Some twenty years of age, I have moved independently and freely among men in the business world . . . self-assured, understanding and wise. Friends and associates have come and gone. There have been periods of serious romance, dreams, hopes and then disinterest. Also periods of exciting adventure but never anything beyond anticipation.

Sometime ago I decided men could be controlled. The theory was always a fact. I decided that one day an eligible man would come along . . . with money, position, maturity . . . and then it would be a happy home for me . . . with kids and all the rest.

Until . . . there came along three years ago a man of forty . . . with money, position, maturity . . . But married. And the story begins with mutual attraction . . . a few exciting little innocent adventures. So he grew on me, drawing admiration, developing imagination, building trust and confidence . . . and without his intent.

We discussed life and its problems . . . read Esky together and all that. His views were frank, practical and honest. There's no wronging the virgin in this story. She wronged herself.

Well, being curious like all women I suppose, I sold myself an idea. I wanted an experience. He was gentle, kind and the height of consideration, never believing me totally inexperienced for I had put up a very bold front . . . not wicked just leaving all questions open.

Conveniently we have met since until I have no will in the matter. At the same time, there is a fine young chap who regards me as his fiancee. He is lovable and delightful. Has talked frankly about himself and he thinks he is modern and generous about virtue.

I have told the man about the boy . . . and he does not want to see me under the old circumstances again, advising me that it's not worth the price to me. BUT I WANT TO SEE HIM.

And there's the trouble. Reason tells me no. Emotion tells me yes and then half-reasons tells me to let the future take care of itself. Gone is my assured independence and understanding—and going is my serious romance with its dreams and hopes of other times.

What to do? and how to do it?

Among the hundred thousands of Esquire readers such incidents must be common. Surely their sophistication and experience must be of some use . . . or is it all bosh. Please, Esquire, let them advise me in a problem they must understand.

Hopefully,
A Real Life Image of a
Buffalo, N. Y. Petty-Picture

P. S.: No school-boy or catty feminine advice desired.

ADD MONKEY-BUSINESS

Sure, there are some features that don't appeal to me—but will some of the kickers tell me on what bill of fare (or to be tony, menu) each and every dish appeals to all who read? You are going along O.K. Keep the women from the pages—I mean those items and ads that are run for women's eyes and you will be still better.

For those who like to "puzzle" here is one that may be new to a great many of those "solvers."

A rope hangs on a pulley. On one end of the rope hangs a weight, and on the other end hangs a monkey—equal in weight to the weight. The combined ages of the monkey and its mother are four years. The rope weighs 4 oz. to the foot. The weight of the monkey is as many pounds as its mother is years old, and the mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the mother was half as old as its mother was when she was three times as old as the monkey was. The weight of the rope and weight is one-half as much again as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight, and the weight of the weight plus the weight of the monkey.

Problem: How long is the rope? (It really has an answer and is logical.)

Cordially yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Irving Feinson

THE YEA-SAYER OF THE MONTH

Your editorial *On the Scribes and Pharisees* inspires me to write you. Some months ago I took offence at Hemingway when he blasted his *Sound and Fury* critics. You wrote me not to take Hem's article too much to heart. That is my advice to you now. You are doing good Big Boy and don't let anybody tell you differently. You should hold a stiff upper lip.

The prudes who shudder when they look at one of Petty's cartoons are stagnated in the slough of their own ignorance.

You are there with the heavy artillery and God always fights on the side with the biggest guns. Some of the Simon Pures cannot see the woods for the trees, so you should not wear a wreath of wrinkles on your editorial brow.

Personally I would like to see Esquire a little more risque. I'd hate to see you crawl into your intellectual hole and pull it in after you just because a few anti-cigarette or non-liquor cranks write you fanatical letters. The only thing for you to do if they become too rabid is to get a "poimet" to tote a gun so you can protect yourself in case one of the wild-eyed zealots tries to assassinate you. However you should only shoot in self-defense. I'd feel terribly bad if I ever saw you with a shaved head marching in lockstep and wearing prison stripes.

There seems to be another element that is dissatisfied because you are trying to glorify women whose hand rocks the cradle, that is, the nursemaid. It does seem strange that a man should hate the women.

I would hesitate before I would write such a letter. It is my desire to be looked upon as a regular he-man that wears suspenders.

There are some men I suppose who would like to take a girl apart just to see what causes her movements and why she ticks. For my part "I go barmy when one tries to charm me."

There is plenty of reading to suit the tastes of all in Esquire. I pick out what I like to read and let the balance go by the board. I can't afford to spend a whole month on just one magazine.

There are some who have banked the fires of their youth and some in whom the juices of life have dried up. They had rather drink Java at a Coffee Pot than to drink Tom Collins' at the Biltmore Bar. There are those living in side street rooming houses who speak of the Ritz as a dump. You should never try to make friends with snakes.

I get a mortal kick out of Esquire's advertising. It reminds me of fireworks which pop and sparkle. Its bloom and blaze registers in the mind a picture of a meteoric explosion. It is a Big Show to attract the public's attention.

The ad in which the man is sowing wild oats for Four Roses intrigues me. The clothing, shoes and haberdashery ads cause me to buy things I could do without.

I love the cuts of the peg-top pants and the baggy seats and the boxed-shoulder coats; the pearl and tan derbies and the Ascot ties; the flowing bow ties and high choker collars; the detachable cuffs and the red sleeve holders; the flat crowned wide brim straws and the black cords swinging down behind. The way the shoulders of the coats are padded out makes Max Baer look like a piker, and then the red suspenders and the swasticker necktie pins give me a feeling of security.

The short tan top coats and the gaiter shoes appeal to me. That is not half of it but I must write about what I set out to say in the beginning.

I can't blame you for raising a ruction about the way the boys write in. I'd raise a much bigger ruckus, or is it rumpus, if I were in your place. I hope the next one who writes in will fall and break his fool neck.

Esquire does not make a tinkle. It makes a boom! boom! It gives me a thrill not just a tingle. I'm not like William Cullen Bryant, the Thanatopsis Boy. I'm hell on wheels when it comes to writing letters of this kind though. You'll yet reach a million circulation or my name is mud.

Ain't it grand though this keeping alive business. Gosh I wish I were a millionaire keeping a flossie in a pent house up near the sky. I'd be satisfied however, if I only had a bean-patch, a corn-patch and some "tater" vines.

It warms the cockleburs of my heart to read my fellow Kentuckian, Jessie Stewart's *The Ballad of Lonesome Waters.* I got my money's worth out of his verses alone.

Here's an iced claret. Let's clink our glasses and drink to Esquire's robust health. I am going to dig a can of worms and go fishing and catch a fish that will make Old Hem blush for shame, dad blast his onery hide.

The ads in Esquire make me think of Marechal Neil roses grown on enchanted bushes. The stories are much better than the pot-boilers in the pulps. I'll admit that when the lid on the pot is lifted and I get a sniff of some of them that nearly takes my breath and I once lived near a glue factory.

Just between us and the gatepost when I go to war I'm going to wear blue overalls. They'll never get me into a khaki uniform and that's the truth as sure as God made the sun, moon and stars.

Hush! 'Pears like I can see a nigger's head sticking up out of the woodpile. I like the pop-eyed, bow-legged old dingbat on the front cover and from now on if that girl on the bicycle smokes Old Golds I will too.

Well I'd be glad to sit up and write to you all night but I hate this get-upping in the mornings. I have no special sentiment for the dim dawn's gray light.

Yours admiringly,
Brooklyn, N.Y. H. L. Dickerson

HIGH C

Gland game—first down.

Sit down, Louise Clarke, and let *me* get up on the piano with Mr. Antheil—I've got a piece to speak, too.

This gland business is either closer to the truth than we're willing to admit, or else there's some pretty fancy sleight-of-handing going on in Esquire.

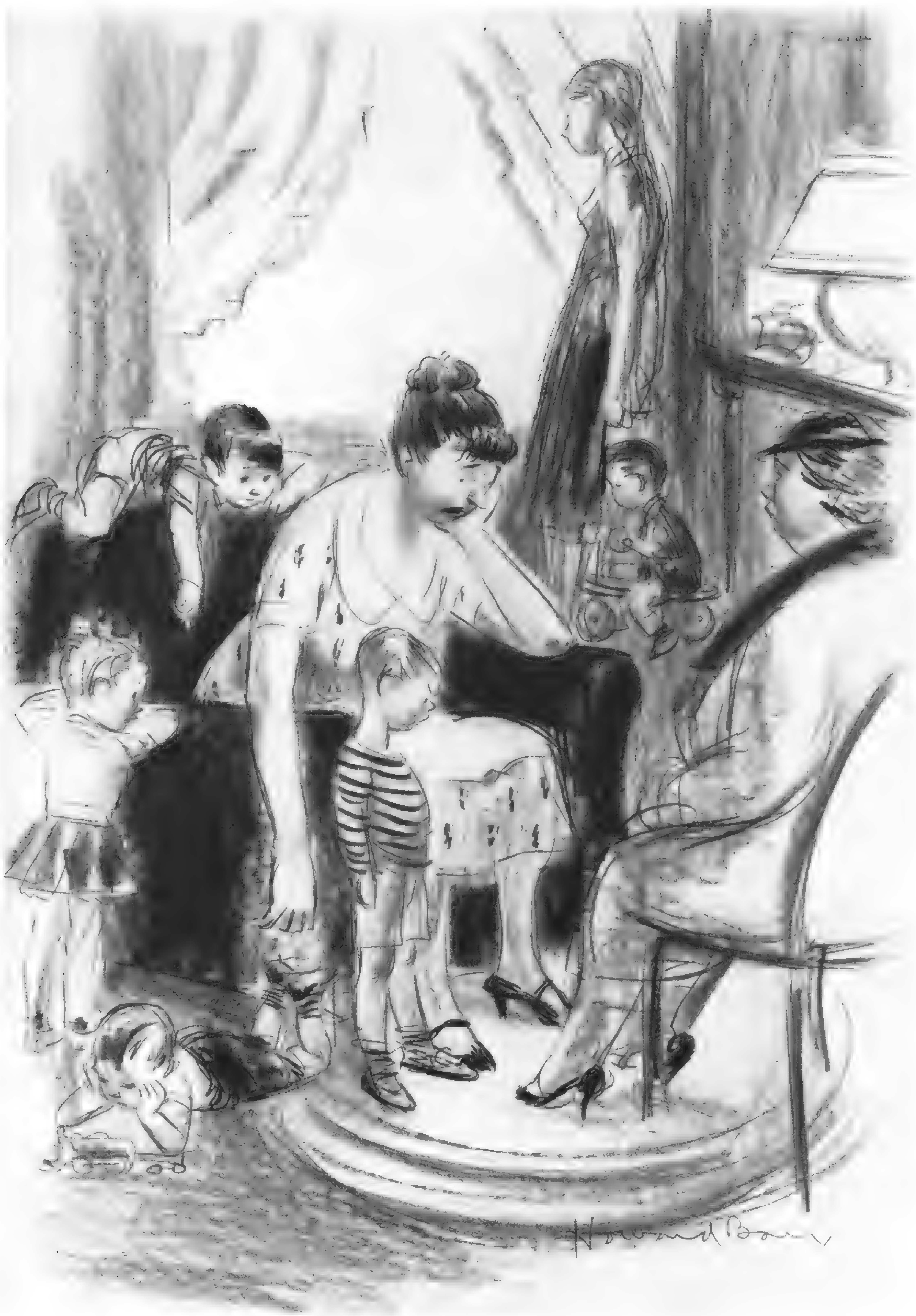
Personally, in my hitherings and yonnings I've had plenty of chance to watch the competition ticking—and most of it was pretty audible. Practically any gal with a wee bit of practice can size up another female creature and get a darn good outline of what kind of line she's going to unreel, what she's got to bait it with, and what plans she has for her fish after she's hooked him. And does she fool *you* by changing her dress or washing her hair? (I wash my own—and I do it once a week, so there!) And if you and I are so clever, why not Mr. Antheil? What's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the glander!

I don't know how he does it, but then I couldn't make an umbrella either—and I've seen plenty of umbrellas keeping people from getting wet. I'm completely mystified, but I admit I'm an utter C—George, have you been peeking in my windows?

Anyway, three cheers for you, Mr. Antheil. Keep right on taking rabbits out of the hat and don't explain how you do it, please!—we hyperthyroids can't concentrate as long as that. You're a swell guy, Pernod and all, and you only made one mistake—you're just dumb enough to think all men (bless their little hearts!) are as bright as you are!

Cheerio,
Easton, Pa. Glenda Lane

Continued on page 178


Howard Baer

"Goodness knows—I've tried to make a go of being married!"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-176

FINIS BY THE FIVE AT SMITH

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party—or so they say. Things have come to a pretty pass—Young America is definitely going to the pups. The spirit of sportsmanship is not on its last legs, but absolutely defunct! I (I fear that I belong to the decadent school of those who do not jump to conclusions) have had my pretty illusions shattered during the past few months. Five of us, well-meaning females all, undertook to give our unimportant little unbiased opinion of what the would-be-popular young college "gentleman" (those quotation marks were put around that word after reading some of the retorts that reached our bruised ears) *might* wear. We expected an amused shrug or perhaps a scornfully raised eyebrow or three from the indulgent few who might give the column a moment's notice. What we did get was probably the greatest outbreak since Grant took Richmond!!! So that is why I am taking it upon my one-fifth of the original innocent group to come, as has already been mentioned, to the aid of the party. Now I ask you Princeton, Dartmouth, Holyoke, Vassar, Amherst (oh yes, we read the *Touchstone*), Canal Zone, and points south (it sounds like a Cook's Tour), is it all on the up-and-up to misconstrue a group of words as sadly as you did ours? Why hit us on the chin? Did we once, just once, mention any names? Were there any points that were not merely generalities? But, of course, the folk-lore of the ages says that if the shoe fits you are welcome to wear it. From the looks of things, some people are destined to spend their natural lives perfecting a new way to play solitaire. To conform with the ideas that several funny lads proffered for the social betterment of all Smith Students, we would be continually suffering under a cruel régime of self-inflicted malnutrition which would finally reduce us to mere hat-racks. And would you, charming ones, have us appear at a Princeton "scramble" looking different—all dressed up dandy as Bat Women, with the flags of the League of Nations tucked coyly behind our ears and a battleship cradled in our arms—or wouldn't the battleship be in accordance with the platform of the V. of F. W.? Thanks, no, I think that such remarks shall continue to slide off our backs as do all the other varieties of grapes. Amherst, too, was very bitter, not through the medium of "Esky," but in one of their own papers. Still, the road between Amherst and Northampton hasn't gathered any moss as far as I can see. The young oldsters of Canal Zone and the two on the loose in New York should not pass judgment so quickly or so positively—it must be the city life or a touch of swamp fever. Those cracks of the people just mentioned do not make me wear an "oh-the-pain-of-it-all" expression but . . . Capt. Glenn Barchet of Hempstead, N. Y., how could you do it? I assure you, it was with no malice aforethought that we dared to invade the sacred halls of the last stand of virile masculinity, but the *Ladies' Home Journal* palls a bit, don't you think, and the land of checked tweeds and briar pipes is so fascinating. We are properly ashamed of ourselves, however, but may I still venture a leaning towards pork-pies? As for the Larry-Macauly-Bob Howe outfit at Washington, D.C., I don't think that we do want to make something of it—why should we, you did that. The thing that was so likeable about your comments was the supreme male ego. Tit for tat. What grand persons you all must be. Do you have happy home lives? Aren't the nasty banks paying their dividends or was your bow-tie too tight for your Adam's apple? Doesn't your wife understand you or don't you have a wife? (If you don't, Washington, watch out for the wicked, as you inferred they are, "Women of Smith." Remember that they have only 1¼ children apiece.) Poor chaps, don't forget the good work of the S. A. But this is maudlin. About the women—all they get is a hearty "phooey"—with the exception of Holyoke. They sensibly suggested to have an end of all this. You were looking for an answer, fellers, and now you have it, poor as it may be. Are we all happy? Let's call the whole thing off and pin up our back hair. The explanation of the thing, as it was in the beginning, was a war against an article that appeared in *Vogue* (a female magazine, please note) and it ended just like the World War—accomplishing nothing but an upheaval. Thank you dear readers of Esquire, for reducing five girls to nights of sleepless misery.

One-fifth of "Five at Smith"
Boston, Mass.

NON-SMOKER ON PIPESMOKE

This man Lester Hutter who wrote *Peace with a Pipe* in your June issue takes the esoteric business of filling a pipe bowl with a few grains of tobacco and striking a match to it and makes it appear as simple as the Queen Mary's air circulation system.

To a fellow who has studied combustion engines at college, the story of the "little combustion engine," the pipe, should fill him with unspeakable dee-light. But your average Esquire reader who spells out every word he reads, will, after he wades through the article, take his trusty briar, throw it into the furnace with a ta-hell-with-it! and rush out to buy a pack of Fortunate Hit Cigarettes. Any vice that takes 3000 words to tell about isn't worth having. Sin must be made simple. Can you imagine what would happen to the World's Oldest Profession or to the Fine Art of Applied Elbow-Bending if one couldn't tell about them in a short crisp sentence? Nay, I fear me pipe manufacturers are going to slap an assortment of law suits right on Mr. Hutter's well-shaped proboscis and will rush out to buy up every available copy of your June issue. This business of complicating pipe smoking isn't going to do their industry any good!

The article says practically nothing about the so-called "drinkless" attachment which legions of smokers (and the ads, too) will tell you is the heart of the pipe. Without it, pipe smoking has been foul and filthy to untold millions. The sudden, stomach-turning mouthful of tobacco juice that the pipe smoker would inhale—and its natural attendant breath-tainting—was enough to discourage the strongest hearted smoker and in time would cause the pipe to become as extinct as the mustache-cup.

Probably a whole book could be written on pipe inventions and devices calculated to make smoking drier, sweeter and better. And an encyclopedia could be compiled on the inventors—most of them screwy as bedbugs. What a treasure-trove the U. S. Patent Office must have of these things! In my small way, I've seen about a hundred of them—from the pipe with a device that sucks in air at the same time as you inhale, thus giving you a "cool" smoke, to the double stem pipe which resembles a double barrelled shot-gun having as its basic idea: one tube for a dry smoke, the other tube allowing tobacco juice to drip on your go-to-meetin' shirt. However, the prize (a sledge-hammer-smashed pipe bowl) goes to the pocket pipe which has its own narghi arrangement with a receptacle for holding water. It's a grand idea especially if you have waterproof pockets.

But before you're in stitches snickering at the inventor boys, lend an ear to the pipe nut. He'll buy anything new in a pipe. He can't wait for the manufacturers to make them fast enough for him. No doohickey is too fantastic or far-fetched—no device too looney. He'd buy a pipe that had a contraption to swat flies—the contrapier the better. One can almost imagine him clad in an Inverness cape and brim-turned-down black hat haunting the 'baccy shops looking for the newest pipe jigger. He collects them—hundreds of them—and he'll take you up to his room and show them to you with the wild-eyed zeal of a bug-catching professor exhibiting his collection of extinct butterflies.

Of course, these pipe collectors are harmless enough. I know a fellow who was courting the daughter of one of them while at the same time paying attention to the daughter of a man whose hobby was collecting rifles. When one day the old gentleman proudly displayed his guns, as neat a collection as you'll find outside of Abercrombie & Fitch's, he decided he liked pipes a whole lot better. There's some sort of a moral to this but I haven't been able to figure it out yet.

As a contrast to your multi-pipe man, you have your single-standard, faithful fellow—you know, the one-pipe man same as the one-dog man, the one-horse man and, now that Esk has gone lady-like on us, we'll include the one-woman man. He smokes one pipe until it falls apart, or some kindly person mercifully removes it in the dead of night, or the Board of Health gets after him. One pipe smoker I met—an old French gentleman—used to buy a pipe at the 5-and-10 and smoke it without ever cleaning it until it was strong enough to walk away under its own power. Then he would throw it away and invest a dime in a new one.

But to get back to Mr. Hutter's article. True enough, the selection and weight of the bowl is of very great importance. The American favors the thin briar. He likes its graceful lines, its light weight, and light feel. From centuries of pipe smoking, the Englishman has learned the value of the cool-smoking, sturdy, thick-walled bowl. You'd have a hard time selling an American one of these heavy babies (just like you'd find it practically impossible to sell an Englishman a thin-bowled one) but he's gradually getting around to it.

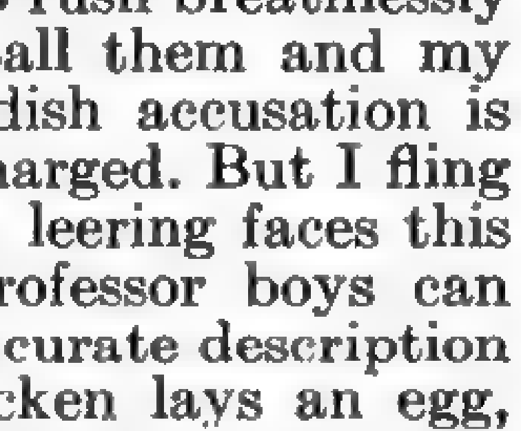
And your true pipe smoker knows that the proper way to get that grand patina on your pipe is to rub the bowl on the side of your nose. There's some sort of mysterious chemical excretion in the crevice between the nose (outside of the nostril) and cheek that polish makers ought to look into.

Now a few words in closing. Immediately upon publication of the above, an insidious, scurrilous, libelous whispering campaign would be instituted by my host of admirers and also enemies who would shout, "Yes, but this guy Coleman doesn't smoke at all!" So I want to rush breathlessly to the fore to forstall them and my answer to this fiendish accusation is to plead guilty as charged. But I fling into their lecherous, leering faces this challenge: Those professor boys can give you a pretty accurate description of how come a chicken lays an egg, but there isn't a man jack among them big enough to duplicate the feat.

Very truly yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Albert Coleman

THE GLAND PASSION

It's that glandular chart of George Antheil's that makes these things happen. Like last night, for instance. Mabel said she wouldn't be through work at the drug store until half past four, so I bought a copy of Esquire in order to make her boss think I was a customer and not just some fellow who was hanging around and maybe get her in trouble, I mean with her boss. Well, anyway, I went out and sat in the car with nothing to do for a whole hour except read.



Well sir, you know, pretty soon I ran across that chart that tells how to tell if a woman has glands by looking at her complexion. I got to thinking to myself like, and popped right out with a swell pun, Love is gland. I don't think Mr. Antheil agrees with that as a general conclusion on account of that thyroid class he puts in which he calls the "low sisterly type," which kind of girls I think are sort of low, too. Only he shouldn't call that a class because those sort of girls don't have very much class.

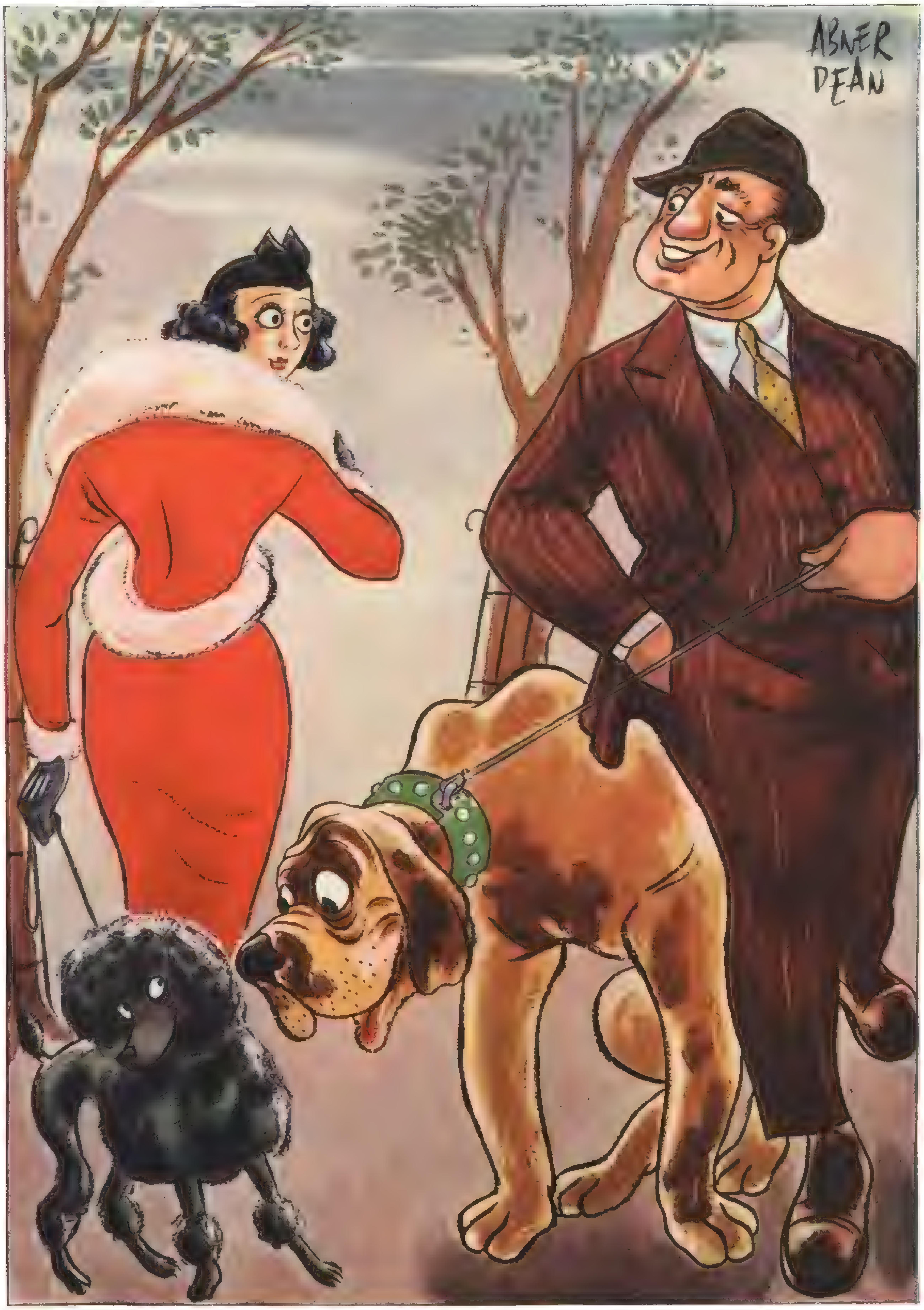
But it is very nice to have this chart that Mr. Antheil must of spent so much time on, I think if I study it I can find out a whole lot of things about women I don't think I knew about them up to this point. Like, for instance, things you can call them and not have them understand. A fellow could sort of carry that chart around in his pocket and study it on the street car on his way to work and on his way home from work when he goes home, couldn't he? Except on a street car he couldn't find out some of the things that the chart says you have to know in order to find out what else you would like to know about women. But if a fellow carried this chart around in his pocket he should be very careful not to let his wife find it there because she might not understand that he was simply looking at women with the chart the same way some people look at sparrows and robins and pigeons with a little book and a pair of opera glasses or some other people catch butterflies. Of course, if the street car is crowded enough and you stand by the conductor where everybody has to walk past they will probably swear at you for getting in the way, but that way you could find out a lot of the scientific information that you couldn't get just sitting on a seat looking at them, not on account of the way they swear, except that then you hear if their voice is "altoish to low" or "variable," but also you can tell if the skin is soft and moist with no fat beneath it. Also if she perspires readily.

Or if a fellow drove to work in his own car like I used to do until the fifteenth of last month, he could find some women who were standing on a corner waiting for a street car and give them a ride in his car downtown to where they work. Then he could study them and when they got out he could ask them for their phone number so that he could go some other time when they weren't in a hurry and study them some more. Maybe there would be some of them who would rather stand on a corner than ride in a nice automobile, but that puts them in the thyroid class. Well, let's not be cheap about it, we might as well go the whole hog and make it the goiter class. So he doesn't miss anything if they just stay right on the corner.

There are a number of other places besides being on a street car where a fellow could use Mr. Antheil's chart, for instance when he goes into a restaurant to eat lunch where they have waitresses. Only if I am going to carry that chart by mounting it on muslin with a cellophane cover like I thought would be a good idea I will have to eat at a different restaurant because the waitresses in the one I eat at run from a hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty on the hoof and don't seem to fit into any of the outlines at the bottom of the chart. They are too big for just an outline, they would have to have a survey.

But when Mabel came out and got in the car from the drug store I didn't say anything to her about Mr. Antheil's chart because I thought maybe I should practice from memory because that would be very fine training. So we went over to Mabel's apartment and she called up the hair dresser to cancel her appointment so that she could let me stay for supper which I asked her to do. I thought she shouldn't go to the hair dresser because when she came back then her hair would be curly to almost kinky which would make her adrenal on the chart which Mr. Antheil says is never a sure thing. So instead of

Continued at top of page 180



"Better watch yer' Fifi, lady—Butch here likes the dames!"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-176-178

her going to the hairdresser I went down to the corner and got a quart and some liverwurst and knockwurst and pickled herring and some other fish and cheese so we could make us a smorgasbord, which I took back up to Mabel's where her roommate had come home in the meantime from where she works in a department store in the neckwear department. I was very grateful to have this chart in the magazine so that I could study Mabel and June, which was her roommate's name and I took the magazine in so it would be handy if I forgot anything.

Then we opened the quart and set the table and June got lonesome because I was only one fellow instead of two so she could have one for herself instead of my having to try to be neutral. So like she said I called up a friend of mine who is in the brokerage business. He was at home so I told him I had a very important issue for him to underwrite and he had better come right down and go to work on it which he did. So we sat around and ate some anchovies and we all had a few drinks with my friend so he could catch up with us because he had a late start and we were sort of ahead of him.

He is very fond of your magazine, Mr. Editor, and I don't blame him because by showing the pictures to people and with a quart around you don't have to think about what you are going to talk about. So we all looked at the pictures in your magazine so then we found Mr. Antheil's chart which I had figured I would keep to myself so that I would have a kind of advantage like he suggests, but of course Mabel and June said they wanted to find out what kind of glands they had and so Art, who is my friend in the brokerage business, said well, he would be glad to help analyze June and if Mabel and I would read off the descriptions he and June could sit in the arm chair so he could analyze her.

Well sir, you know, I read off first walk, which was sexy and rolling all right. Art didn't have to sit in the armchair to know that and then we got the build and height about right so that it began to look like June was Postpituitary (hyper) which I sort of had guessed anyway. So we went on down the list and she fitted pretty well in the Postpituitary (hyper) lineup, only she got kind of sore about the place where I read face oval the features chiseled rather than moulded because then Mabel said yes, she knew how to chisel all right but I calmed her down right away when I told her she didn't look mouldy to me and that she was often strikingly beautiful, only then Art said not often enough.

Then when I read about mouth wide with full lips Art said maybe if she brushed her teeth her lips wouldn't be so full but she was beginning to realize that she had to qualify further with the companionate and hail-fellow urge so she didn't get sore at Art but she said his mouth was bigger than hers so we had to stop awhile while they put them together to find out and Mabel and I were the judges but we couldn't tell very well. Then they had to be judges while Mabel and I measured to see who had the biggest mouth so it was a little while before we went on analyzing June.

Pretty soon I got down to legs and ankles, only Art said I read it backwards, you should always start with the ankles. Well sir, then I got down to the bottom of the column and read that that type was highest in susceptibility so Art decided maybe somebody ought to go out and get another quart and would Mabel go with me. She said sure, because she was an animal with the pace of a leopard and could eat like a horse and stay thin and she was a pure Hyperthyroid which meant that she was restless and liked to go places. So Art said we didn't need to worry about him or June because they would talk to each other and not let each other get lonesome while we were gone and maybe they could look at some of the pictures in your magazine or something. So Mabel and I got in the car and went out and got another quart only Mabel had to go in her drug store to cash a check for me because everybody I knew had locked up his store.

When we went back into the apartment we knocked at the door first and then pretty soon we went in and Art and June were sitting on the davenport reading your magazine as we expected and June said My God, Honey, what happened to your face? And I said nothing, only a cat jumped on me when I got out of the car and then Mabel said give me that book. So she looked at the chart and then she said she wasn't pure Hyperthyroid after all, she was part Thymocentric because all her finger nails were broken off. This guy Art was grinning all the time like the cat that ate the goldfish and so I said goodbye I have to go home now, but I'll be back real soon, which I am going to do just as soon as I can be sure that there's no chance of Mabel being there.

Yours very sincerely,
Seattle, Wash. T. S.

AND THEN WHAT?

Please refer at your earliest convenience to my post card, which, having no address, probably did not reach you.

Yours truly,
Eduardo Torres Zuniga
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

solutions when they were emotionally stirred. I think Mr. Lederer does not understand that Mr. Shaw is an artist in the manner of writing his play."

Thereby Mr. Nichols, Mr. Kober, Mr. Stewart, and the rest convicted themselves of manifest insincerity. Either they were moved by *Bury the Dead* to such an extent that they were ready to do something to prevent war or they were not. Mr. Lederer was ready to do something. They were ready only to go back to the concoction of scenarios they said they despised and to seize other occasions to tell how they despised their jobs and how necessary it was for plays like *Bury the Dead* to be produced. What good is there in producing such plays if they are merely going to afford Hollywood intellectuals a chance to disparage their salaries and the movies, and try to make ridiculous the one man at the mass-meeting, Lederer, who was sincere about the whole business?

The play, as I read it in book form, has precisely the faults Lederer said it has. The author seemed to have an idea in the beginning and didn't know what to do with it. So, starting out with the fantasy of twelve dead men on a battlefield refusing to be buried, the author continued by a series of brief shock scenes until he couldn't think up any more and the curtain comes down. It is good hokum stuff which should produce a very shuddering effect upon an audience; and it is very, very bitter in a youthful sort of way.

But it is nothing if it is not an anti-war play, and apparently to the Messrs. Nichols, Stewart, et al. it is not an anti-war play: it is a work of art. . . . Lederer killed the logic of their position with the simple naïveté of a sincere man by making them face it.

What difference is there between the movie fan who goes into the picture theatre to see Clark Gable and Joan Crawford to forget his troubles and Mr. Stewart, for instance, who goes to see *Bury the Dead* to forget that he wrote *No More Ladies?*

The publication of a translation of Andre Malraux' *Le Temps du Mépris* under the unsatisfactory title, *Days of Wrath* (Random House, $1.75), called forth some ecstatic reviews which are in character with the episode reported above. This novel is a muddled, mystical nerve-shocker which would be dismissed for the gooey tripe it is if it were not fashionable now among many highbrows to poll-parrot the patter of the neo-Marxian dialectic. The story has to do with a Communist organizer in Germany who is caught, thrown into prison and condemned to death when his identity is established. There are Poesque scenes of horror of the revolutionist's efforts to keep his sanity, through months of solitary confinement and in the nick of time he is freed. Another "comrade" whom he does not know falsely "confesses" he is the real Krassner in order that the real Krassner may be freed to carry on the work of the revolution. Krassner accepts this self-sacrifice and lets the man go to his death for what he, Krassner, has done. Malraux' much belabored point is that both Krassner and the self-sacrificing comrade thereby achieved a noble and mystical state of grace by living and working for something greater than themselves—laying down their lives for this something, in fact.

In contemporary writings there has been much of this stuff about the nobility of devoting oneself to a cause and thereby slaying the selfish impulses, so that one's energies may be devoted to a higher social purpose. It is hard to pick up a literary periodical without encountering this cliché in half a dozen different reviews.

Usually, of course, this losing of oneself in an idea outside of oneself is assumed to be the real thing only if the converted one sees the glory of the coming of the Marxian Lord; and it is strange how many people, who regard Christianity and all other religions as degrading superstitions, are very busily erecting upon the Stalinist understructure all the rhetorical lath and plaster which they condemn so bitterly in other and older religions. The Christian precept, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" is given in Malraux' repulsive yarn a peculiarly sinister and unsavory twist; for the false Krassner's act did not have behind it the simple humanity of the Christian benediction, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," because the real Krassner was no more a leader than the false Krassner, no more effective. The false Krassner was strangely like the crazy people who, after every major murder, annoy the police with their "confessions" of the crime; but there is on record no instance yet where the police have freed the real criminal on the strength of such a confession, nor is there on record any instance wherein the real criminal took advantage of a crazy man's attempt at self-sacrifice.

Why is this sudden rather widespread demand (in print) that people should get outside themselves to something greater than themselves—preferably to the social Utopia? Do these writers who mouth these phrases with so much self-satisfaction imagine that any one lives entirely selfishly except a baby still in swaddling clothes? Does not the man who marries and helps bring children into the world and feeds, clothes and houses his family devote himself to something outside and higher than himself, even if he is but a poor and uneducated man and entirely unconscious of his doing so?

Doesn't the young man who falls in love devote himself to something outside of himself, obey a higher need than that which lies within his own ego? Is not the man who sees a vision of growth in the sight of his small factory and who devotes the greater part of his energies to the building of a larger plant and to turning out more and more products of his plant living a life outside of himself? Is not the man who plants a small garden and cultivates it forgetting himself to that extent in the creative joy of seeing beauty spring through his efforts from the earth? Were not (to hark back to *Bury the Dead*) the youths all over the country who were not drafted but genuinely converted by the slogans used in the last war, were they not devoting themselves to a larger cause, a greater thing than themselves?

To extend the analogy further,

Continued on page 182

"I love old friends.." Oliver Goldsmith 1728

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You glow in the warmth of a trusted old friend—when you drink "Black & White". Appreciated for its genial quality and loyal character—connoisseurs all over the world proclaim *"It's the Scotch!"*

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SHAW ALEX D. SHAW & CO., INC., 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK IMPORT DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 100-180

to the more conspicuously selfless ones, to, say, Hitler and Mussolini, execrated by all liberals and humanitarians; it is blind foolishness to believe that these men are mere ham actors, spouting words they do not believe, fooling the people with demagogic antics. John Gunther has pointed out in these pages and in his book that Hitler really believes all that bilge about Nordic supremacy, perhaps with a deeper faith and conviction than most of our American Stalinites believe in the Marxian Utopia. Moreover he has been imprisoned and has risked his life for his vision of a revived and united Germany; he is in constant danger of assassination; he is probably the most violently and generally hated man on the face of the globe. Is he not, then, living something outside of the ineffectual and inefficient little house-painter he once was? Is he not sacrificing the dreary little ego that he once possessed for a vision of destiny involving multitudes and promising them that with the attainment of this vision there will be happiness and security for all true Germans?

It is necessary, let us grant, to distinguish among the qualities of the visions which enable men to escape from their narrow, selfish selves into the higher realm of the super-ego, "the selfless self," as Malraux and so many of his American reviewers put it. One would say, for instance, that the late Alexander Dowie in escaping from his selfish self into the great selfless self of propagating the theory that the earth is flat was animated by a less conclusive and less demonstrably valid vision than was Galileo when he insisted that the earth does revolve around the sun, despite the imminent terrors of the Inquisition. One would say that Juarès, the Socialist and pacifist, in opposing the war with Germany and in being assassinated for doing so at an unpopular and inopportune time, was animated by a more selfless dream of the good of humanity than was Wilhelm II in his vision of a Germany with "a place in the sun." And I, who am not religious, am of the opinion that a simple parish priest going about his selfless duties in the care of the souls of his parishioners is animated by a more noble cause outside himself than is a member of the Gay-Pay-Oo or secret police in Soviet Russia. And lastly, speaking for myself, I am animated by a very majestic and resplendent cause of saying "Nuts to you!" to the petty little half-assed dictators among the domestic literati who would choose my vision for me that I might escape from my selfish self into a higher selfless self—and that goes for T. S. Eliot with his dream of "Royalism in politics, Catholicism in religion and Classicism in literature" as well as for Lawrence Dennis and his "Fascism for America with the disagreeable features removed" (as if all the features of Fascism were not disagreeable to anyone who believes in freedom of body, mind and conscience), as well as for Edmund Wilson with his selfless dream of "taking Communism away from the Communists" and as well as for the Stalin yes-men in America whose selfless dream is that of running a red-hot poker up Edmund Wilson's bottom for daring to suggest such a thing and for coming back to America, after a trip to Russia, with some of his ardor for Communism cooled.

Rarely in our times has any writer (except Van Wyck Potter) been lambasted in print with more violent abuse than that heaped upon Edmund Wilson in the *New Republic* for some of the articles on Russia that magazine ran from the manuscript of Wilson's *Travels in Two Democracies* (Scribner's, $2.50). The abuse was from Communists of course and, from the letters themselves and the signatures they were from believers in Communism who have never been to Russia and know little about Communism except what they would like to believe.

The passage in Wilson's notes on his visit to Russia which infuriated them most was that in which he set down his observations and reflections upon the deification of Lenin and the making of Stalin a living ikon. Wilson noticed on the day of the Physcultur Parade (one of the three great demonstrations of the year in Russia, the other two being the May Day Parade and the anniversary of the October revolution) that in this sports spectacle everybody had to stand up throughout the entire afternoon and that even if a tourist attempted to sit down in the reviewing stands a militia man would admonish him as would an attendant if a tourist kept on his hat while looking around in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

Wilson asked the reason for this and was told that nobody was allowed to sit down while Stalin was standing up. "And the whole thing," writes Wilson, "from the point of view of the spectators, was very much less democratic than any American parade. There were stands on only one side of Red Square, and these, by American estimates, had room for many more people than were in them. Nobody was admitted to the Square who did not have a ticket for the stands, and, as the parade took place entirely inside the Square, nobody else really saw it. Apparently the only persons privileged to assist at these big demonstrations are Communists, near-Communists and foreign visitors. The whole thing is an apotheosis of Stalin on a scale which makes our poor patient presidents, standing bare-

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When the thermometer goes up and your spirits go down, cool off with a tall glass of Teacher's-and-soda. You'll find that the incomparable flavour of Teacher's really makes a world of difference. WM. TEACHER & SONS, Ltd., Glasgow and London. Established in 1830.

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TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

headed in the raw March winds, with their silk hats held before them in their hands, while other people sit comfortably with their hats on, seem the humblest of public servants. . . . This glorification of Stalin is undoubtedly one of the things in Russia which affects an American most unpleasantly. The paper comes out almost every day with a photograph of Stalin on the front page, either standing with a distinguished visitor or, if there is no distinguished visitor, visiting somebody or something himself; and every speech and important public document ends with a tribute to Stalin, like a prayer at the end of a sermon. Stalin is plastered all over the place, and even genuinely popular public figures such as Litvinov and Voroshilov are such a long way behind him that they seem scarcely to belong to the same race."

Wilson is a good reporter, who writes clearly, fluently and with honesty and distinction. He is, however, sensitive, idealistic and fastidious. Bookish and sentimental, by nature a sedentary and scholarly young man brought up in a distinguished family of doctors, lawyers and statesmen, he seems to have had no real brush with the common people until the beginning of the depression in 1930. As a writer for the *New Republic* he had followed the tradition of the Nineteen-Twenties of being highly critical of American crudity, blatancy and lack of culture; and when he made a tour of the country for the papers which make up *The American Jitters* and half of *Travels in Two Democracies* he turned a somewhat jaundiced and reproving eye upon things and people and towns which offended his taste and his sense of the rightness of things.

These experiences, indeed, of seeing workers and middle-class people at close quarters in the trying times of a depression caused him to undergo a sort of conversion to Communism and, dropping his old allegiance to *belles lettres*, he embraced his new faith ardently—so ardently, in fact, that he used to go around telling his old friends that lack of intelligence prevented them from attaining his own state of grace as a Marxian revolutionist. This was rather annoying to his friends but it was even more annoying to the New York Communists. He had had one or two good looks at them and had decided that those were rather smelly and unwashed hands in which the sacred cause of Communism was placed. He came out, therefore, with an appeal sensible enough to him but hilariously ridiculous to others: "Let's take Communism away from the Communists."

The Communists, with characteristic lack of humor, took after him with clubs, mud-pails and yah-yahs, of course, and his unregenerate friends gave him the bird; but Wilson was sincere and fervent enough in his faith to go to Moscow as a Moslem pilgrim might go to Mecca. There he suffered many of the inconveniences which the Moslem pilgrim accepts unfalteringly en route and within the holy city: bed bugs, bureaucratic stupidity and inefficiency, petty castes and favoritism, superstitious reverence for the governing power, constant fear of nearly everybody to mention the sacred name "Stalin" or talk politics lest they be denounced by the hovering, omnipresent secret police—and, unlike the Moslem pilgrim's, Wilson's faith wore exceedingly thin, along with his patience and his fastidious sense of perfection. He found many things to praise in Russia, but they were all minor felicities: "An American in Russia who has been here long enough to take for granted the features which at first aroused his enthusiasm—the natural democratic manners, the throwing open of everything to the people—is likely, as time goes on, to begin to find himself repelled by what seems to him the cold-blooded manipulation of the people by the governing power. He may have left the United States with a conviction that his countrymen, who keep up with the Joneses and believe what they read in the Hearst papers, are a conformist and credulous people; but when he has had a chance to observe what seems to him the docility and timidity of the Russians, he decides that the Americans, by comparison, are critical and self-reliant."

In Odessa Wilson contracted scarlet fever and was laid up for six weeks in the old pest-house built in 1795 which still serves as an unsanitary, understaffed, crowded and inefficient hospital; and there he had a belly-full of collective living—the only experience he had had of it since he was a soldier in the war. Leaving hospital he began to assert his own individuality by reciting aloud in his room some poems of his own composition; the heavens opened, a light broke forth, and Edmund Wilson was rewarded, for his virtues, with a new faith: "I feel convinced, since I have been in Russia, that American republican institutions, disastrously as they are always being abused, have some permanent and absolute value. I don't believe that they will necessarily be destroyed in the course of the transformation of society."

It is strange that a reasonably intelligent man should have to go all the way to Russia to discover that for himself. If Wilson would go down to Charlottesville, Virginia, the President of the University of Virginia, Dr. Newcomb would show him the photostatic copy of Thomas Jefferson's will, wherein he designed his tomb and prescribed the words that were to go on it—the things he considered worth remembering about him. There was not a word about his having been president or having been minister to France

Continued on page 184

Tony Sarg
in
Whisker Land

Famous Marionette King's Word and Picture Story of Machine Age Magic . . . .

GILLETTE BLADES

1. Gillette Blades may be small—but look at the factory where they are made. Eight stories high and covering two city blocks. Imagine my surprise when I approached this tremendous plant!

2. I met my guide, the walking encyclopedia of the Gillette factory. Said he, "Mr. Sarg, I'm going to show you things that will amaze you." "Lead on," said I, "amazement is my long suit."

3. We entered a modern laboratory that would have delighted an Edison. Here graduate chemists and engineers check and recheck every batch of steel for quality—and they're hard men to please.

4. Next came sheer mechanical magic—a little black box attached to each electric hardening furnace that automatically orders more heat or less heat as required for perfect tempering of razor blade steel.

5. Just warming to his task, my guide said, "Here is the electro-magnetic tester that 'sees' through steel. It reveals hidden flaws in steel, much as the X-ray reveals broken bones in the human body."

6. "Now look at one of our gigantic grinding machines. They weigh 4 tons, yet they're adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch! That's what gives Gillette Blades shaving edges so sharp they're *invisible!*"

7. And from this point right on to final inspection and sanitary wrapping — I was amazed by one marvelous process after another. Do you wonder that I always shave with Gillette Blades?

● TONY SARG—king of marionettes and mechanical genius—expresses in his own way the amazement voiced by other trained observers. Grantland Rice, Boake Carter, Frank Buck, Melvin Purvis, these and other professional skeptics were bewildered by the scientific precision methods employed in producing the Gillette Blade. Check your experience with theirs. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and see for yourself how quick and easy shaving can be. We promise you the best shaves of your life—or your money back.

Let no one deprive you of comfort by selling you a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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He can swim like a fish and dive like a duck—

But he has Vacation Hair

Does *your* hair stand on end after a cool dip in the briny?

Do wind and sun and dust make it stiff as a poker, dry as a bone?

That's what is known as Vacation Hair and the way to prevent it is to use Kreml.

Here's a hair tonic that contains beneficial oils to replace the natural scalp oils that are washed away by water or dried out by the sun.

Kreml makes dry hair pliable; gives it new life and lustre.

Great for removing dandruff! Marvelous for stopping excessive falling of hair! Fine for stimulating hair growth!

Forget those sticky, dust-catching, gigolo concoctions that plaster your hair down tight to your scalp.

Put a bottle of Kreml in your vacation suitcase and you won't have to worry about Vacation Hair.

And, by the way, if you need a shampoo, ask for Kreml Shampoo, a pure liquid shampoo made from an 80% olive oil base. It creates billowy lather that takes out every trace of salt and grime.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 100-180-183

or about his many other honors and contributions to the work of his time. The things he wanted to be remembered for were all concerned with Liberty—political liberty (he had draughted the Declaration of Independence); liberty of conscience (he had draughted the revised statues of Virginia on religious conscience allowing full freedom for every man to worship as he pleased) and liberty of the mind (he had founded and designed the buildings for the University of Virginia). He neglected to remind visitors to his tomb at Monticello that he was also responsible for the most important part of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights. The Constitution was drawn up while he was in France. On his return he noticed that the Constitution was compact with provisions which made everything very jake for the propertied classes but made much less secure the elementary rights of the common man. He fixed that. He added ten amendments constituting the Bill of Rights, thereby asserting what the will of the people later sustained by eleven more amendments, that the Constitution as originally drawn up by the Founding Fathers is not a sacred, unchangeable and inviolate miracle of perfection.

If you would like to read a thrilling, dramatic and withal scholarly and authentic story of Founding Fathers and the drawing up of the Constitution I recommend *Fifty-five Men*, by Fred Rodell, assistant professor of Law at Yale University, just published by the Telegraph Press at $2.50. Rodell's book is written simply and clearly enough for a child to understand it; and although Charles A. Beard has covered the same ground and made many of the same points, Beard's work is so exhaustive as to be interesting only to historians and professional people generally whereas Rodell's book is sensibly dedicated "To the School Children and the Politicians—for the same reason."

Out at that mass-meeting in Hollywood Francis Lederer (before they ganged him) said some sensible things: "We live in a country where the people are the government. (Laughter and hisses.) Now listen—you are government if you want to be. (Applause.) Because the government is there to do what you want, but as long as you do not care what the government does, naturally it does what it pleases to or what he, it, thinks you want it to do. . . . You can do away with future wars if you have a voice on the issues of war, which you can demand from your government."

Mr. Lederer, a foreigner, was merely taking the view held by Thomas Jefferson about the Constitution as an instrument of government under the will of the people. In the confusion that followed Mr. Lederer's logic, Don Stewart let the cat out of the bag: "Primarily what we are discussing is putting this play on now as soon as we can and getting behind it as much as we can." . . . To what purpose: the play, as a play, has about as much merit as *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl.* As anti-war propaganda, apparently, the only one it had any effect upon was Francis Lederer. The other boys wanted to get back to their scenarios. Which, by the way, reminds me of another point. The embattled and embittered literati of Hollywood, chafing under the horror of drawing huge salaries and having four cars, servants, yachts and swimming pools, have just been defeated in a brush with their employers. The Screen Writers' Guild demanded of the Producers Association professional recognition under a minimum basic agreement. The Producers balked; the Writers' Guild split into two factions, one of them siding with the Producers and the other holding out for the demands; the studios were tied up and about one million dollars lost in lost time and delayed production; the seceding faction established their own Guild; the producers won out; the members of the Screen Writers' Guild lost in wage cuts and dismissals.

Now, as as any one knows who has any sense at all; the only assets any motion picture company has are the contracts it has with directors, actors and screen writers. Studios, equipment, finance men, banks shoveling out money —none of these things are worth any more than an ice box in the center of the Sahara if there are no contracts involving these essential creative factors. What do these well-paid creative factors do with their power? They take advertisements in *Variety* making funny cracks; they get up a mass-meeting for a lousy play and at the mass-meeting shoot off their heads about how degrading it is to drag down two or three thousand a week in salary writing vehicles for Joan Crawford, Marion Davies and Clark Gable. What a world!

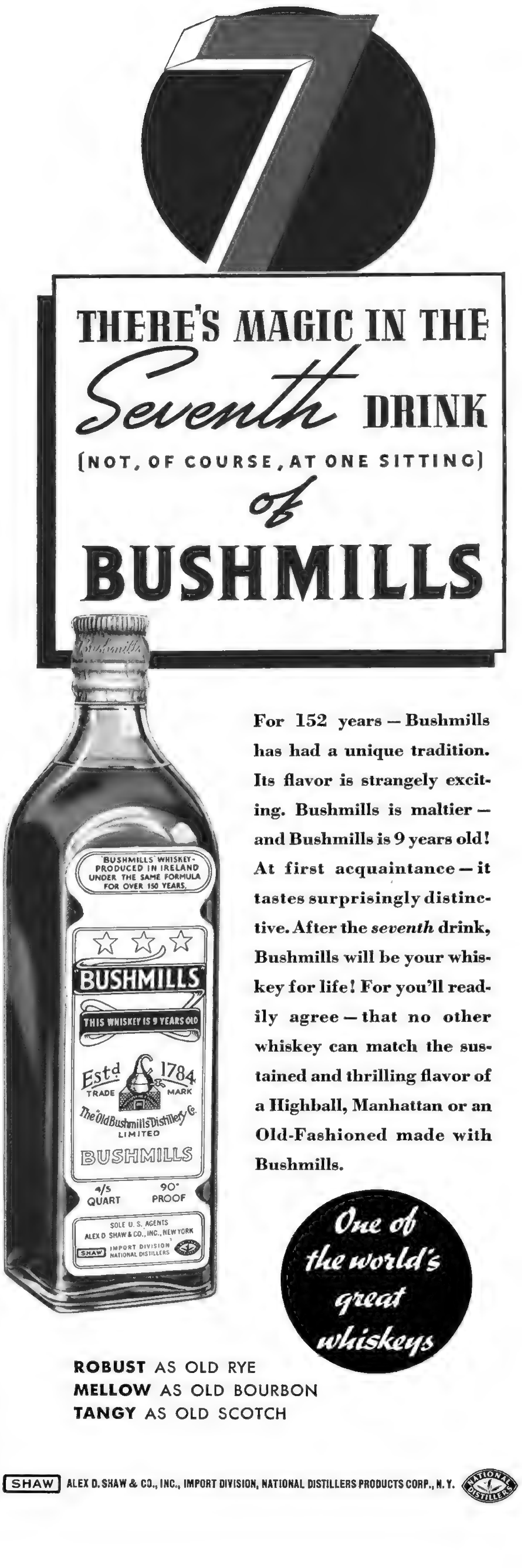
The publication of *Dramatis Personae* (Macmillan, $2.50) by W. B. Yeats called forth both in this country and in England some of the screwiest pronunciamentos from reviewers it has ever strained my credulity to read. *Dramatis Personae* is a continuation of the *Autobiographies: Reveries Over Childhood and Youth* which Yeats published some years ago. Now the obvious thing about the autobiographies was that, while they were not precisely an imitation of George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*, in them Yeats had tried (and unsuccessfully) to do what Moore had done successfully. He, too, like Moore declined to adhere strictly to the record or involve himself with dates or facts but to re-create, as in a novel, the Dublin and London literary scene at the time of the so-called Irish Literary Renaissance. When reproached by Dubliners for his inaccuracies and distortions, Yeats would reply that he was an artist.

Now Yeats failed signally in that book and in this recent one to do what Moore did in *Hail and Farewell*. Moore created an atmosphere; he brought his figures to life; he gave us the color, the vagaries, the fun, the solemnity, the excitement and the humor of Dublin when it became literarily self-conscious. And he did this in entrancing colloquial prose, with all the charming loose ends and false starts and divagations of conversation. He did not take himself seriously; he kidded everybody except "AE," including himself; in fact, he kidded himself most mercilessly. Yeats takes himself with enormous seriousness (and he has something of a right to for he is probably the greatest poet of our time); his prose is dry, humorless, cacophanous and moreover it has a peculiar, malicious whine about it. Throughout it he seems to be envious and disappointed about something—envious perhaps of Moore, though why he should be I am at a loss to imagine. Moreover, Yeats comes to bat at this late time, long after Moore's death to light into Moore in the most furious and malignant manner. And he attacks Moore on the pettiest grounds; Moore, he says, was not a gentleman, his manners were bad, he was ignorant and uncouth, he never had a love affair with a real lady in his life, he never associated with the aristocracy, his taste was bad and he had no style!

This last accusation of Yeats, that Moore had no style, has been accepted by many reviewers as the truth and, in reviewing *Dramatis Personae* they have not only turned upon the now mute Moore and tried to make him inglorious: following Yeats they have called Moore a cad, a lecher, and insensitive uncouth offspring of low people and a sloppy writer. Now the simple fact is that, from the snob point of view Yeats adopts, Moore came from a much better family than Yeats did; and if Moore imagined kisses and told about them (as some allege) Yeats bares his private affairs in so intimate a fashion as to make this reader uncomfortable. . . . Yeats' books of memoirs have merit; in places they have charm; and throughout they have interest; but why should reviewers use the frail stick of Yeats' random memories to beat the majestic mastiff of Moore's *Hail and Farewell?* And take a snobbish and moralistic attitude toward Moore as a person at this late date? If you happened to notice, some of the same reviewers who now hold with Yeats that Moore had no style were loud in their praise of *The Fountain* by a fawning disciple of Moore, Charles Morgan, and now that Morgan has a vast popular sale they are ruthless in condemning Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* which is water out of the same fountain.

A novel most likely to compete soon with *Sparkenbroke* is *Gone With the Wind* (Macmillan, $3) by Margaret Mitchell. Its length is 1037 pages; it contains about 465,000 words; it weighs several pounds; it is a story of the Civil War and the Reconstruction period; it has in it every situation known to the old novels having to do with the chivalry and magnolias, the tyrannically benign old Negro mammies and the faithful retainers with kinky grey heads, the damned Yanks and the crinolines, the mint juleps and the scapegrace of a fine family, the chivalrous twins in love with the same girl, the sleek villain with black hair and waxed moustache and cynical way of talking to ladies, the discharged overseer who plots revenge, the high-spirited girl who flirts and gets a bad reputation without deserving it and who falls in love with the man who loves her but who marries someone else, the meek wife who nevertheless works harder than anybody, and with all the other paraphernalia of the old-fashioned novel of the South, including the phrases and stilted conversation. The novel has no real life and little convincingness, and yet it has a high readability. It is, in fact, in spite of its length, extremely readable. It should make a swell super-picture. In fact the studio that buys it can live on it for two or three years drawing from it 250 pages per picture, for four super-pictures and some seconds and shorts.

Recommended: *Green Laurels* (Simon & Schuster, $3) by Donald Culross Peattie, to be reviewed later; *Waterloo* (Coward, McCann, $2.50) by Manuel Komroff, to be reviewed later; and *Give Us This Day* (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.50) by Louis Zara, to be reviewed later. This last story of a confused and sensitive youth in a middle-class family is a novel of unusual importance. Zara, an Esquire discovery, here comes to full stature as a novelist, as a story-teller with a firm grasp of his materials, an honest, sane and healthy vision of life and its multitudinous problems. I should have devoted more space to *Give Us This Day* and less to *Bury the Dead*; and I'll do it next time. Also I found extremely interesting *Romeo & Juliet*, the play and the complete screen script, published by Random House, $2. The play is entirely by William Shakespeare, although the noted Shakespearean authority, William Strunk, Jr., used some Shakespearean lines to fill in gaps in the acting version, and he acted as a consultant to Talbot Jennings who arranged the script and to Irving Thalberg and George Cukor who produced and directed the motion picture. ⧺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The Mysterious Miss Lulu

Continued from page 37

you come in?"

"I was expecting to," she smiled; and did so.

"Nice of you to drop in," I said, as she placed a pair of most subversive legs in an easy chair and sat on them. "But you haven't told me your name," I added, offering her a cigarette.

"I really haven't any name," she said, with just a touch of sadness, then brightened with, "But you can call me Lulu if you wish. I've always fancied that."

"Fine, Lulu," I said, while lighting her cigarette, and then I had a minor upheaval of the inner cranial regions. "I know now why I thought you looked familiar. You look sort of like me, don't you—no offense. You're not some long-lost cousin or something, are you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," she said, "but it isn't strange that we should look alike."

"No?"

"No. I'm the woman you would have been, if I had been born instead of you."

"You're what?"

"I was never born," she continued. "For better or worse, I got the gong, while you went on to glory."

"Is that so?" I said. And right here I want to make something plain. "Is that so?" may not appear exactly the *mot juste*, the perfect comeback to a statement such as hers. But it means nothing more than that I may not have been mentally quite as agile for the moment as under other circumstances, or quite so glib of tongue, and in the manner of my countrymen, when faced with complex issues, fell back upon the idiom of radio comedians. I didn't say it sarcastically; it was simple acceptance. And that is one of the amazing points of my encounter with Lulu and the reason why the telling can't be colored with horrendous adjectives and adverbs. At no time was I really baffled and befuddled, nor did I seek her keeper or whistle for the law, nor did my hair turn white nor my hand palsy from contact with the supernatural. Of course, I realized that my experience was a little out of the ordinary and that unborn females don't come knocking at one's door except on very rare occasions, but throughout, there was a sense of being closely kin to her; and I accepted her and her strange recitation almost as easily as one would chat with an old roommate, back from the wars. Perhaps there was a reason.

"I've been wondering what you were like," she went on, "so I pulled a few wires to come and look you up."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure."

"I was sort of afraid you might turn out to be a decent citizen or something, but you seem to be the right sort, after all."

"Thanks."

"Like to harvest the *joie de vivre*, don't you? Juggle the bottle a bit, eh? Eye the world as a brother, and treat law and order to a little of the old hideho now and then?"

"I'm inclined that way, so I hear."

"Good," she said. "Grand! Stupendous! Whatsay we leap about on a bit of a tear, hoist the old flag on the pinnacles, and color the town a slight cerise? You're not busy tonight, are you?"

"Why, no."

"Don't mind dragging me about, do you? I can be decorative."

"Not at all." At the moment the idea appealed to me.

"Brother, you're all right," she enthused. "I haven't much time, so the sooner the merrier. What'll I wear?"

"Some sort of an evening gown, I suppose."

"Coming up!" she said; and before my eyes that blinked in wonder the chair she occupied one moment, the next was vacant—thoroughly. Into the air she disappeared—no burst of flame, no blinding flash of light, just her, and then just—nothing! I may be mistaken in my calculation, but I think it required eighteen blinks and perhaps four squints before I heard her voice again. Two more blinks, one squint, and popping eyes beheld her standing in the middle of the floor—transformed.

The gown was satin, just off white, that was alive with her, breaking at the knees to drape like oriental iris petals to the floor; about her neck a silver-silken cord and drifting 'cross the plains of promise twixt the column of her neck and breasts, a cloth of silver, light as winter's mist, gleaming like spun diamonds. It made her hair seem faery fire, her eyes the midnight sky and moonlight, stirred together on a pixy painter's pallet.

"Your gown," I said, "a dream of Allah!"

"One of our compensations for not having been born," she said, "being allowed to wear the clothes that have never been made. It gives one a rather extensive wardrobe."

"A most enviable situation," I said, aglow.

She danced over to me and twinkled, "Shall it be just you and I, or shall we make a party of it?"

"Have it any way you like," I gentlemaned.

"I don't know anyone else around here," she said, "but there are some people I'd rather like to look up, if you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all."

"Their name is Andropopopolos," she said. "They're Greeks. Do you know them?"

"I'm afraid not, but you might find them in the telephone book."

"Good," she said, "I'll have a try. My first lover—a very handsome Greek, if a bit along in years—would have been an Andropopopolos, if he'd been born."

"Your first lover?"

"Yes," she said, "you'd never know it now, but I was a little backward as a girl, and didn't take a lover until I was eight years old. How the other girls used to laugh!"

"Eight? You mean that at eight years old you—"

"Oh, I forgot," she chuckled, "you people have funny customs about that, don't you? I suppose you make a girl wait until she's twelve or something."

"Well, very often even longer than that."

"Oh, you don't!" She seemed to think I lacked veracity.

"Honestly," I protested.

"That's sort of silly, isn't it? Making a girl waste the best years of her life! Just think what I would have missed with some dumb idea like that holding me back when I found that glorious Greek with centuries of experience behind him."

I hesitated to take her suggestion, for a man can be jealous even for the woman he might have been, so I cried sour grapes with, "Our modern Greeks tend more to lunch rooms than to love. Maybe the more acceptable ones aren't being born these days."

"Maybe so. He would have arrived some time ago, but his sister was born instead. Her name was Helen Andropopopolos. They called her Helen of Troy."

"You mean Helen of Troy was an Andropopopolos?"

"That was the family name. I understand she was connected with the shipping interests."

"Yes, she used to launch ships with her face."

"That must have raised hell with the complexion."

"They do it with champagne nowadays."

"That sounds more sensible. Which reminds me—how about a drink?"

"Noble thought," said I. I produced the wherewithal, and ere long things were gayer than gay. Eventually, I left her with a supply of whiskey, a bottle of White Rock (Adv.) and the telephone book, and hied myself towards the bed and bath to dress.

The body washed, polished and adorned with white tie and tails, I reappeared after a reasonable lapse of time, to find the bottles empty and Lulu just finished with her telephoning.

"Well, beautiful man," she announced, "the Andropopopoloses are coming."

"Hurrah, hurrah," I sang. Then, "Mr. and Mrs.?" I asked drawing another cork.

"Mrs.? Hell, no; I can take care of all the men. What do we need women for?"

"Well, you know your own talents," I said. "How many will there be?"

"I could get only eighty-four."

"Eighty-four Andropopopoloses!" I gasped. "Isn't that rather overdoing things?"

"Oh, I will keep forgetting where I am! Where I come from eighty-four is just enough for a bridge game. I suppose it's because we're used to thinking in Democratic numbers—so many fewer people get born than don't, you know."

Well, we had hardly time for a half dozen highballs before the Andropopopoloses began to arrive, and before long the place was literally overflowing with them—some of the more obese ones being forced towards open windows, where they protruded into the night. Here an Andropopopolos, there an Andropopopolos, everywhere an Andropopopolos. Beega ones, leetla ones (it drives me to Greek even to think of them), young ones, old ones, thin ones, fat ones, handsome ones, ugly ones—eighty-four—count'em—Andropop—oh, hell, why go through all that? There were barbers and butchers and peanut vendors and wrestlers—dozens of them. At first they were a little distant and inclined to stand about on one foot with their mouths open, but Lulu did a truly worthy job of warming them up. She mingled about, with a caress here, a quip there, and a poke on the ribs when it seemed necessary. Before long she had them feeling so much at home that they were jumping on the beds; and I had to send out ten different times for more liquor, before we finally started off for a night club.

I'll get through the events of that evening as quickly as possible, touching only the high spots. The whole thing seems rather vague, fantastic and unreal today, more like a half-remembered motion picture than the stern reality it was. We arrived at the night club in a fleet of twenty cabs. Our debarkation and our entrance—a procession of eighty-four plastered Andropopopoloses, two by two, led by Lulu and myself, was, to put it mildly, a sensation. Once established, the evening reeled past in gaiety and song, food and drink, noise and flailing hands in conversation, with Lulu's giddy laughter the basic theme of the whole symphony. I doubt if the worthy Greeks ever had so much fun in all their lives. Many of them, I know, never will again. Even I, who tended at first to stand comparatively aloof from the orgy, soon became infected with the bacchanalian spirit of the hour—that is, until for the first time I thought about the check, and then upon a bit of rapid calculation, I thought with envy of the national debt. I managed to catch Lulu's ear and whispered, "By the way, fair lady, how is all this going to get paid for?"

"Paid for?" she said. The idea seemed to be quite new to her.

"You know, money, currency, gold, from where?"

"Oh, that!" she said. "Forget about it. Don't bother with such trivia."

"Trivia?" said I. "Well, it may be trivia to you, but managers

Continued on page 188

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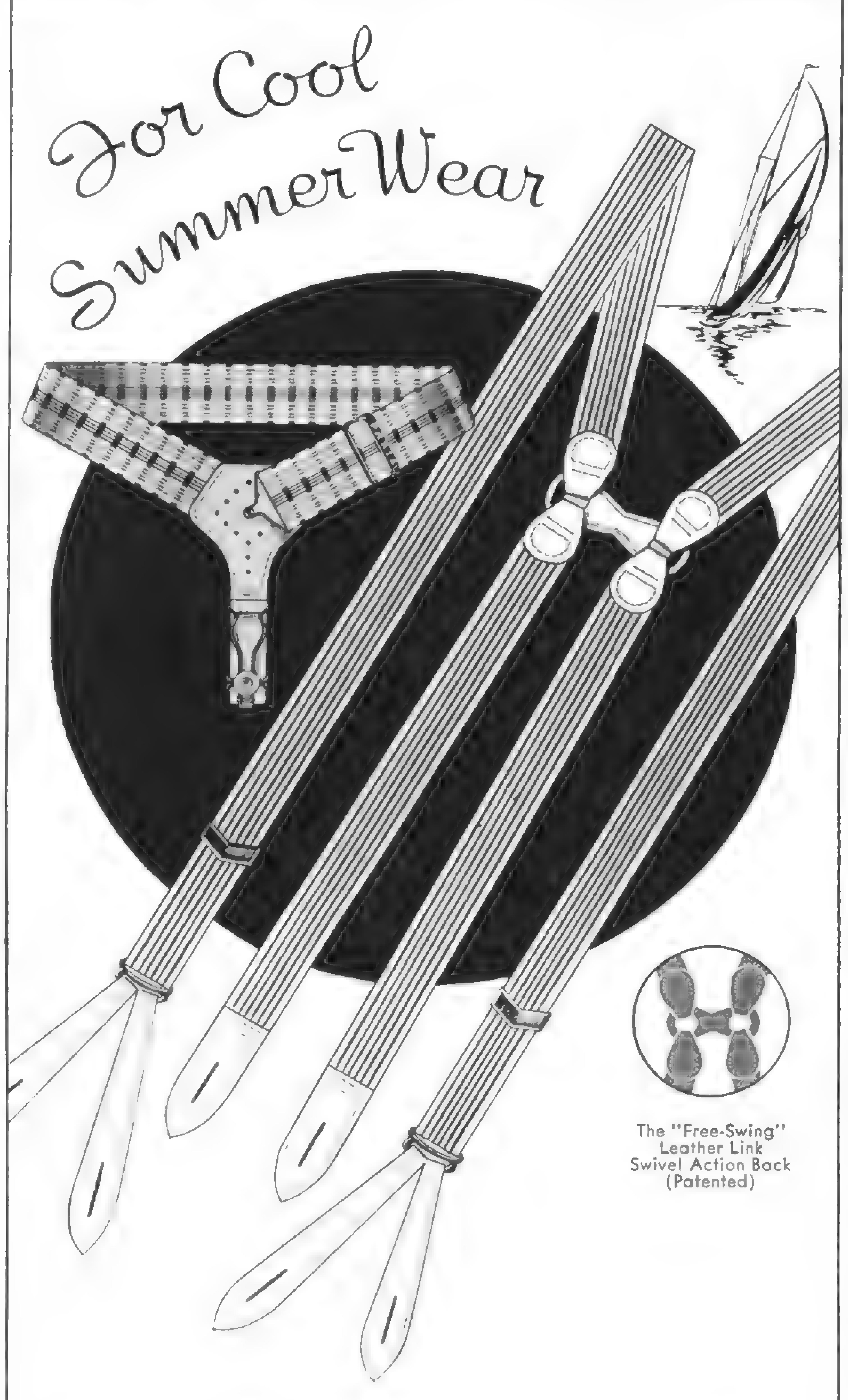
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The Mysterious Miss Lulu

Continued from pages 37-187

often have a different, if perverted, sense of values. They won't let us out of here until it's paid for."

"Oh, they won't, eh?" she said. "Well, we'll just see about that." She immediately sprang into action, catching the attention of her first lover's reveling almost-relatives by banging on an ice bucket with a bottle. She stood upon her chair, and addressed them thus, "Gentlemen," she began, "noble Greeks," raising her glass on high, "I give you Corinth and ancient Athens; I give you Thebes and Sparta; I give you the glory that was Greece, and the glorious tradition that is yours. (Cheers.) Conquerors of Pergamum and Sardis, Ephesus, Lesbos and the Isle of Rhodes (more cheers), members of a noble race who knew no masters, sadly do we look upon your fall. (Silence.) But, gentlemen and warriors, blood will tell. The blood that flowed in honor upon Thermopolaean battlefields, and those of Troy and Marathon, and dyed the seas at Salamis still courses warmly through your arteries, hardened though they be. (Vocal approval.) Arise, I say, rise up, lift high your noble brows and burst your shackles. The opportunity is here, before you now, to prove yourselves the masters or the slaves. The manager of this pagan den, a Roman, and rumor hath it married to a Persian wench, threatens now to hold us here in bondage! Are you slaves of Romans, serfs of Persians? No, I say, no say we all. Arise, cast off your chains and fetters, once, now, and for all time, prove your heritage. Draw your swords and know no conquerors!" (Pandemonium.)

Up and away from the table they swarmed, crying war and blood and death. Lulu they carried on their shoulders and I was swept along in the tide. Eighty-four drunken Andropopopoloses, fanned to blood-lust by the merry belle they bore aloft so proudly, are indeed something to be reckoned with wherever met, and the management, along with the rest of the guests, were, I imagine, safely parked beneath the tables.

Westward on Fifty-Second Street they poured, driving all before them, and into Broadway, and down Broadway to Times Square, howling, yelling, screaming, cheering representatives of a glorious tradition that was experiencing again its own reality. At Forty-Sixth Street Lulu halted them and climbed a lamp post, from the top addressed them thus, "Invincible warriors," she cried, "you have more than proved the glory of your name, and I am proud of you indeed. I love you, every one of you, with all the heart and passion of a woman who holds her hero near. Were I an hundred women that I might love you all as I know how to love. Alas, I am but one, and cannot choose among you. There is but one way—as the noble men from whom you spring knew well—for a man to prove himself prepared and worthy of a woman's love—the test of mortal combat. I shall watch from here, as Helen kept her vigil on the walls of Troy. If there be a Paris or a Menelaus in your numbers, I am his to do with as he will." If you could have seen Lulu on the lamp post, "to do with as he will" evoked one answer, and that answer burned in every blood-shot eye of the tribe of Andropopopolos.

And so the fun began—that episode which will ring through history as the Battle of Times Square. From Forty-Seventh to Forty-Third, over Broadway and Seventh Avenue, it raged; and the carnage was terrific. Never had Thermopolae or Marathon or Troy known so many independent Grecian arms and legs and eyes and ears as strewed the streets. As all about her the heat of battle burned the night, Lulu on her lamp post laughed and laughed and laughed and laughed—and then the lamp post toppled, tumbling her to earth. I tried to make my way to her, but couldn't. The police arrived, mounted and on foot, and prowl cars screamed from near and far to add their clamor to the din. Firemen attached their hose to hydrants and streams of water poured upon the scene. Tear gas, blinding an occasional Andropopopolos, caused him to set upon and tear apart a spectator who was in no way his brother. Thus, the numbers actively engaged increased until red hell waged outside the Astor and the Paramount, and the whole area was a shambles.

Failing in my quest for Lulu, I managed to escape, and headed east. Even as I neared Park Avenue, still the roar of battle echoed in my ears. Then I saw her, hurtling down the Avenue, astride a raging beast—a horse, agallope, and Lulu with cries and pummellings urging it to greater and still greater efforts. I commandeered a passing cab, and standing on the running board, gave hot pursuit. I caught up, snatched the bridle of the beast and brought it to a plunging halt, while cheers arose from all along the street. Things were even worse, if possible, than they had seemed at first—there was a most conspicuous "Police Department" engraved upon the saddle; and under no circumstances could Lulu have passed as one of New York's Finest, for somewhere en route she had lost the gorgeous gown that was never made, and the uniform she wore, like that of the immortal Gunga Din, "was nothin' much before, an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

Hardly had I brought the horse to a standstill, when more hoofbeats sounded out behind me; and glancing about, I beheld a full platoon of mounted police, bearing down apace. Automobiles with screeching sirens approached with too much speed from cross-streets, and innumerable patrolmen were swiftly closing in.

"Quick, you fool, quick for your life, jump on!" cried Lulu. I should have run or pretended innocence and left her to her fate, but somehow I felt responsibility —her being so close to being me, you know. So in the heat of the moment I leaped on behind, and clinging close to Lulu's fair white hide, started on a ride that rivaled Gilpin's, Ghent to Aix, or Paul Revere's. Through the automobile ramp at Grand Central and on down the Avenue at a dizzy clip we clattered, with the police department following like a comet's tail. At Thirty-Fourth Street, Lulu pulled a rein and the horse's course turned westward. Traffic disappeared before us, and strong men quailed at the vision of our furious cavalcade. Barriers were placed along our way, but each one our noble steed leaped over as though inspired. Anon, the chase began to make him panicky. He lost his head, and then his certain footing; and it was in hurdling the information booth in the rotunda of the Pennsylvania Station that he came to grief. And Lulu and I ended that high spot of our careers just half way between the women's wash room and an elderly gentleman on his way home to Meridian, Mississippi. Manacled and stared at by twice ten thousand eyes, we were led forth and found first relaxation on the seats of Black Maria.

During the night sometime, Lulu disappeared as unheralded as she had arrived. It seemed but natural that she should, but when later I tried to explain that to the judge, I detected an unsympathetic expression in his eye and held my peace.

Eventually, they let me out of jail, and as a gesture of thanksgiving I bought several wooden legs and paid for considerable plastic surgery in behalf of the glory that was Greece. It was quite some time before Lorna took me back, and I had to demonstrate my reformation even longer before she married me. Now that I knew the kind of woman I would have been, I certainly seemed no one to find any fault with her, and Lorna looked mighty good to me. Part of our bargain was that I leave the bright lights, and the scenes of past indiscretions and misfortunes. That's why we bought the little place just outside Cleveland, and we're planning to raise Angora rabbits and a flock of kids. Another thing on which we have agreed is that, if we ever have a daughter with red hair that looks like me, we're going to call her Lulu—and drown her at her birth.

Now It Can Be Sold

Continued from page 33

$2500 was to be paid on the signing of the contract and a thousand on the arrival of each 25,000 words, and a final $1000 on the day of publication—in all, as I say, $7500.

Up to the time of our return to Nice I had never got as much as a sou beyond that $39 of the $500 due me from the end of the previous July. Harris naïvely explained that he had bills to pay, though it didn't seem that mine were among them. He had cost me expenditures which would have exceeded my commissions, even if I had received them.

Nellie explained that if she had been home when the checks had come, I would have got my money. She would now see to it, she assured me, that I was paid back in sums of a hundred dollars a month out of money which she planned to get from a source in London.

This promise came after a most devastating report from the publishers on receipt of that first installment, which Harris thought would do very nicely for the last too. They made no bones about how badly they had been rooked. Kip Fadiman never wrote a review for the *New Yorker* half as violently as his opinion as editor for the publishers on the Harris opus.

It became clear as the Riviera sunshine that all Harris had done would have to be thrown in a waste basket and the job started all over again.

The deadline on the ms. was four months off and considering how they had been misled I wouldn't have blamed the publishers for cancelling the whole thing if the completed ms. didn't arrive by March 31, 1931.

By Christmas, 1930, they had already advanced $3500 and had nothing to show for it.

Neither had I.

They had done a good deal of this on my powers of persuasion, for I believed that there was a great book on Shaw in Harris. But for reasons of age, it had completely eluded him, and the publishers were paying a pretty stiff fee for the memory test.

As they were friends of mine from schooldays and our devotion could never be put in words, I decided to take Harris out of the lineup and to bat completely for him without letting them know it. If I, too, failed, I'd let them know the true state of affairs as I saw them.

I, therefore, organized a staff, and went poring deeper into musty old volumes of magazines, digging out letters, copying them, corresponding with everybody (from Shaw down) in Harris's name, bringing Harris letters to sign which he had never dictated, and otherwise taking full command of the whole show.

It was Nellie Harris's intri-

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A Real Mint Julep

HOW TO MAKE IT

In a separate container, mix 1 tablespoon white pulverized sugar and 2½ tablespoons water; press 3 or 4 sprigs of fresh mint in the sugar and water until mint is extracted. Now add 1½ wineglasses of ★★★ Hennessy, then pour mixture into tall glass nearly filled with ice shaved fine. Place sprigs of mint in the ice so the leaves will be on top. Relax and enjoy yourself.

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Now It Can Be Sold

Continued from pages 33-189

guing idea that Frank and I might work well together at their flat. They had a beautiful apartment, taking up the whole sixth floor of 9 rue de la Buffa. One huge room, she explained, could be cleared out. There we could work from ten to noon, have lunch together, and after Frank had a little afternoon nap, we might go on for the rest of the day.

I tried to convince them that the less they saw of me the more work would be done. But it didn't quite go down with them, so I agreed to try their scheme.

How it worked out was like this. I'd arrive at 10 a. m. But Frank, it appeared, hadn't had a very good night and wasn't up yet. He slept in heavy woollen underclothes and pyjamas, and seemed to sweat through things so they had to be dried and aired on the radiators.

These were lying about, but it was 11:30 before he appeared. As that happened to be just the moment for his morning walk to the sidewalk café of Frank Gould's Palais de la Mediterraneé, it was up to us either to join him or work along on our own. We let him go alone. He would, he assured us, be back in a minute.

At 12:30 he would arrive and begin shouting impatiently, "Nellie, isn't lunch ready yet?"

Then he would call to us to come and sit down, with an air of one who had been patiently waiting for us for hours, when, amusingly, the reverse was true.

At luncheon he was always gay and after he had had a good *hôrs d'oeuvre varié,* with a bit of onion and a good stiff dram of Graves wine, I would try to extract from him something helpful.

As his mind never could remember what happened yesterday, but often seemed alive to what happened thirty or forty years before, I tried to get him to reconstruct the Ireland of his childhood.

He would scarcely come on the track when some name would pop up and Nellie would cut in, silencing Harris completely.

This little habit doubtless developed on her side when she saw his memory slipping. Not wanting her guests to know about it, she probably tried to fill the gap with her own reminiscences.

As she was a charming hostess and the luncheons up to the last were always of the best, perhaps few people realized that the host had become a stooge in his own household.

After a luncheon of this sort, Harris would take two steps from the dining table to a chaise longue and an open fireplace, and before you could say James Harvey Robinson he would be asleep.

He would sleep on to 3:30 and then if the weather were clear he had to go out for his afternoon drive. This was usually a two or three hundred franc taxi drive around the hills of Nice. Getting back by 4:30 or 5:00, he again became impatient for a drink, and it was rarely tea.

After that he would wrap himself up in front of his open hearth fire and if feeling well he would read something substantial; if not, you would be sure to find him with a paper-backed French piece of trash like *La Belle Aventurière,* or something even more banal. In fact what he was reading was a better index to his temperature than a thermometer.

Such a day, while not a total loss to anybody wanting to write a book about *Frank Harris En Pantoufles* certainly wouldn't add much to Chapter XVIII of the *Biography of Bernard Shaw.*

After trying this harmless huddle a few times I went back to my old vice of working alone. I plotted the book, laid out the chapters, and decided in the light of what meagre material we had that I would make it a book *about* a Titan *by* a Titan. Whenever I was short of material on Shaw I would, I decided, use more interesting material from the life of Harris. It would be, in short, a battle of giants and if it turned out to be more Harris than Shaw, what of it? The public wouldn't care, if it were interesting.

I had already won the battle of subtitles. The publishers, wanting above all else to have the biography authorized, got a rebuff from Shaw. He warned them that "Henderson's life was authorized and Harris's specially deprecated."

I argued that it was true Henderson's was authorized, but who read it? For my part I favored a strongly negative book on Shaw, *unauthorized but authentic,* and I finally hit on the line, "*Unauthorized, but written from voluntarily supplied documents.*"

Along about this time our aspirin bill was increased by the shifting tactics of Shaw. A report had got out (at least he said it got out, though I never saw it, nor had the publishers ever sent it out), that the book would contain 15,000 words by Shaw. He was not going to write Harris's book for him, he announced, and would have the law on us and all that hooey if we continued.

I thereupon copied out all possible Shaw letters to Harris I could find from 1915 on and sent them to Shaw for a final editing and okay. Once we had these I knew we would be safe from any kickbacks in the future. I took half a dozen of these in which Shaw went all the way from "No" to "Yes" and called them a Preface. This I later changed to "Credentials" which helped to introduce the book on the desired snooty note, for the letters were no credentials at all.

Then I went to work on the first 25,000 words, giving myself a month. I got up to 28,000 without even looking at a note of Harris's and sent the installment off to the publishers by way of Arthur Ross, the Harris lawyer. I had previously informed him to pay no attention to any stuff coming from Harris unless it was on my own yellow paper.

I had decided that this new first installment would be the supreme test. If the publishers voted it no improvement over what Harris had sent, I would quit. It meant nothing to me. To write another man's book under wraps, getting neither credit nor cash, was a big enough sacrifice, and if, even so, my effort wasn't much better than what had gone before, it would be saving everybody money, I decided, to stop right there.

While waiting for word from New York Harris would read a copy of his old crumbled manuscript, now held together in its left hand corner by a brass paper fastener, the same rejected sixty-five pages he had been reading, (and forgetting he had read) for months on end. He asked me to read it. I gently hinted to him that I had read it.

"Read it again," he said, "And tell me what you think of it."

En fin, a letter arrived from the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster:

"Dear Frank Scully," ran the opening paragraph. "The first 28,000 words received in good order and I congratulate you and Frank Harris on the job. With some qualifications the material is well organized, well-paced and well-written. If the rest is as good or better it will be a grand book."

Then after a lot of details the note ended, "Once again let me congratulate you on an A-1 job." It was signed by the same Clifton Fadiman who had written the devastating report on the first Harrisian effort.

The letter settled my course. I decided to go ahead with all possible speed. We took our three tiny rooms in a pension on a hill at the Fabron end of Nice and turned them into a word-factory like none before or since. I went on at a mad writing pace, while the Harrises taxied around the hills of Nice, dropping in every now and then to plague me as to when the next installment would be ready. They badly needed money, they told me, and at one time remarked they had only ten francs in the house. This may have been true, but there were treasures all over the flat.

Of course, I was a bigger artist at that time than I ever was before or ever will be again. Had I had half the horse sense of a burro at that moment, I should have shown Harris the publishers' second report and said, "Listen, you sweet old pirate—new conditions, new deal. If I am to ghost this book completely, we make a new contract, 50-50 and expenses equally split or I walk."

But instead of that I rushed right ahead, creating, writing, rewriting and so on until I had a second, then a third, and finally a fourth and last installment en route to the publishers. I turned out 150,000 words in ten weeks.

I had spent altogether less than four months on the book. I felt I was too close to it and the stuff too hot to do the final editing myself. I asked the publishers to do the cutting. They, however, thought otherwise and after pouring out their praises, indicated certain cuts and then sent the whole ms. back for the actual cutting. I slashed 65,000 words out of it in a week, and you couldn't have found the seams with a microscope.

After the job was out of the way I went after the Harrises for a more equitable split of the loot and after hours of argument got my end up from 20 to 30 per cent. They begged me not to say what I had done as it would hurt the book.

In fewer words, I was supposed not even to say I was working with Harris, much less doing the whole job, and for keeping quiet I was not to be paid adequately, because association with him would be pay enough! If you can clear up that muddled thinking you can clear up whatever the Harrises gave to the discussion.

As far as I could make out, I was not going to be paid either in immortality or money, unless I chose to spill the dirt, and the darlings didn't know that wasn't the time to spill it. All those things have their proper time in history. Memoirs are written by generals after the war is over, not during it.

That interview was the last I saw of Harris. I went off to Paris for another piece of surgery and received the proofs of the book in the American Hospital there. While correcting them a report came from Nice that Harris had died—August 26, 1931.

He had hardly been transported to the Cimetière Caucade, when a wave of venom swept over the press of the world. Everything bad anybody had to say about Harris was said then and it was a difficult job trying to stop the flow of abuse. Only then did it occur to me that being associated with Frank Harris might not be the rosy tie-up they had pictured it to be. Nevertheless I continued to do his job as best I could and I managed to get opinion back to nearer what it was when he wrote *The Man Shakespeare*.

It was the intention of the English publishers to submit the proofs to Shaw. This was necessary, for *their* edition in any event, and Harris's death made it more sensible, for all editions.

In fact Shaw asked for the privilege of seeing the book through the press. This he did in a note he wrote Nellie Harris from Malvern, remarking that she was now finished with the strange adventure of being married to Frank and at such a time there was perhaps not enough money in the house and he was sending her fifty pounds which she could repay out of the royalties.

Of course, his press agents made this *two hundred* and fifty pounds and a *gift*, but even in its more

Continued on page 192

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Continued from pages 33-189-191

modest form it was a generous gesture on Shaw's part.

The next news was a hysterical telegram from Nellie Harris herself, saying that the American publishers were indignant about a story which had appeared in the literati section of *Variety* where it was recorded that now that Frank Harris was dead, I survived alone as author. They demanded a retraction!

Not only did she start a barrage to get such a retraction, but she got her friends to do it, all on the Harrisian theory that I had written the squib myself. Anybody knowing *Variety* will roar with laughter at the idea of my squirming such a personal plug past the mob of I-slayers which make up its copy-desk.

Failing to get the kind of response she wanted by telegram, Nellie Harris rushed to Paris and then to London to defend, what in her recent widowhood, she mistook for Frank Harris's 'honor.'

The story, she assured me, would do the book no end of harm and the publishers would suffer vast losses, Frank's reputation would be ruined, and all that. If I would write them a denial, she ended, everything would be straightened out.

As plausible as all this seemed, I refused to be a party to it.

It was clear to me, as it will be to any reader, that if I were idiot enough to write a denial, I would have nicely nullified my part in the setup. For once, though, Nellie's persuasions and tears failed to win the day.

I took her to lunch at an old restaurant where Frank went often in his heyday and she left afterward to keep an appointment with Evelyn Cochran. She also had a luncheon date two days later with Shaw, and as she was taken with a cold after that, I didn't see her again as she left soon afterward for Nice.

She continued to burn with a slow blue flame of indignation, over that statement she failed to get from me, not being able to understand why she had failed on so simple a mission. After all, it did seem that if a man at 40, with one lung, one leg, one wife and one son should write her husband's best book, it was swallowing at a gnat on his part not to sign the statement denying a simple news story that he had.

The trouble was the story wasn't so simple. The story was true and was printed in a paper that comes nearer to printing the truth more often than it misses. The Paris correspondent who wrote the story was a good friend of mine and no doubt thought he was giving me a good break. What he did was almost break my back, but he didn't know that, and I wouldn't have asked him not to if he had. In other words, the integrity of *Variety* meant more to me than a dozen Harrises.

It was an idea of the publishers that when Shaw saw the proofs it would add to the book if he would take his exceptions in the form of footnotes, with Harris answering these footnotes.

After Harris died, even I couldn't carry on this part of his task with impunity.

I knew, of course, that once Shaw saw the proofs all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't keep him from adding a postscript.

In this he remarks how all of Harris's derogatory cracks have been piously preserved, and only the facts straightened. This is untrue. In many places Shaw has stuck onto a Harrisian opinion, one of his own which pretty well contradicts what the paragraph started out to say.

If he had done this in the form of footnotes, or if he had said, "In contradiction to this Shaw says" it would have added value to the book, but the way he did do it has us calling him a damned fool and a great guy all in one paragraph, Shaw, of course, adding the "great guy."

Many people will find it incredible that Shaw could have been fooled as completely as this record makes it appear. It is hard to believe, but in the light of what followed it seems as plausible as a calendar. When he wrote his postscript he went so far as to exonerate Harris from even reading Archibald Henderson's "monumental biography to me."

But Henderson wasn't to be fooled so easily. He saw, by his own count at least, 113 filchings from his official biography of Shaw.

Now, the laughable part of all this is that Henderson was right. After Harris had died I found his copy of Henderson's *Shaw.* Harris had read the official biography, chewed it, bent down its pages, marked it, even had his secretary copy out sections verbatim, and she, in her dull way, had neglected to tag these notes so that their source might be traced.

The result was that by the next day Harris had forgotten completely where the stuff had come from, and any of these Harrisian notes I used, I foolishly, in the rush of things, assumed were out of the horse's mouth, rather than the reverse, if I may so differentiate.

What must have burned Henderson more than any other thing was that Shaw should have given Harris's book his papal blessing and even have absolved Harris of reading Henderson's, but the facts are as I have stated them here. That is to say, both Henderson and Shaw were right. Harris had read Henderson's book, but had forgotten all about it, which amounts, pragmatically, to not having read it at all.

I kidded Henderson from the very first page in the Menckenian manner by loading him down under his PH.D's. D.C.L's. and LL.D's. It is a wonder to me that no critics spotted right there that

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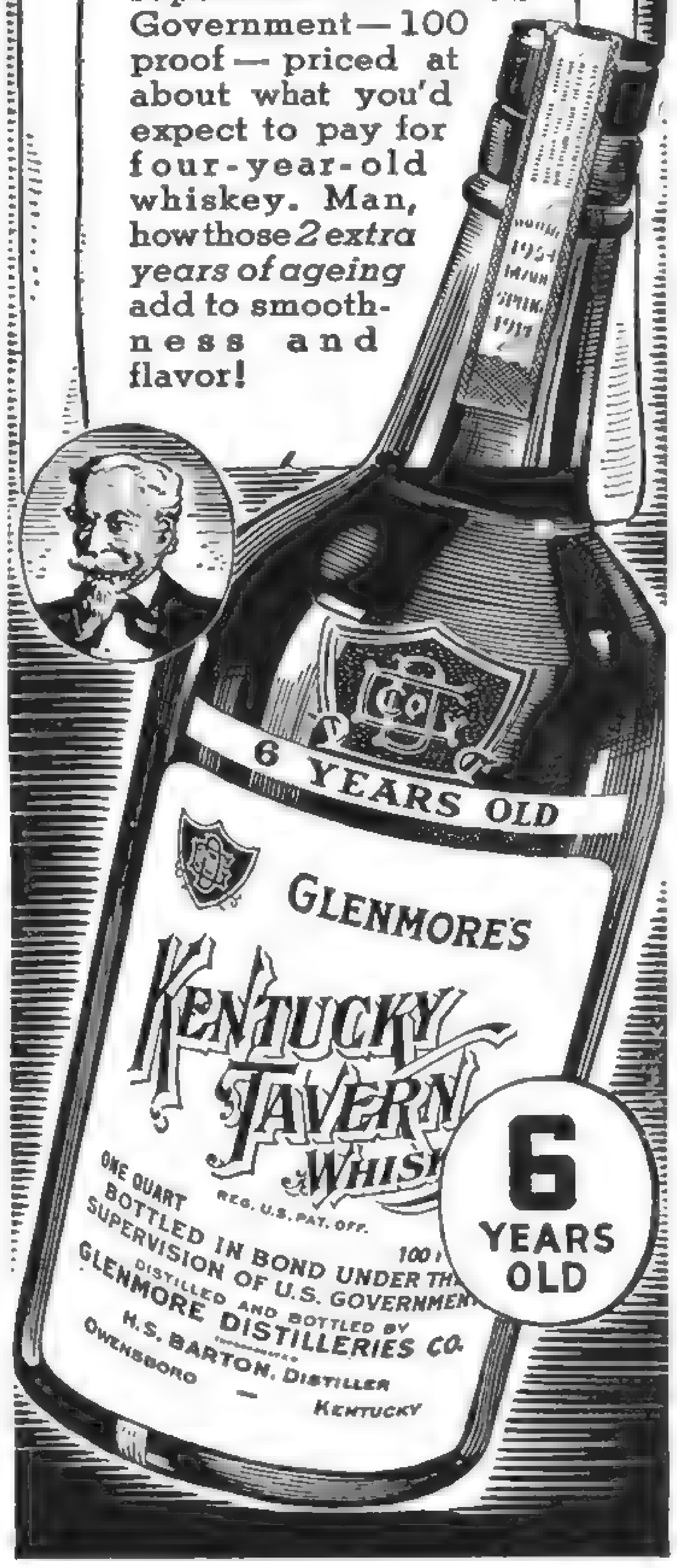

Harris had been helped all too freely in his labors. Those who praised it as Harris's finest work (and these critics went all the way from the *New Yorker* to Tobin and Gertz, who call themselves Harris's 'official biographers') never once traced the source of his inspiration to me, though Laurence Stallings did say it was a nice idea of mine to bring Harris and Shaw together.

The book had an astonishing career. It sold 21,000 copies in its first *day* in London, hit New York's best-seller lists two weeks after publication, led both fiction and non-fiction for a space—and then suddenly nosedived to nowhere. Before the next year was out its $4 format could be picked up at remainder counters for 99c.

As for poor Harris he didn't live long enough even to weigh the reviews, let alone read them. They would have made sweet reading to him, for they were weighted with the scent of praise.

The book's release in London was column-long cable news, and Shaw found himself the center of one more wood-pulp war of words, one more in a long parade of such delightful (to him) battles that lead to nowhere.

Of course, never to have had the chance to tell him what a sucker he had been in all this would have been an ironically proper payoff for me. But I wasn't to be denied that gorgeous revenge.

When a year later he and Mrs. Shaw left London for Monte Carlo to start their world tour on the *Empress of Britain*, my Mrs. and I hopped into our 4½ horse power car at dawn, galloped down the Col de Villefranche and met their train at Nice.

We went aboard, and found Shaw dressed in a dark raglan coat, collar and tie, but no shirt! In the adjoining compartment Mrs. Shaw was busy packing their bags.

Our greeting was a little short of cordial. An armed truce, with his wolfish grin passing for hospitality, would have described it nicely. I asked him why if he wanted to die in a reasonably dry ditch did he choose a sea trip at that time of life? The wolfish grin grew till it looked like the Gorge du Loup.

He asked me about Nellie Harris. I told him all the news. He wanted to know how she made out on the biography.

"All right," I said.

"Say, *who* did *what* on that book?" he wanted to know.

"Well, I did 76 per cent of it, you 22 per cent and Harris 2 per cent."

His wolfish grin hung on. The sucker really could take it.

"I don't understand how you had the audacity to do it," he said. "Harris knew very little of my life and you didn't know any."

"But I knew more," I said, "than to start a paragraph in one direction and finish it in another. And that's what you did by your editing."

"I will say this for the book," he conceded. "The facts are straight. Anybody going to it for a source book can be sure of that."

"Then he must have known a lot about you," mumbled the Mrs. who has a Scandinavian sense of logic far older than her years.

Shaw got up to go into the next compartment. I told him he had plenty of time. He didn't think so. He was even teaching me local geography now.

He went on to the next compartment still dizzy from the news that a *Variety* mugg had used the Master for a stooge. Mrs. Shaw was at the door. He introduced us. Impatient no doubt to get off his collar and tie so that he might put on his shirt, he began to disrobe. Suddenly Mrs. Shaw slammed the door in our faces!

I looked at the Mrs. and the Mrs. looked at me. We mugged and laughed.

"Harris was right," I said.

Then we recalled the hardest job we had had in writing the book. That was to get an accurate picture of Mrs. Shaw. Her mere name would get Harris so mad he couldn't see straight. Nellie would try to straighten out the picture. In the end I gave both versions, and Shaw added a third.

But this rebuff of hers threw us back to the original Harrisian impression. We walked the corridor to an empty compartment and sat down till the train should reach Monte Carlo.

In a few moments we heard a wheezing at the door, and looked up to see Mrs. Shaw. She wanted, she said, to apologize for her rudeness. She thought I was a journalist delaying things, and was afraid they would reach the station and not be ready to get off. She was in no fit condition to travel, she told us, having got up from a sick bed still suffering from an acute attack of bronchitis.

I told her not to stand in the draught of the corridor, lest she catch more cold, and was politeness itself—an easy thing to be when you're sure of your position.

We pictured the scene that drove her to explaining all. After the door had been slammed in our faces, Mrs. Shaw said, "I wish you wouldn't play up to every penny-a-liner in the world."

"Penny-a-liner!" cried the Master. "Why I just found out that bounder wrote my biography!"

Mrs. Shaw tried to take this big but her bronchitis wouldn't let her take a big breath.

"And you," continued Shaw, "slammed the door in his face!"

Hence the apology. That at least was the way we pictured the scene.

Shaw got off and waved us goodbye. Mrs. Shaw hobbled behind him, a good fifty feet, she a spavined old lady, he with the spring in his heel of a youth of twenty.

"And what a heel! What a heel!" I said to myself, smiling sadly as I watched the world's best piece of copy head for the tideless blue sea. #

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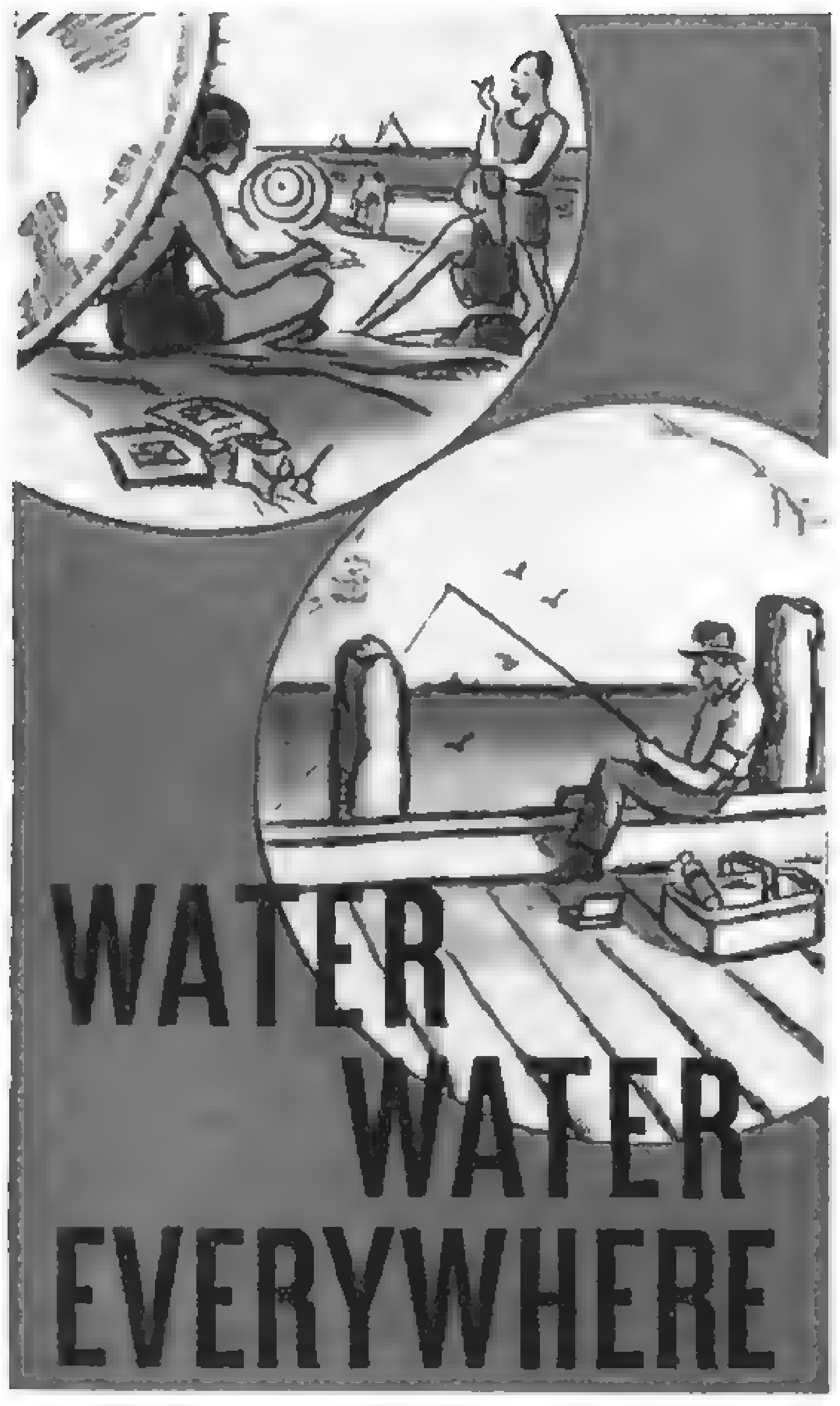

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The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Continued from page 27

would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck."

"I don't mean that."

"If you hadn't left your own people, your goddamned old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on—"

"Why I loved you. That's not fair. I love you now. I'll always love you. Don't you love me?"

"No," said the man. "I don't think so. I never have."

"Harry, what are you saying? You're out of your head."

"No. I haven't any head to go out of."

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can."

"You do it," he said. "I'm tired."

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Orient cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace then after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaria and Nansen's Secretary asking the old man if it were snow and the old man looking at it and saying, No, that's not snow. It's too early for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was the snow all right and he sent them on into it when he evolved exchange of populations. And it was snow they tramped along in until they died that winter.

It was snow too that fell all Christmas week that year up in the Gauertal, that year they lived in the woodcutter's house with the big square porcelain stove that filled half the room, and they slept on mattresses filled with beech leaves, the time the deserter came with his feet bloody in the snow. He said the police were right behind him and they gave him woolen socks and held the gendarmes talking until the tracks had drifted over. In Schruns, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the weinstube and saw everyone coming home from church. That was where they walked up the sleigh-smoothed urine-yellowed road along the river with the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-haus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird. They were snowbound a week in the Madlener-haus that time in the blizzard playing cards in the smoke by the lantern light and the stakes were higher all the time as Herr Lent lost more. Finally he lost it all. Everything, the skischule money and all the season's profit and then his capital. He could see him with his long nose, picking up the cards and then opening, "Sans Voir." There was always gambling then. When there was no snow you gambled and when there was too much you gambled. He thought of all the time in his life he had spent gambling. But he had never written a line of that, nor of that cold, bright Christmas day with the mountains showing across the plain that Barker had flown across the lines to bomb the Austrian officers' leave train, machine-gunning them as they scattered and ran. He remembered Barker afterwards coming into the mess and starting to tell about it. And how quiet it got and then somebody saying, "You bloody, murderous bastard." Those were the same Austrians they killed then that he skied with later. No not the same. Hans, that he skied with all that year, had been in the Kaiser-Jägers and when they went hunting hares together up the little valley above the saw-mill they had talked of the fighting on Pasubio and of the attack on Pertica and Asalone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corno, nor the Siete Communi, nor of Arsiero. How many winters had he lived in the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg? It was four and then he remembered the man who had the fox to sell when they had walked into Bludenz, that time to buy presents, and the cherry pit taste of good kirsch, the fast-slipping rush of running powder-snow on crust, singing "Hi Ho said Rolly!" as you ran down the last stretch to the steep drop, taking it straight, then running the orchard in three turns and out across the ditch and onto the icy road behind the inn. Knocking your bindings loose, kicking the skis free and leaning them up against the wooden wall of the inn, the lamplight coming from the window where inside, in the smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion.

"Where did we stay in Paris?" he asked the woman who was sitting by him in a canvas chair, now, in Africa.

"At the Crillon. You know that."

"Why do I know that?"

"That's where we always stayed."

"No. Not always."

"There and at the Pavillion Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."

"Love is a dunghill," said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."

"If you have to go away," she said, "is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to take away everything? Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife and burn your saddle and your armour?"

"Yes," he said. "You're damned money was my armour. My Swift and my Armour."

"Don't."

"All right. I'll stop that. I don't want to hurt you."

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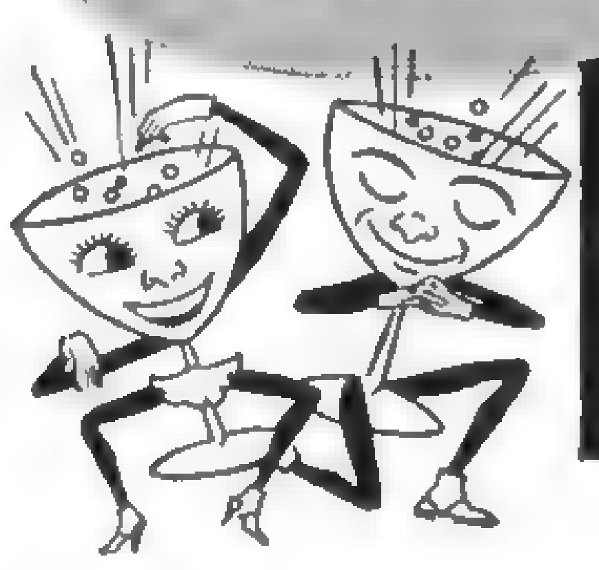

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See Page 23

YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

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"It's a little bit late now."

"All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing. The only thing I ever really liked to do with you I can't do now."

"No, that's not true. You liked to do many things and everything you wanted to do I did."

"Oh for Christ sake stop bragging will you?"

He looked at her and saw her crying.

"Listen," he said. "Do you think that it is fun to do this? I don't know why I'm doing it. It's trying to kill to keep yourself alive I imagine. I was all right when we started talking. I didn't mean to start this, and now I'm crazy as a coot and being as cruel to you as I can be. Don't pay any attention, darling, to what I say. I love you, really. You know I love you. I've never loved anyone else the way I love you." He slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by.

"You're sweet to me."

"You bitch," he said. "You rich bitch. That's poetry. I'm full of poetry now. Rot and poetry. Rotten poetry."

"Stop it. Harry, why do you have to turn into a devil now?"

"I don't like to leave anything," the man said. "I don't like to leave things behind."

* * *

It was evening now and he had been asleep. The sun was gone behind the hill and there was a shadow all across the plain and the small animals were feeding close to camp; quick dropping heads and switching tails, he watched them keeping well out away from the bush now. The birds no longer waited on the ground. They were all perched heavily in a tree. There were many more of them. His personal boy was sitting by the bed.

"Memsahib's gone to shoot," the boy said. "Does Bwana want?"

"Nothing."

She had gone to kill a piece of meat and, knowing how he liked to watch the game, she had gone well away so she would not disturb this little pocket of the plain that he could see. She was always thoughtful, he thought. On anything she knew about, or had read, or that she had ever heard.

It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. How could a woman know that you meant nothing that you said; that you spoke only from habit and to be comfortable. After he no longer meant what he said, his lies were more successful with women than when he had told them the truth.

It was not that he lied as that there was no truth to tell. He had had his life and it was over and then he went on living it again with different people and more money, with the best of the same places, and some new ones. You kept from thinking and it was all marvellous. You were equipped with good insides so that you did not go to pieces that way, the way most of them had, and you made an attitude that you cared nothing for the work you used to do, now that you could no longer do it. But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it and for once it would be written by someone who knew what he was writing of. But he would never do it, because each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work. Africa was where he had been happiest in the good time of his life so he had come out here to start again. They had made this safari with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That in some way he could work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body.

She had liked it. She said she loved it. She loved anything that was exciting, that involved a change of scene, where there were new people and where things were pleasant. And he had felt the illusion of returning strength of will to work. Now if this was how it ended, and he knew it was, he must not turn like some snake biting itself because its back was broken. It wasn't this woman's fault. If it had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to die by it. He heard a shot beyond the hill.

She shot very well this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. What was this? A catalogue of old books? What was his talent anyway? It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it. It was never what he had done, but always what he could do. And he had chosen to make his living with something else instead of a pen or a pencil. It was strange too, wasn't it, that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he no longer was in love, when he was only lying, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all, who had all the money there was, who had had a husband and children, who had taken lovers and been dis-

Continued on page 196

NIGHT AND DAY

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The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Continued from pages 27-195

satisfied with them, and who loved him dearly as a writer, as a man, as a companion and as a proud possession; it was strange that when he did not love her at all and was lying, that he should be able to give her more for her money than when he had really loved. We must all be cut out for what we do, he thought. However you make your living is where your talent lies. He had sold vitality, in one form or another, all his life and when your affections are not too involved you give much better value for the money. He had found that out but he would never write that, now, either. No, he would not write that, although it was well worth writing.

Now she came in sight, walking across the open toward the camp. She was wearing jodphurs and carrying her rifle. The two boys had a Tommie slung and they were coming along behind her. She was still a good looking woman, he thought, and she had a pleasant body. She had a great talent and appreciation for the bed, she was not pretty, but he liked her face, she read enormously, liked to ride and shoot and, certainly, she drank too much. Her husband had died when she was still a comparatively young woman and for a while she had devoted herself to her two just-grown children, who did not need her and were embarrassed at having her about, to her stable of horses, to books, and to bottles. She liked to read in the evening before dinner and she drank scotch and soda while she read. By dinner she was fairly drunk and after a bottle of wine at dinner she was usually drunk enough to sleep.

That was before the lovers. After she had the lovers she did not drink so much because she did not have to be drunk to sleep. But the lovers bored her. She had been married to a man who had never bored her and these people bored her very much.

Then one of her two children was killed in a plane crash and after that was over she did not want the lovers, and drink being no anaesthetic she had to make another life. Suddenly she had been acutely frightened of being alone. But she wanted someone that she respected with her.

It had begun very simply. She liked what he wrote and she had always envied the life he led. She thought he did exactly what he wanted to. The steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally fallen in love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built herself a new life and he had traded away what remained of his old life. He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know. She would have bought him anything he wanted. He knew that. She was a damned nice woman too. He would as soon be in bed with her as anyone; rather with her, because she was richer, because she was very pleasant and appreciative and because she never made scenes. And now this life that she had built again was coming to a term because he had not used iodine two weeks ago when a thorn had scratched his knee as they moved forward trying to photograph a herd of waterbuck standing, their heads up, peering while their nostrils searched the air, their ears spread wide to hear the first noise that would send them rushing into the bush. They had bolted, too, before he got the picture.

Here she came now.

He turned his head on the cot to look toward her. "Hello," he said.

"I shot a Tommy ram," she told him. "He'll make you good broth and I'll have them mash some potatoes with the Klim. How do you feel?"

"Much better."

"Isn't that lovely. You know I thought perhaps you would. You were sleeping when I left."

"I had a good sleep. Did you walk far?"

"No. Just around behind the hill. I made quite a good shot on the Tommy."

"You shoot marvellously you know."

"I love it. I've loved Africa. Really. If *you're* all right it's the most fun that I've ever had. You don't know the fun it's been to shoot with you. I've loved the country."

"I love it too."

"Darling you don't know how marvellous it is to see you feeling better. I couldn't stand it when you felt that way. You won't talk to me like that again, will you? Promise me?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember what I said."

"You don't have to destroy me. Do you? I'm only a middle-aged woman who loves you and wants to do what you want to do. I've been destroyed two or three times already. You wouldn't want to destroy me again, would you?"

"I'd like to destroy you a few times in bed," he said.

"Yes. That's the good destruction. That's the way we're made to be destroyed. The plane will be here tomorrow."

"How do you know?"

"I'm sure. It's bound to come. The boys have the wood all ready and the grass to make the smudge. I went down and looked at it again today. There's plenty of room to land and we have the smudges ready at both ends."

"What makes you think it will come tomorrow?"

"I'm sure it will. It's overdue now. Then, in town, they will fix up your leg and then we will have some good destruction. Not that dreadful talking kind."

"What! Only two buttons?"

"Yes, siree, and let me tell you it's a honey! It's all in one piece. It doesn't pull out or roll up, doesn't bunch in the seat, eliminates all the troublesome double thickness at the waist. In fact, it gives me plenty of freedom for every activity. It's as scant as the scantest yet much more comfortable and it has a real supporter value. It's name is certainly descriptive . . . it's LES-ON".

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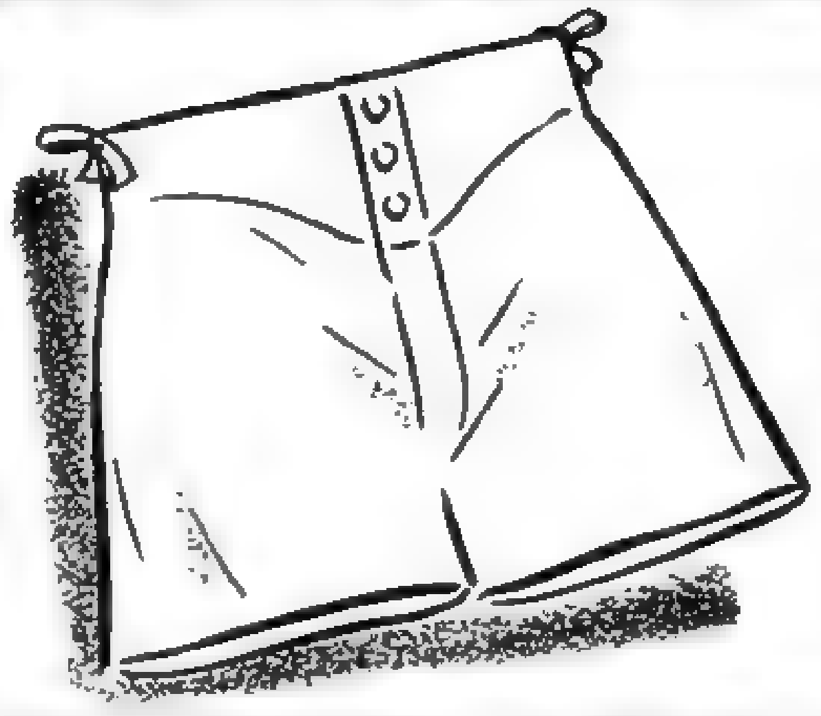

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Don't be a carrier—to your friends at the club, to your own family. Examine the skin between your toes. If you note the slightest redness, take action at once with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. Or else tiny, itching blisters may appear. Often there comes excessive moisture; white dead-looking skin; painful peeling; broken skin, raw distressing tissues. In extreme cases, see your doctor. So stubborn is the disease, your own hose may reinfect you unless they have been boiled 20 minutes.

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★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

"Should we have a drink? The sun is down."

"Do you think you should?"

"I'm having one."

"We'll have one together. *Molo, letti dui whiskey-soda!*" she called.

"You'd better put on your mosquito boots," he told her.

"I'll wait till I bathe . . ."

While it grew dark they drank and just before it was dark and there was no longer enough light to shoot, a hyena crossed the open on his way around the hill.

"That bastard crosses there every night," the man said. "Every night for two weeks."

"He's the one makes the noise at night. I don't mind it. They're a filthy animal though."

Drinking together, with no pain now except the discomfort of lying in the one position, the boys lighting a fire, its shadow jumping on the tents, he could feel the return of acquiescence in this life of pleasant surrender. She *was* very good to him. He had been cruel and unjust in the afternoon. She was a fine woman, marvellous really. And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die.

It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden evil smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "You had better move over to the other side. To windward."

"Did Molo change the dressing?"

"Yes. I'm just using the boric now."

"How do you feel?"

"A little wobbly."

"I'm going in to bathe," she said. "I'll be right out. I'll eat with you and then we'll put the cot in."

So, he said to himself, we did well to stop the quarreling. He had never quarreled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarreled so much they had finally, always, with the corrosion of the quarreling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out.

He thought about alone in Constantinople that time, having quarreled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it. . . . How when he thought he saw her outside the Regence *one time it made him go all faint and sick inside, and that he would follow a woman who looked like her in some way, along the Boulevard, afraid to see it was not she, afraid to lose the feeling it gave him. How everyone he had slept with had only made him miss her more. How what she had done could never matter since he knew he could not cure himself of loving her. He wrote this letter at the Club, cold sober, and mailed it to New York asking her to write him at the office in Paris. That seemed safe. And that night missing her so much it made him feel hollow sick inside, he wandered up past Taxim's, picked a girl up and took her out to supper. He had gone to a place to dance with her afterward, she danced badly, and left her for a hot Armenian slut, that swung her belly against him so it almost scalded. He took her away from a British gunner subaltern after a row. The gunner asked him outside and they fought in the street on the cobbles in the dark. He'd hit him twice, hard, on the side of the jaw and when he didn't go down he knew he was in for a fight. The gunner hit him in the body, then beside his eye. He swung with his left again and landed and the gunner fell on him and grabbed his coat and tore the sleeve off and he clubbed him twice behind the ear and then smashed him with his right as he pushed him away. When the gunner went down his head hit first and he ran with the girl because they heard the M. P.'s coming. They got into a taxi and drove out to Rimmily Hissa along the Bosphorus, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she felt as over-ripe as she looked but smooth, rose-petal, syrupy, smooth-bellied, big-breasted and needed no pillow under her, and he left her before she was awake looking blousy enough in the first daylight and turned up at the Pera Palace with a black eye, carrying his coat because one sleeve was missing. That same night he left for Anatolia and he remembered, later on that trip, riding all day through fields of the poppies that they raised for opium and how strange it made you feel finally and all the distances seemed wrong, to where they had made the attack with the newly arrived Constantine officers, that did not know a god-damned thing, and the artillery had fired into the troops and the British observer had cried like a child. That was the day he'd first seen dead men wearing white ballet skirts and upturned shoes with pompons on them. The Turks had come steadily and lumpily and he had seen the skirted men running and the officers shooting into them and running then themselves and he and the British observer had run too until his lungs ached and his mouth was full of the taste of pennies and they stopped behind some rocks and there were the Turks coming as lumpily as ever. Later he had seen the things that he could never think of and later still he had seen much worse. So when he got back to Paris that time he could not talk about it or stand to have it mentioned. And there in the café as he passed was that American poet with a pile of saucers in front of him and a stupid look on his potato face talking about the Dada movement with a Roumanian who said his name was Tristan Tzara, who always wore a monocle and had a headache, and, back at the apartment with his wife that now he loved again, the quarrel all over,*

Continued on page 198

THE END OF A PUFF-ECT DAY

Life's too short and marriage too sacred to spoil them with a foul pipe and unholy tobacco. So we urge husbands to keep their briars sweet and clean and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's milder mixture. No woman ever recoiled from Sir Walter Raleigh burning fragrantly in a well-kept pipe. As a matter of fact, this gentler blend of better Kentucky Burleys makes men more attractive and women more yielding and admiring. Try a tin for the little woman's sake . . . and your sake . . . and our sake. We honestly feel it's the easiest-smoking, best-smelling blend ever offered for only fifteen cents!

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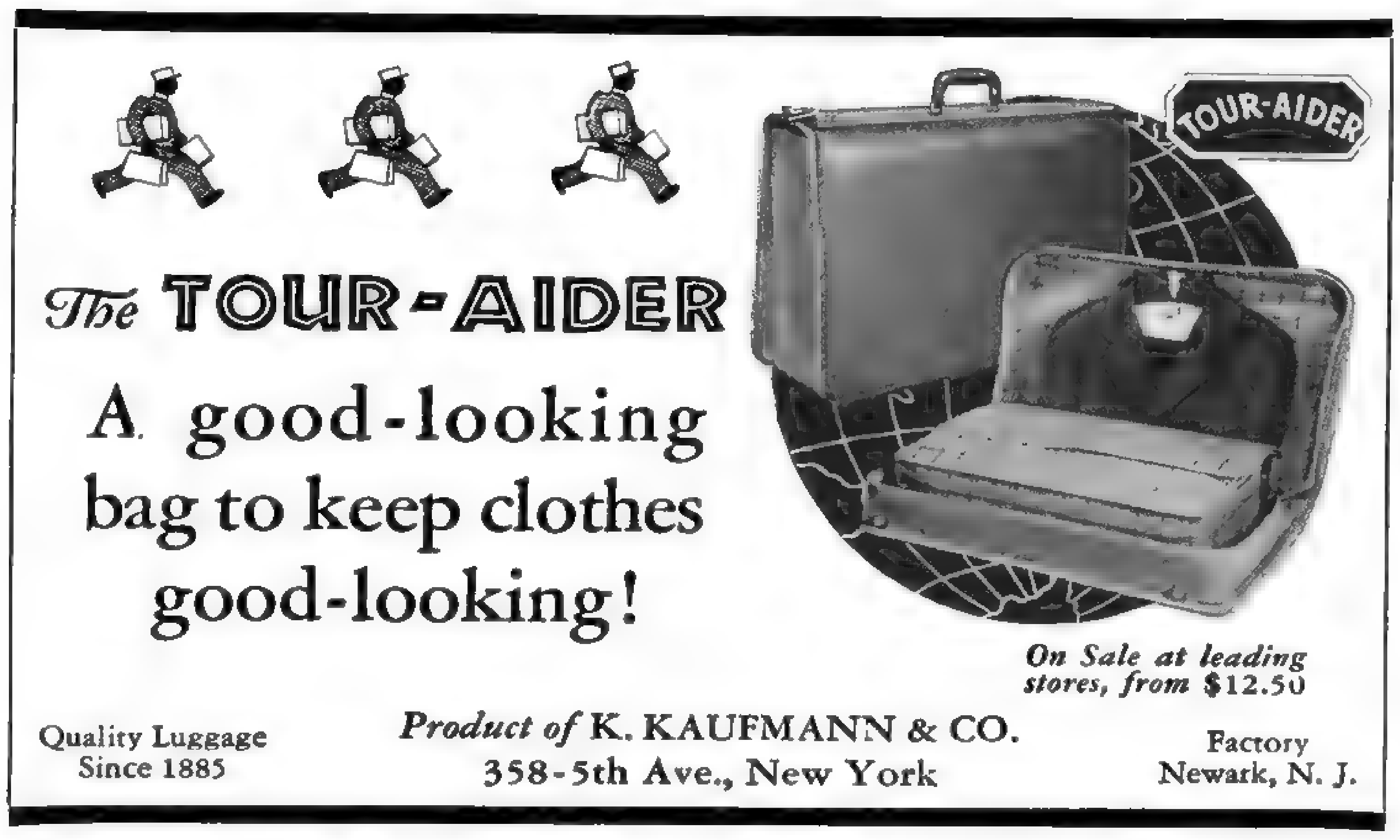

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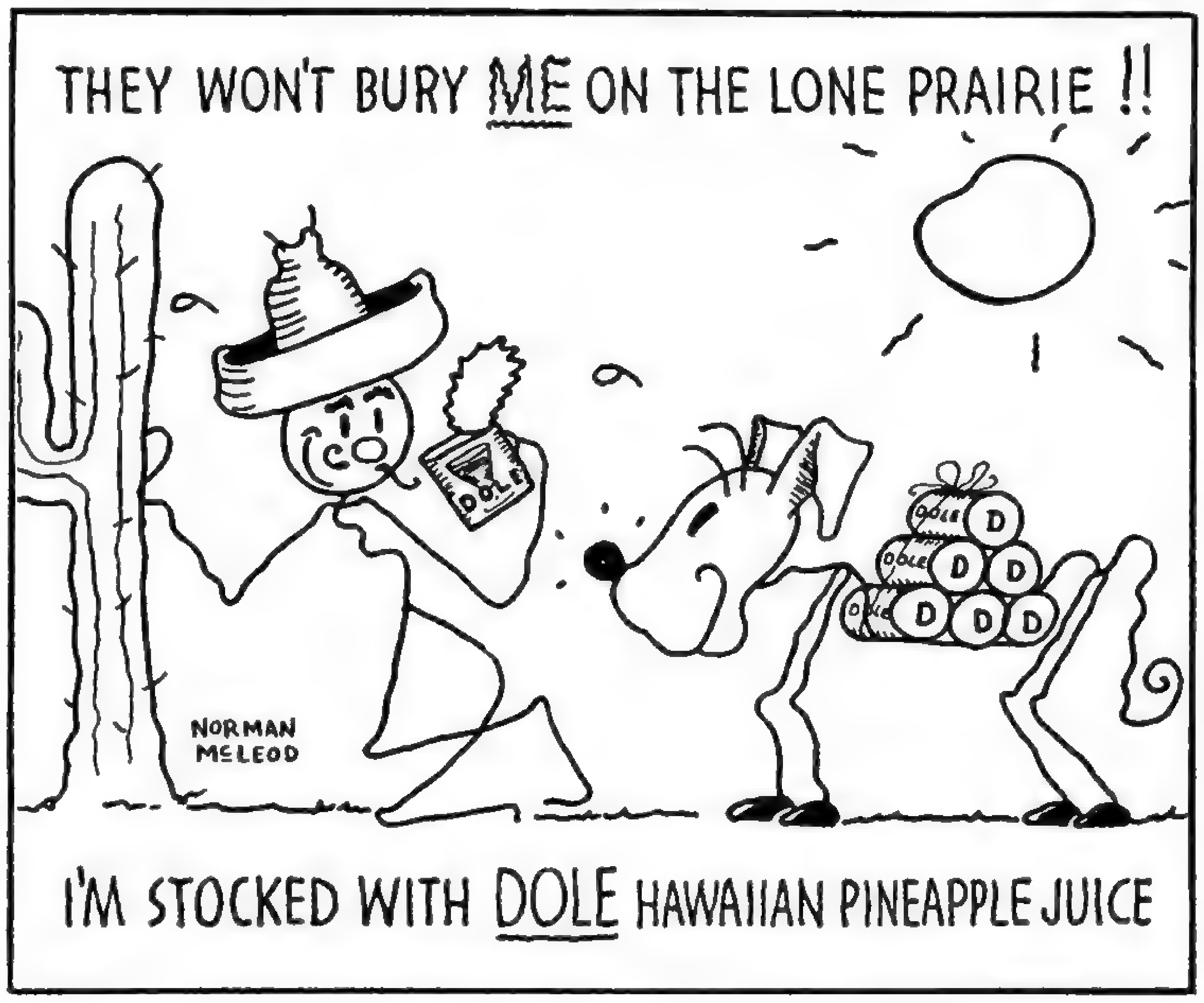
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The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Continued from pages 27-195-197

the madness all over, glad to be home, the office sent his mail up to the flat. So then the letter in answer to the one he'd written came in on a platter one morning and when he saw the handwriting he went cold all over and tried to slip the letter underneath another. But his wife said, "Who is that letter from, dear?" and that was the end of the beginning of that. He remembered the good times with them all, and the quarrels. They always picked the finest places to have the quarrels. And why had they always quarreled when he was feeling best? He had never written any of that because, at first, he never wanted to hurt anyone and then it seemed as though there was enough to write without it. But he had always thought that he would write it finally. There was so much to write. He had seen the world change; not just the events; although he had seen many of them and had watched the people, but he had seen the subtler change and he could remember how the people were at different times. He had been in it and he had watched it and it was his duty to write of it; but now he never would.

"How do you feel?" she said. She had come out from the tent now after her bath.

"All right."

"Could you eat now?" He saw Molo behind her with the folding table and the other boy with the dishes.

"I want to write," he said.

"You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up."

"I'm going to die tonight," he said. "I don't need my strength up."

"Don't be melodramatic, Harry, please," she said.

"Why don't you use your nose? I'm rotted half way up my thigh now. What the hell should I fool with broth for? Molo bring whiskey-soda."

"Please take the broth," she said gently.

"All right."

The broth was too hot. He had to hold it in the cup until it cooled enough to take it and then he just got it down without gagging.

"You're a fine woman," he said. "Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him with her well known, well loved face from *Spur* and *Town and Country*, only a little the worse for drink, only a little the worse for bed, but *Town and Country* never showed those good breasts and those useful thighs and those lightly small-of-back-caressing hands, and as he looked and saw her well known pleasant smile, he felt death come again. This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go tall.

"They can bring my net out later and hang it from the tree and build the fire up. I'm not going in the tent tonight. It's not worth moving. It's a clear night. There won't be any rain."

So this was how you died, in whispers that you did not hear. Well, there would be no more quarreling. He could promise that. The one experience that he had never had he was not going to spoil now. He probably would. You spoiled everything. But perhaps he wouldn't.

"You can't take dictation, can you?"

"I never learned," she told him.

"That's all right."

There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right.

There was a log house, chinked white with mortar, on a hill above the lake. There was a bell on a pole by the door to call the people in to meals. Behind the house were fields and behind the fields was the timber. A line of lombardy poplars ran from the house to the dock. Other poplars ran along the point. A road went up to the hills along the edge of the timber and along that road he picked blackberries. Then that log house was burned down and all the guns that had been on deer foot racks above the open fire place were burned and afterwards their barrels, with the lead melted in the magazines, and the stocks burned away, lay out on the heap of ashes that were used to make lye for the big iron soap kettles, and you asked Grandfather if you could have them to play with, and he said, no. You see they were his guns still and he never bought any others. Nor did he hunt any more. The house was rebuilt in the same place out of lumber now and painted white and from its porch you saw the poplars and the lake beyond; but there were never any more guns. The barrels of the guns that had hung on the deer feet on the wall of the log house lay out there on the heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.

In the Black Forest, after the war, we rented a trout stream and there were two ways to walk to it. One was down the valley from Triberg and around the valley road in the shade of the trees that bordered the white road, and then up a side road that went up through the hills past many small farms, with the big Schwartzwald houses, until that road crossed the stream. That was where our fishing began. The other way was to climb steeply up to the edge of the woods and then go across the top of the hills through the pine woods, and then out to the edge of a meadow and down across this meadow to the bridge. There were birches along the stream and it was not big, but narrow, clear and fast, with pools where it had cut under the roots of the birches. At the Hotel in Triberg the proprietor had a fine season. It was very pleasant and we were all great friends. The next year came the inflation and the money he had made the year before was not enough to buy supplies to open the

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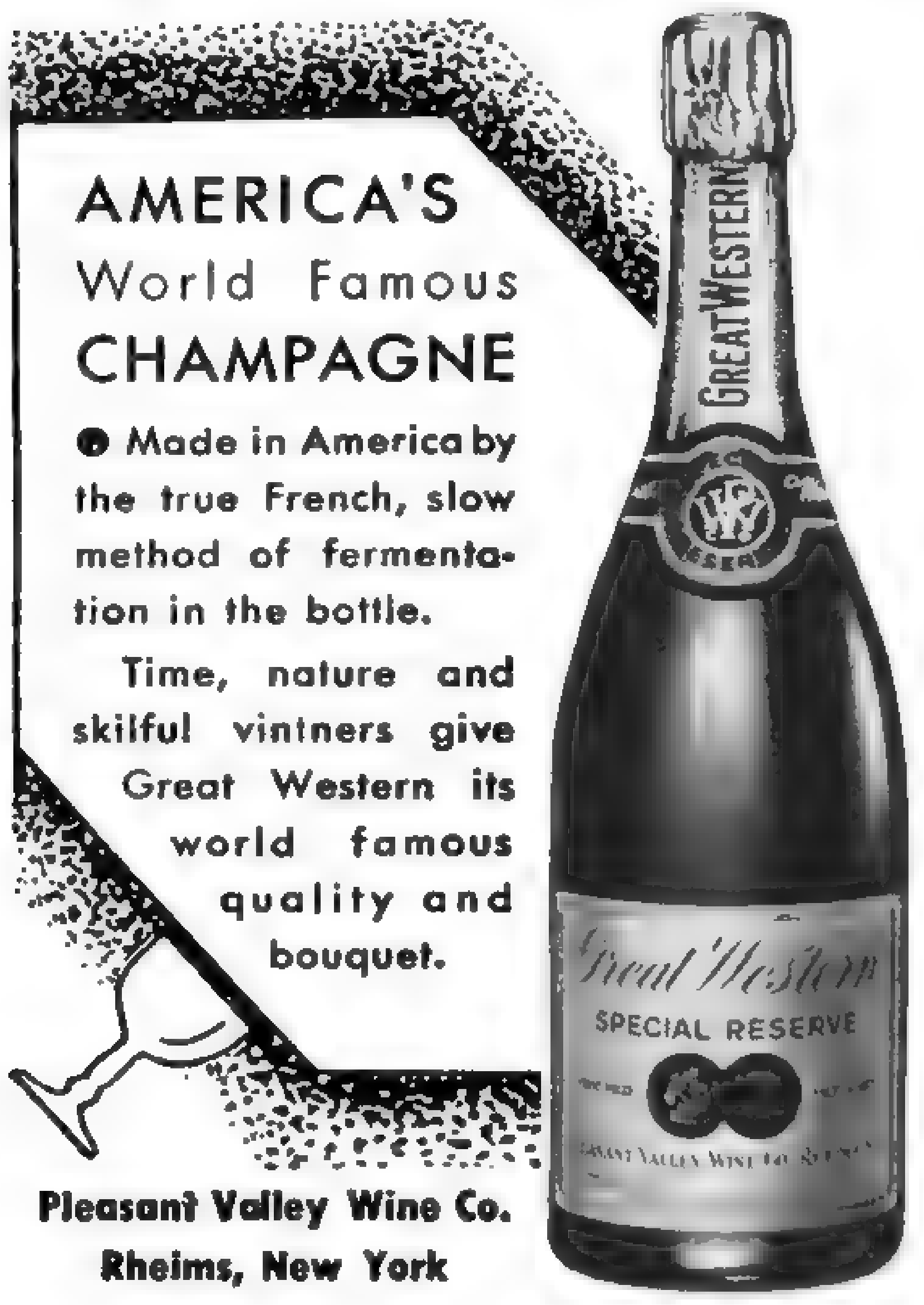
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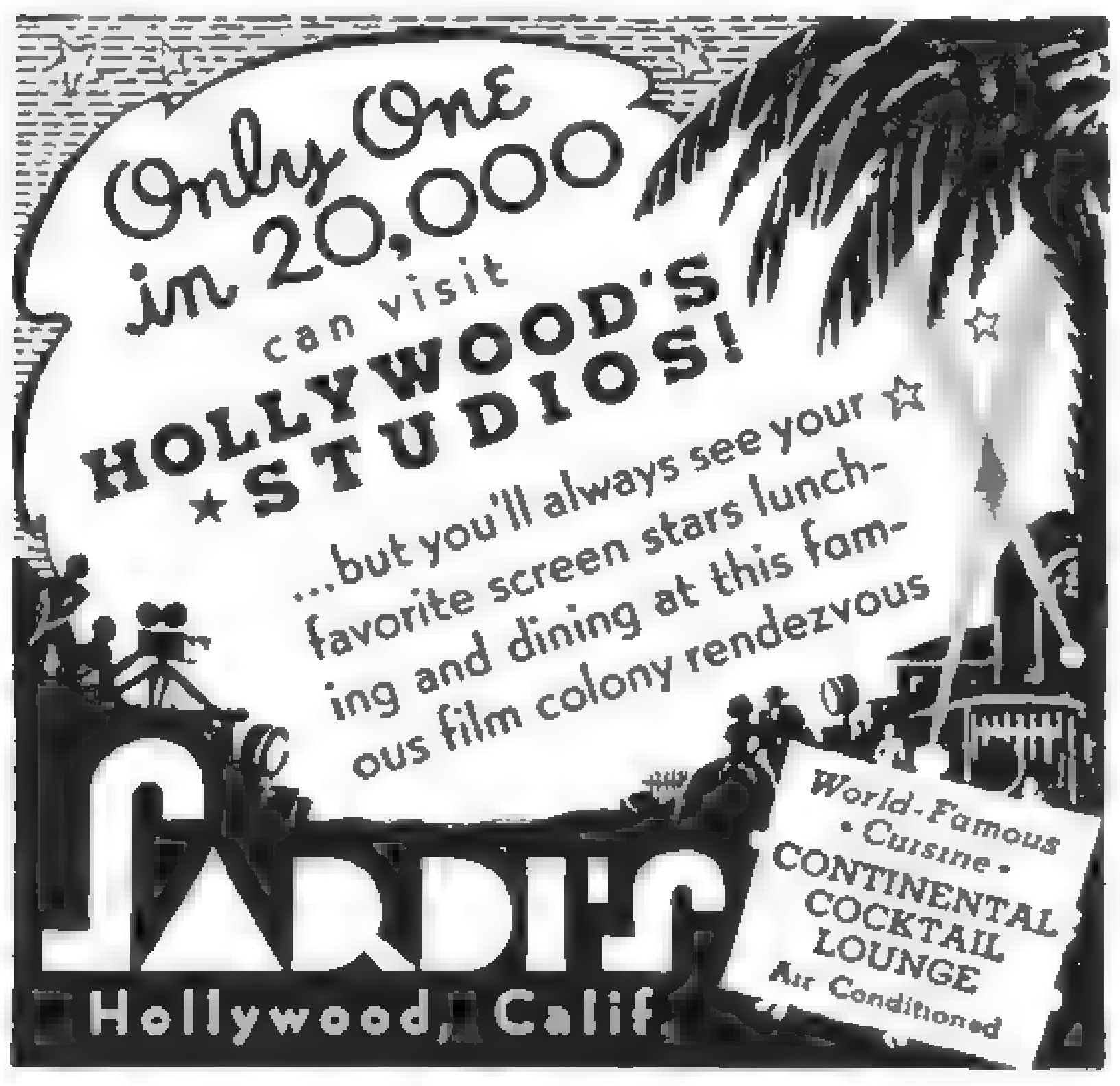

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hotel and he hanged himself.

You could dictate that, but you could not dictate the Place Contrescarpe where the flower sellers dyed their flowers in the street and the dye ran over the paving where the autobus started and the old men and the women, always drunk on wine and bad marc; and the children with their noses running in the cold; the smell of dirty sweat and poverty and drunkenness at the Café des Amateurs and the whores at the Bal Musette they lived above. The Concierge who entertained the trooper of the Garde Republicaine in her loge, his horsehair plumed helmet on a chair. The locataire across the hall whose husband was a bicycle racer and her joy that morning at the Cremerie when she had opened L'Auto and seen where he placed third in Paris-Tours, his first big race. She had blushed and laughed and then gone upstairs crying with the yellow sporting paper in her hand. The husband of the woman who ran the Bal Musette drove a taxi and when he, Harry, had to take an early plane the husband knocked upon the door to wake him and they each drank a glass of white wine at the Zinc of the bar before they started. He knew his neighbors in that quarter then because they all were poor. Around that Place *there were two kinds; the drunkards and the sportifs. The drunkards killed their poverty that way; the sportifs took it out in exercise. They were the descendants of the Communards and it was no struggle for them to know their politics. They knew who had shot their fathers, their relatives, their brothers, and their friends when the Versailles troops came in and took the town after the Commune and executed any one they could catch with calloused hands, or who wore a cap, or carried any other sign he was a working man. And in that poverty, and in that quarter across the street from a Boucherie Chevaline and a wine co-operative he had written the start of all he was to do. There never was another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling trees, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the auto-bus in that round square, the purple flower dye upon the paving, the sudden drop down the hill of the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Mouffetard. The street that ran up toward the Pantheon and the other that he always took with the bicycle, the only asphalted street in all that quarter, smooth under the tires, with the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died. There were only two rooms in the apartment where they lived and he had a room on the top floor of that hotel that cost him sixty francs a month where he did his writing, and from it he could see the roofs and chimney pots and all the hills of Paris.*

From the apartment you could only see the wood and coal man's place. He sold wine too, bad wine. The golden horse's head outside the Boucherie Chevaline where the carcasses hung yellow gold and red in the open window, and the green painted co-operative where they bought their wine; good wine and cheap. The rest was plaster walls and the windows of the neighbors. The neighbors who, at night, when someone lay drunk in the street, moaning and groaning in that typical French ivresse *that you were propaganded to believe did not exist, would open their windows and then the murmur of talk.*

"Where is the policeman? When you don't want him the bugger is always there. He's sleeping with some concierge. Get the Agent." *Till someone threw a bucket of water from a window and the moaning stopped. "What's that? Water. Ah, that's intelligent." And the windows shutting. Marie, his femme de menage, protesting against the eight hour day saying, "If a husband works until six he gets only a little drunk on the way home and does not waste too much. If he works only until five he is drunk every night and one has no money. It is the wife of the working man who suffers from this shortening of hours."*

"Wouldn't you like some more broth?" the woman asked him now.

"No thank you very much. It is awfully good."

"Try just a little."

"I would like a whiskey-soda."

"It's not good for you."

"No. It's bad for me. Cole Porter wrote the words and the music. This knowledge that you're going mad for me."

"You know I like you to drink."

"Oh yes. Only it's bad for me."

When she goes, he thought. I'll have all I want. Not all I want but all there is. Ayee he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little while. He lay still and death was not there. It must have gone around another street. It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements.

No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written?

What about the ranch and the silvered gray of the sage brush, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the heavy green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the summer were shy as deer. The bawling and the steady noise and slow moving mass raising a dust as you brought them down in the fall. And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peak in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across the valley. Now he remembered coming down through the timber in the dark holding the horse's tail when you could not see and all the stories that he meant to write.

About the half-wit chore boy who was left at the ranch that time and told not to let anyone get any hay, and that old bastard from the Forks who had beaten the boy when he had worked for him stopping to get some feed. The boy refusing and the old

Continued on page 200

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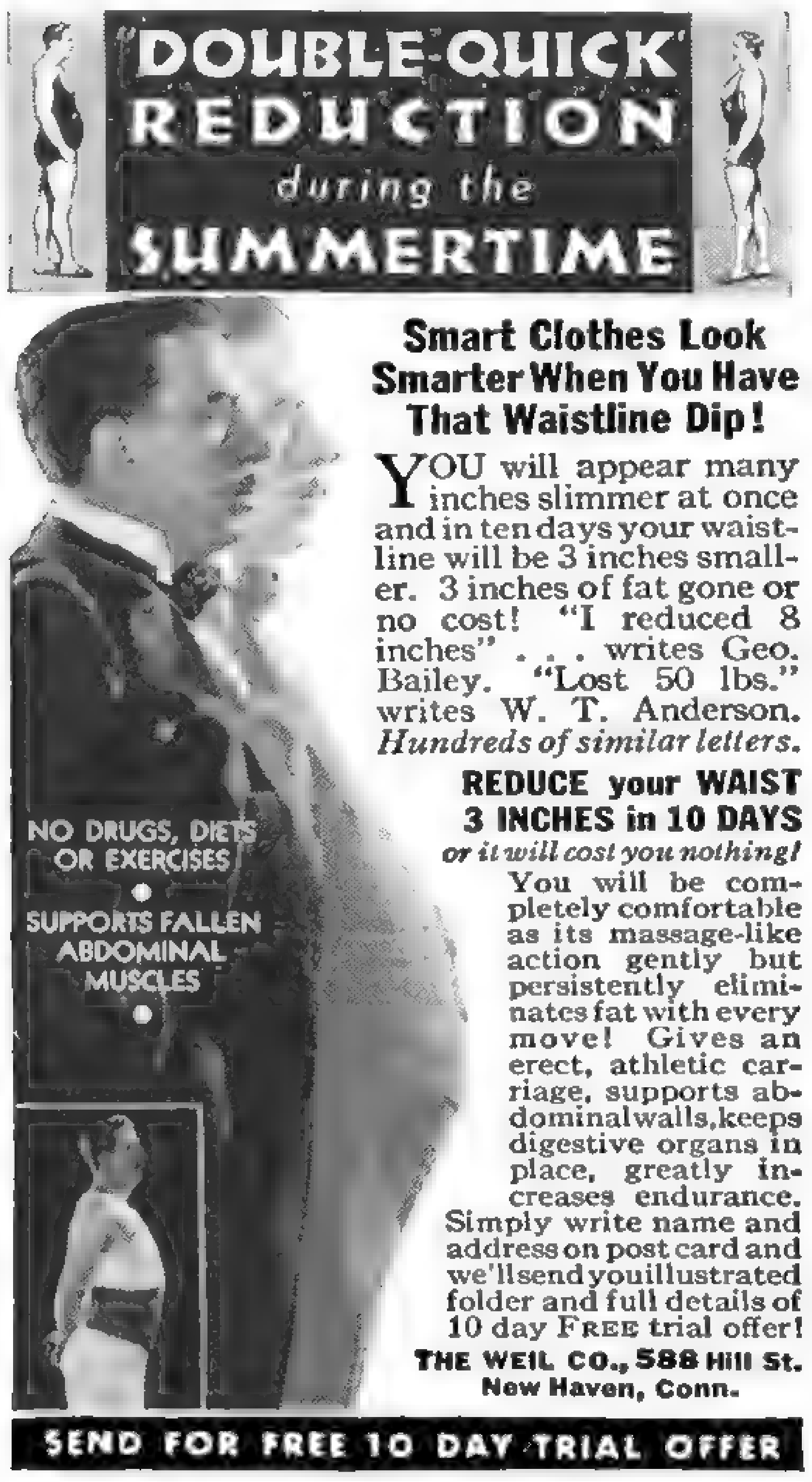

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The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Continued from pages 27-195-197-199

man saying he would beat him again. The boy got the rifle from the kitchen and shot him when he tried to come into the barn and when they came back to the ranch he'd been dead a week, frozen in the corrall, and the dogs had eaten a big part of him. But what was left you packed on a sled wrapped in a blanket and roped on and you got the boy to help you haul it, and the two of you took it out over the road on skis, and sixty miles down to town to turn the boy over. He having no idea that he would be arrested. Thinking he had done his duty and that you were his friend and he would be rewarded. He'd helped to haul the old man in so everybody could know how bad the old man had been and how he'd tried to steal some feed that didn't belong to him, and when the sheriff put the handcuffs on the boy he couldn't believe it. Then he'd started to cry. That was one story he had saved to write. He knew at least twenty good stories from out there and he had never written one. Why?

"You tell them why," he said.

"Why what, dear?"

"Why nothing."

She didn't drink so much, now, since she had him. But if he lived he would never write about her, he knew that now. Nor about any of them. The rich were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and they were repetitious. He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, 'The very rich are different from you and me.' And how someone had said to Scott, Yes they have more money. But that was not humorous to Scott. He thought they were a special glamorous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.

He had been contemptuous of those who wrecked. You did not have to like it because you understood it. He could beat anything, he thought, because no thing could hurt him if he did not care.

All right. Now he would not care for death. One thing he had always dreaded was the pain. He could stand pain as well as any man, until it went on too long, and wore him out, but here he had something that had hurt frightfully and just when he had felt it breaking him, the pain had stopped.

He remembered long ago when Williamson, the bombing officer, had been hit by a stick bomb someone in a German patrol had thrown as he was coming in through the wire that night and, screaming, had begged everyone to kill him. He was a fat man, very brave, and a good officer, although addicted to fantastic shows. But that night he was caught in the wire, with a flare lighting him up and his bowels spilled out into the wire, so when they brought him in, alive, they had to cut him loose. Shoot me, Harry. For Christ sake shoot me. They had had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and someone's theory had been that meant that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson that night. Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away.

Still this now, that he had, was very easy; and if it was no worse as it went on there was nothing to worry about. Except that he would rather be in better company.

He thought a little about the company that he would like to have.

No, he thought, when everything you do, you do too long, and do too late, you can't expect to find the people still there. The people all are gone. The party's over and you are with your hostess now.

I'm getting as bored with dying as with everything else, he thought.

"It's a bore," he said out loud.

"What is, my dear?"

"Anything you do too bloody long."

He looked at her face between him and the fire. She was leaning back in the chair and the firelight shone on her pleasantly lined face and he could see that she was sleepy. He heard the hyena make a noise just outside the range of the fire.

"I've been writing," he said. "But I got tired."

"Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Pretty sure. Why don't you turn in?"

"I like to sit here with you."

"Do you feel anything strange?" he asked her.

"No. Just a little sleepy."

"I do," he said.

He had just felt death come by again.

"You know the only thing I've never lost is curiosity," he said to her.

"You've never lost anything. You're the most complete man I've ever known."

"Christ," he said. "How little a woman knows. What is that? Your intuition?"

Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath.

"Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull," he told her. "It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena."

It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape anymore. It simply occupied space.

"Tell it to go away."

It did not go away but moved a little closer.

"You've got a hell of a breath," he told it. "You stinking bastard."

It moved up closer to him still

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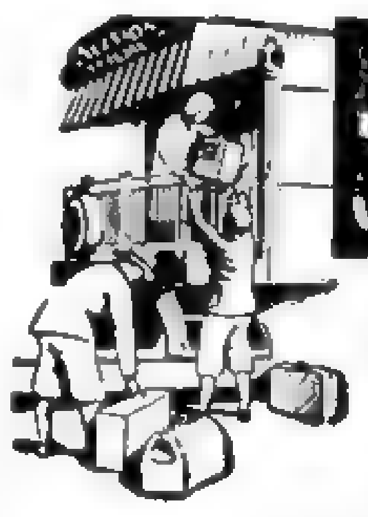

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and now he could not speak to it, and when it saw he could not speak it came a little closer, and now he tried to send it away without speaking, but it moved in on him so its weight was all upon his chest, and while it crouched there and he could not move, or speak, he heard the woman say, "Bwana is asleep now. Take the cot up very gently and carry it into the tent."

He could not speak to tell her to make it go away and it crouched now, heavier, so he could not breathe. And then, while they lifted the cot, suddenly it was all right and the weight went from his chest.

* * *

It was morning and had been morning for some time and he heard the plane. It showed very tiny and then made a wide circle and the boys ran out and lit the fires, using kerosene, and piled on grass so there were two big smudges at each end of the level place and the morning breeze blew them toward the camp and the plane circled twice more, low this time, and then glided down and levelled off and landed smoothly and, coming walking toward him, was old Compton in slacks, a tweed jacket and a brown felt hat.

"What's the matter, old cock?" Compton said.

"Bad leg," he told him. "Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thanks. I'll just have some tea. It's the Puss Moth you know. I won't be able to take the Memsahib. There's only room for one. Your lorry is on the way."

Helen had taken Compton aside and was speaking to him. Compton came back more cheery than ever.

"We'll get you right in," he said. "I'll be back for the Mem. Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop at Arusha to refuel. We'd better get going."

"What about the tea?"

"I don't really care about it you know."

The boys had picked up the cot and carried it around the green tents and down along the rock and out onto the plain and along past the smudges that were burning brightly now, the grass all consumed, and the wind fanning the fire, to the little plane. It was difficult getting him in, but once in he lay back in the leather seat, and the leg was stuck straight out to one side of the seat where Compton sat. Compton started the motor and got in. He waved to Helen and to the boys and, as the clatter moved into the old familiar roar, they swung around with Compie watching for wart-hog holes and roared, bumping, along the stretch between the fires and with the last bump rose and he saw them all standing below, waving, and the camp beside the hill, flattening now, and the plain spreading, clumps of trees, and the bush flattening, while the game trails ran now smoothly to the dry waterholes, and there was a new water that he had never known of. The zebra, small rounded backs now, and the wildebeeste, big headed dots seeming to climb as they moved in long fingers across the plain, now scattering as the shadow came toward them, they were tiny now, and the movement had no gallop, and the plain as far as you could see, gray-yellow now and ahead old Compie's tweed back and the brown felt hat. Then they were over the first hills and the wildebeeste were trailing up them, and then they were over mountains with sudden depths of green-rising forest and the solid bamboo slopes, and then the heavy forest again, sculptured into peaks and hollows until they crossed, and hills sloped down and then another plain, hot now, and purple brown, bumpy, with heat and Compie looking back to see how he was riding. Then there were other mountains dark ahead. And then instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, he evidently figured that they had the gas, and looking down he saw a pink sifting cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in a blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming up from the South. Then they began to climb and they were going to the East it seemed, and then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall, and then they were out and Compie turned his head and grinned and pointed and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going.

* * *

Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and stirred uneasily. She did not wake. In her dream she was at the house on Long Island and it was the night before her daughter's début. Somehow her father was there and he had been very rude. Then the noise the hyena made was so loud she woke and for a moment she did not know where she was and she was very afraid. Then she took the flashlight and shone it on the other cot that they had carried in after Harry had gone to sleep. She could see his bulk under the mosquito bar but somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressings had all come down and she could not look at it.

"Molo," she called "Molo! Molo!"

Then she said, "Harry, Harry!" Then her voice rising, "Harry! Please, Oh Harry!"

There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing.

Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart.

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Kresge Department Store
NEWPORT, R. I.
J. R. Lorah & Co.
NEW HAVEN
Douglas McDaid
Gamble Desmond Co.
NORTH ADAMS
McCraw & Taro, Inc.
NEW YORK CITY
Saks Fifth Avenue
Bonwit-Teller, Inc.
F. R. Tripler & Co.
John Wanamaker
Peyton, Ltd.
Ambassador Chemists
(Hotel Ambassador)
Bloomingdale Bros.
Oppenheim & Collins
OKLAHOMA CITY
Rothschild's B & M Stores
PHILADELPHIA
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH
Joseph Horne Co.
Kaufmann's
George O. Yoke, Inc.
PITTSFIELD
Wendell Pharmacy, Inc.
POUGHKEEPSIE
Luckey, Platt & Co.
PROVIDENCE
The Shepard Company
Callender, McAuslan & Troup
ROCHESTER
B. Forman & Co.
McFarlin Clothing Co.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
The Paine Drug Co.
ST. LOUIS
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
ST. PAUL
Field Schlick & Co.
SALEM, MASS.
Almy, Bieglow & Washburn, Inc.
SAN ANTONIO
E. Hertzberg Jewelry Co.
SAN FRANCISCO
The White House—
Raphael Weill & Co.
The Emporium
SCHENECTADY
The Carl Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Albert Steiger Co.
SYRACUSE
The Addis Co.
C. E. Chappell & Sons
Powers Drug Co.
TOLEDO
LaSalle & Koch Co.
TROY, N. Y.
G. V. S. Quackenbush & Co.
UTICA
Estate of Dan Sullivan, Druggist
WALTHAM
Grover Cronin, Inc.
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Woodward & Lothrop
Raleigh Haberdasher, Inc.
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225 Fifth Avenue, New York • *Mail Orders Filled*

Please send Hunt Club ☐ Sun Tan Cream; ☐ Shaving Bowl; ☐ Essence; ☐ Toilet Water; ☐ Deodorant. Postage prepaid on orders accompanied by remittance.

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GLIDE AWAY FROM IT ALL

. . . and let the staff do the slaving

You can get away from it nicely with a canoe and a paddle and a girl and the ripple of water. But the practical way is to watch the world roll by from a goodly distance — getting only as near as your mind's eye wants, as far as time and purse will let you.

Assume that the summer which shuffles America (and sends Southerners northward, Westerners out into the Pacific) sends you to Winnipesaukee, hell-bent for chucking civilization and carbon monoxide and all that . . .

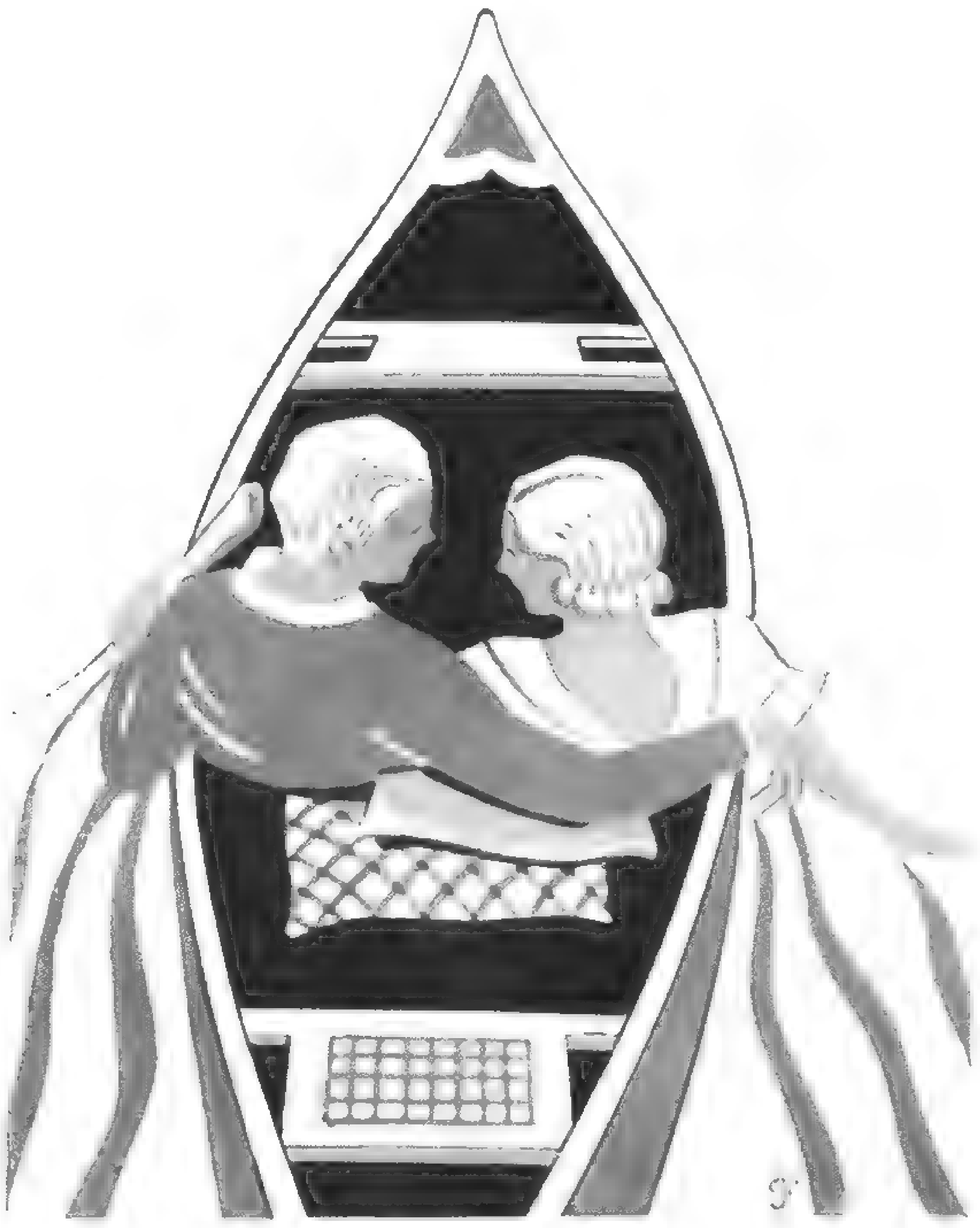
Still, things are popping politically, and athletically, and perhaps in Munich or Milan or Minnesota. If, wherever you are, with no effort whatever, you could have your morning Herald Tribune, would you take it or leave it? Read it and be flattered that a truck, travelling like fury in the small hours across three states, has rushed it to you from a train at White River Junction, or Providence, or Brattleboro . . . in time for your bacon and eggs.

Or you're partial to the Pennsylvania Poconos. All right. Drop around Sky Top Lodge before (or after) toast and marmalade, and the paper that's read by the brighter side of easterly America will be there too . . . that morning's Herald Tribune, to be precise.

You'll take Nantucket? If you must have ocean between yourself and home, O. K. — but don't ask the local news dispenser for the last word on the two candidates before noon. He's waiting for the boat, too.

But move yourself over by one degree of longitude to Block Island and an obliging aviator from Providence will fly your Herald Tribune to you every summer morning (a little favor which, by the by, is done year 'round for Detroiters. Automobile men, it seems, are gluttons for Herald Tribunes with their morning coffee).

Forgetting, for the time being, where you expect to be, and considering where you'd *like* to be . . . how would you like to be up on the Clyde watching the tryouts for the America's Cup challenge? If you can't manage it, Al Laney (roving sports reporter for the Herald Tribune) will probably be up Scotland way managing it for you. You'll hear from him within twelve or fifteen hours of when it happens.



Maybe you'd rather take the American Yacht Club cruise, starting at Port Jefferson and winding up a couple of days later at Fisher's Island . . . that is, if you had a yacht, or an invitation. But if you haven't either, Bill Taylor will take you. (Reason: William Howland Taylor is the H-T yachting authority whose descriptive powers got him a Pulitzer award).

But you want the Olympics and nothing less, and you didn't get to Germany, and there you are, out in a Canoe on the Rangeley Lakes and nothing else in the world (except possibly the girl on your right) matters much. Still, you'd like to know who won the Olympic rowing championship on the Grunau river some thirty-eight hundred miles away, and what sort of race it was.

Very well. It will be arranged. We'll have Jess Abramson on the river bank for you, and a truck driver will pick your copy of his report from a train at White River Junction, Vermont, at an hour conventionally called ungodly. He'll rush it overland sixty-five miles or so to Littleton, New Hampshire, to another fellow who'll take it another eighty-five to Rumford, Maine, and a fourth who'll go on up to Rangeley with it, for you.

Maybe you are more curious about people than events and you would feel a lot better for knowing who is up at Isleboro, or who's down in Bermuda, or who at Newport or Bar Harbor or Crawford Notch or any place on the Jersey coast from Asbury to Seagirt? The answer to that is easy . . . it's the Howard White Army.

The White Army is a 20-man corps of summer-colony watchers who roam the entire North Atlantic coastline, the important lakes, the inland resorts—reporting daily on vacationing America to Howard White, society editor of the New York Herald Tribune. Members of this army all patrol their own fronts—are often distinguished in their own right, like Emil Jemail of Newport (a walking landmark in that city) and Mrs. Elsie Parsons — a Southampton institution-by-herself, and Amy Lyman Phillips — on the White Mountain watch, as she has been for more than a generation.

Whatever you do about it, the entire general staff of the Herald Tribune — specially augmented for summer coverage, will be spread from Canada to the Gulf and beyond and across the seas . . . and its special summer delivery men are travelling just over eight thousand truck-miles today to keep the world at the prow of your canoe.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-176-178-180

GLAND LINE OF THOUGHT

I suppose I am one of the 10,000 who have cut out your gland history sheet for future use in ships' smokerooms and other places where they bandy bawdy argument. For since glands stimulate most things, why not conversation?

But I venture to suggest that those who go on *shikari* armed with that inimitable page of Esquire may be disappointed in the mag.

It is ever so slightly too pat to be true. The amateur seeker of cosmic truth has rather less chance of picking a winner in his pet theory than of picking a winner in the Irish Sweep. Esquire is always amusing but often singularly ill informed. As you will doubtless view this statement with proper editorial caution, may I refer you to the undoubtedly authoritative opinion of Dr. Hans Zinsser, in *Rats, Lice and History*. His comment on what may be called the Harlantic or oblique school of scientific thought—"The Doctor Looks on Bi-metalism," "The Midwife Looks on Inflation," and so forth—seems opposite to your pituitary opinions. Are there not too many imponderables to permit so weak a classification?

But it is a grand line of thought that you have opened up! In a few years when Joe Palooka is tried for simony, mayhem, barratry, rape or incest, we may hear sentence pronounced like this: "The court finds the accused's thymus guilty in the first degree, and sentences it to be excised and detained in formaldehyde at the pleasure of the Commonwealth." So Joe will go into hospital for a week and then join the Oxford group. What a brave new world it will be!

In 1910 Lorand of Vienna wrote a book, *Old Age Deferred*, in which he told in great detail all that was then known of glandular function, grouping his observations round the classical work of Brown-Siguard. In 25 years technique has improved, refinements have been added, details of the mosaic filled in, notably by the authors of another classic, *Hunger, Pain, Fear and Rage*—but is the true picture any clearer? Any intellectually honest doctor will say no. Opinion is possibly more abstract today than it was then.

Dear Esky, "scientific" subjects are for trained minds only. But don't let that deter you. It didn't deter Paul de Kruif or Sinclair Lewis, and look where they went! It must be their glands.

Yours idiotically,
Quebec, Canada C.

THE COLOR RAN

Even George Seldes can flavor printers' ink to give it a taste he desires to impart as *The Color of the Press* in June Esquire ably shows.

He tirades against practises of daily newspapers and insinuates that $97,000,000 is presented to them annually by a governmental postal privilege. With about 2,000 dailies in this nation each rates $48,500, one gathers from his article.

But, from my observation in hundreds of places, daily newspapers make little use of second-class privileges, relying on carrier routes, newsboys, and newsstands for the bulk of their circulations. Only to readers outside the local shopping areas are the mails employed to any extent. Incidentally for local mail delivery, publishers of daily newspapers must place a one-cent stamp on every copy, or pay a $10 fee and affix a special mailing permit, but still pay one cent a copy in cash.

Mr. Seldes carefully avoids mentioning the fact that most of the Post Office "deficit" comes from weekly and monthly publications with readers from coast to coast.

I never could figure out how the Post Office Department arrives at its $97,000,000 "deficit" or any of its other profits and losses. Its bookkeeping always has had a Mexican slant. But the postal authorities overlook the fact that if it weren't for publications—daily, weekly, and monthly—much of its $47,000,000 "profit" on first class postage would never have been created. When one considers the first class mail, stimulated directly and indirectly by advertising, on inquiries, requests, acknowledgements, complaints, answers, bills, statements, remittances and receipts not to include parcel post on catalogs, booklets and merchandise, a large part of the $47,000,000 "profit" may be credited to the second-class mailing privilege which allows for such widespread sending of the printed word.

Very truly yours,
G. Harris Danzberger
Scarsdale, New York

THE STAR IN STAR HEMBERG

Re your otherwise grand issue for May, I'm sure you'd haunt libraries in vain for a single authority to place the stamp of approval on *your* spelling the dunce-capped prince's name "Sta*hr*emberg" once and then dittoing it to make a perfect case against yourself. So when you write his obit next month, keep in mind a falling "star" and you won't go wrong.

And please advise the mighty-penned Hem that "Ca*rr*ibean" just isn't right, and that the little lady from Des Moines would no doubt always keep in mind "Mediterranean" when spelling "Caribbean," and remind herself that only one of 'em takes a double "r."

And (can it be true that my memory for the spelling of words is in this instance superior to that of an intellectual giant?) please ask that grand old gentleman of letters, Burton Rascoe, if he shouldn't have left at least another "c" in "monarcial," or else deleted the "i."

I know proof-reading is hard on the eyes, but this issue leaves plenty of room for improvement, considering that I've only half finished my reading of the May issue. So you'll have to get Esk's Winchell (Ol' Man Potter's modest, timid little chile Van Wycky) on the proof-reading job or else send the galley sheets on to the writer of this plea-copping inferiority complex!

Orchid-tossingly yours,
Trenton, N. J. John F. King

HAPPY HYPOCRITES

I have just finished reading *The Gland Book in Practical Use*. I think it is the most foolish and contemptible story I ever read. The author ought to go to a doctor and have his head examined. Of course it is all very well for you to talk of the susceptibility of women but how about writing an article on the susceptibility of men. But no, you'd be afraid to do that because you know the men wouldn't like it. We all know that men like to think they are bold and bad, etc. and can persuade women into wrong-doing but they hate to have people tell them that women can very easily persuade the men into wrong-doing. You men think you're modern and tough but you're really just a bunch of old-fashioned fogies simply because you still hang on to that Mid-Victorian idea that women do not persuade men. Believe me, I've come across plenty of men who are very easy to persuade. There are just as many "easy men" as there are "easy women." You know it and so do all the rest of the men and women in this world. Also, I'd like to ask you why you don't put jokes in your magazine in which the man takes it and the woman dishes it out. You'd sell plenty more copies then because we're all getting sick and tired of seeing the man dish it out all the time. You know, women like to dish it out the same as men do. Yours sincerely,

A. Subscriber
Powell River, B.C., Canada

P.S.—If you don't print this in your next issue I'll be convinced you're a lot of hypocrites.

Continued on next page

D'Artagnan
..THE FOURTH MUSKETEER

● A gallant lover, a good soldier, D'Artagnan's appearance was as clean cut as his famous sword play.

If D'Artagnan were alive today, we're sure he'd shave with Colgate's. He'd choose Colgate's because it's the famous small-bubble shave cream that gives men that "good personal appearance". Colgate's shaves last longer because they're closer. And the 25c tube lasts a long time too.

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW HOW COLGATE'S
SKIN LINE SHAVES *last hours longer!*

ORDINARY SHAVE CREAMS
Ordinary big bubble lather is made of bubbles too big to get to *base* of beard! Air pockets in most lathers keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM
Colgate's small bubble lather as shown here, makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE in the "after shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate's shaves are cleaner . . . true "all day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving.

25¢ LARGE TUBE
100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE
200 SHAVES

BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE

BRUYÈRE
NO GADGETS NO "PLUMBING"
Quality in Every Detail.

Just as Bond Street has long been identified with the correct garb for men, so, since 1856, has the name "Loewe of the Haymarket" been synonymous with pipes—smart in style and of choice, selected bruyère root

$5
$10
$15

The Logan

L&Co
Loewe of the Haymarket
LONDON. S.W.I.

View of the Old Haymarket

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-176-178-180

DOCTOR'S DIAGNOSIS

My comment after reading your publication for somewhat over a year is perhaps more considered than some though less profound and measured than others. That I am equipped to pontificate on such a matter you may doubt, nearly as much as I do.

(1) You are publishing a fine magazine according to my ideas of the standards you have set as to paper, make-up, type, and color reproducing, though the latter I think has been slightly bettered by "Time." (No pun!)

(2) Your fiction is rather irregular. It seemed to me at first that your aim was perfect but that after a few rounds someone shifted your sights a little. Even Hemingway gives that impression, although his score is high.

(3) Your articles and "satire" are in the main good—interesting if not accurate. Accuracy being, fortunately for your writers, unnecessary to your unreasoning, emotional audience.

(4) As to the departments—well there's quite a field for discussion—one would for example hesitate to classify your drama critic as anything but a neurasthenic extrovert whose imagination rivals the wordy invective of the paretic or the experienced dipsomaniac, but whose judgment and sense of proportion are parallelled by his anxious groping in the dark for his Hartranft. The man is, I doubt not, a demonstrable monomaniac who should be kept under the usual observation (may I suggest Bellevue?) A precaution necessitated by the danger into which he seems steadily to be careening; which is plainly self-immolation by "scribe's splenic anemia" (a disease of writers characterized by the constant outpouring of spleen with the ultimate effect of exhaustion and finally lingering literary death, example—Mencken).

Sincerely,
E. M. F. Weaver, M. D.
Blue Ball, Pa.

SWING IN ENGLAND

There seem to be so many nutty guys splashing about in *S. & F.* trying to pull old Esky to pieces that I feel I've just got to say what a lot of dim-witted old foozlers they are. I only got acquainted with THE magazine for men some months back, but I'd sooner miss my drink than go without the monthly livener which Esky provides. The stuff is there and it's mellow. It seems invidious to pick any features out for special mention. *Unidentified Man* was great and from my own experience in an English news agency rings pretty true to life—we call them sub-editors over here. And Petty—say, where does he get those gals? I've roamed around a bit with the fair sex in my short time but I've never managed to pick 'em like Petty does. I guess I'll have to study the gland book a bit too; I've already got several dirty looks in our "tube" trains from trying to figure out a frail's accessibility as it is.

Also I can take as much as you like on the "swing" stuff. I've been that way for a long time now, and it doesn't get any better!

It's swell to get writers who understand their subject and know how to put it across. Personally I read Esquire from beginning to end, spending at least five minutes getting belly-laffs out of the cover. Which brings me back to my first points—the knockers, who are all a lot of pratts anyway. My guess is they're all a lot of snotty puritans who are living way back with their pilgrim forefathers and probably think the *Mayflower* is still doing Atlantic crossings. Aw, nerts, who cares anyway. There are plenty of people who are content for Esky to stay as he is. If any complaint could be raised it's these *She's Unfaithful If* points. The first lot have got me so groggy wondering whether, etc., that I'm almost afraid to read any further.

Oh well, it's a pretty good old world, anyway. So here's to Esquire, with its caustic commentaries and troublesome cuties—may their accessibility never grow less.

Sincerely,
R. Edwin S. Hinchcliffe

P.S.: Just in case the above does make the *Sound & Fury* department, I'd like to add I'd be very glad to correspond with "Esky" fans in the States who also have a yearning for "le jazz hot." The address is:

51 Broxash Road, London, S.W. 11,
England

THE TALKING READER

Not because I give a damn about a mere slip in scholarship but because I did not like Dr. Clarkson's hodgepodge of biographical semi-oddities, I'm joining the dozens (or perhaps hundreds) of other people who can read and write that will be calling your attention to said slip. What business has a "talking encyclopedia" got informing us that Roger Bacon died collecting snow to stuff a chicken and contracting pneumonia in consequence? For that matter, what business has a man got being a talking encyclopedia? Practically any puling undergraduate could tell Dr. Clarkson that it was Francis Bacon who died in the manner described. In fact, I am . . .

All that is by the way, though, because what I really wanted to write about was the fact that I liked the *Ballad of Lonesome Waters*. It isn't very good poetry but Mr. Stuart is doing something that hasn't been done enough: American poetry should contain a minstrelsy of the American border. My two chief objections to the poem are that it is not written in ballad-stanza and that so much of it, notably the last four stanzas, is supererogatory. Concerning the first objection, Mr. Stuart should be reminded by someone pretty avuncular that Coleridge wrote a lot of ballad-stanzas before he essayed the freer scheme of Christabel. But I better not get pedantic if I want my letter to see light in Esquire; I am no Dr. Clarkson—thank Heaven! One more remark—your stories are often pretty boring; and I'm not very boreable. I look forward to the day when you'll be publishing the kind of stories I write. Now you can look forward to it too.

Sincerely,
London, Ont., Can. Ken Millar

ALAS, POOR POTTER, WE KNEW HIM ILL

By all means convey this letter to Van Wyck Potter, that is, if you place any value on John Q. Public of which I am a member in good standing (publicly speaking).

Whether or not you draw Mr. Potter's attention to this letter through the simple formula of forwarding it to him or through the frenzied droolings of the *Sound & Fury* is immaterial to me. My main object is to point out one person in this sizeable City of Boston one (1) person at least who is drooling with the desire (as all good Sound and Furies must) to compliment. My only other desire, one deep-rooted from repression, is to view the gnashing of teeth of those critics treated with Potter vitriol.

S. Choirboy, through the expediency of either a marvelous research capacity or a thoroughly well founded lifetime of study, has accomplished what I've wished for years. By all means give him this letter, if it means a wicked sub caption in the *Sound & Fury* by Meyer let it be so.

Someday I would like a quiet corner with Mr. Potter, innumerable Scotch and sodas (for I judge by Van's self admitted June article he might become extremely talkative) and plenty of time in which to talk—then if *le roi le veut* I might walk with the mighty for awhile.

Best of luck and first thoughts to *Revue of Revues*.

Sincerely,
Boston, Mass. Bill Queen

MAYBE YOU THINK DR. CLARKSON DOESN'T

Will you be good enough to reprove Dr. Eric "Jack Horner" Clarkson.

It was Francis and not Roger Bacon who caught a fatal chill while experimenting in refrigeration; this in 1626.

I find these inaccuracies distressing.

Yours truly,
Saskatoon, Sask. H. G. S. Cole

WE GOT CLASS

Calling all editors!!!!!

Esquire coming in fine; but where the hell am I going to store it? The back numbers are beginning to swamp me. Help!

Keep up the good work. You got a magazine that has some style and class to it and that isn't a prissy little cartoony-loony for the kiddies. And another thing; don't give in to this American language fad that is sweeping the country. A sheet like *Cornstarch* is more subversive than all communist literature put together, and a louder sham. You got a delightful sheet and one that is written in the one and only, plain and simple, Esquire Language. But for God's sake make it lighter; my floor's about to cave in.

Old News Stand Carl,
Decatur, Ill. Carl Johnson

A GOOD CIGAR AS A CURE-ALL

It is with a sense of goose-pimply excitement one observes the tendency of your artists to depict so many men enjoying cigars.

Ridicule of the late Model T brought the world Henry's present swanky cars. Ridicule of cigars by picturing only pillow-lipped politicians, mugs, bums, and brutish lads as cigar smokers has done an injustice to a he-man's smoke. The movies have used the cigar as a symbol of viciousness and yet the little up-lifting pills toasted and mellowed still find favor with their kidnappers, parlor annihilators of virginity and sweaty reporters.

What this country has needed you have supplied. A man's journal showing Men smoking a Man's smoke. All the present unrest and foolish initialing of reforms cannot cease while men go about lipping little white digestants. When men begin to get their few remaining teeth into an ambrosial clear Havana cigar then, and then only, will we get a lift out of our present economic mess.

Tampa, Fla. Louis G. D'Armand

THE PURIST ON A PETTY AD

May I call your attention to the fact that in the Jantzen advertisement appearing in the June number of your incomparable magazine, the caption "One of us must flag that ship with our Jantzen" contains a gross grammatical error? Probably the advertisement would have more appeal to the high-class clientele of which Esquire boasts, were the sentence to state that "One of us must flag that ship with *his* Jantzen," or even "his or her Jantzen." One can scarcely imagine the cultured people displayed in the advertisement making such crude use of the mother tongue!

Very sincerely yours,
Warren S. Hubbard
The Peddie School,
Hightstown, N. J.

DEFENSE OF REALISM

Of all the things in Esquire that have interested me particularly, none have tickled my "funny bone" as much as the complaints of those who think that "Esky" is destroying the sanctity of "home, along with marriage and babies and books and Bach and fishing and other eternal verities . . ." Perhaps these solemn souls think they are doing the world a great deal of good by their unfounded condemnation of the reality of your cartoons—and that's just what it is: *reality*. And reality is always very comical if you've taken a second glance at the world.

Undoubtedly, there are still a great many individuals at large who think that no real humor can be discovered in men's second strongest instinct; the fact that we live biologically as well as attempting to live ideally seems to irritate these poor near-sighted creatures.

But to get down to the purpose of my letter. Why not occasionally use an article or two by Bertrand Russell, or Will Durant, or John Dewey? I know that most of these authors write few magazine articles; but maybe they would write for Esquire if asked. The popularization of objective thought has become enormously effective through the efforts of these men and a few others (such as, James, Santayana, or better still, Spengler). I'm not suggesting that you attempt to make Esquire a melting pot of contemporary philosophy, as that would spoil it. But why not add a small amount of what would make it even more broad and cosmopolitan than it already is?

Sincerely,
Brush, Colo. Harold Webster

Editor's Note: Esquire *published Bertrand Russell in the issues for May, July and October, 1934. Durant and Dewey have not been heard from.*

ANTI-NOISE CAMPAIGN

Why do you print letters by these various lugs who are forever bitching about clean living, no women, mustn't mention outhouse—naughty, naughty! Nuts to them! At least 399,999 of us think Esquire is swell and have thought so ever since it first appeared.

Save the space for something more interesting; we belch and burp everytime we meet these babies who are forever crying about something, especially purity. Kick off their ears; the hell withem! Some guys are always kicking; it helps them forget their inferiorities!

Sincerely,
Cleveland, Ohio Paul Marsh

MAYBE IT'S FUNNY ENOUGH WITHOUT ONE

I've never written to you before and in all probability I'll never write again. I'm much too lazy.

About your magazine (the paper's resting on one now), all in all its pretty good, but—

Where in the devil do you get some of these stories? Don't you think we'd like to read more about everyday people? The usual line of tripe you hand out is about wild-eyed Russians, demented scientists, hot-loving Negroes and passionate bums.

That's good—once in a while.

Is there anyone who buys your magazine for its reading value?

You know the answer.

I buy the damn thing to look at the pictures—you know, your celophane-covered beauties, John Groth's funny little people and Mr. E. Simms Campbell's good fun.

Some of the things you fashion birds think a man should wear (such as buckskin shoes with buckles) are ridiculous. Don't think I'm a hick. I pride myself in having Brook's taste.

Last, but not least, get your Mr. Lundgren after some of those advertisements. Your getting too much like *The Saturday Evening Post.*

And another thing, put a good funny caption over this letter—it needs it.

Lots of luck,
Garden City, N. Y. A. D. Locke

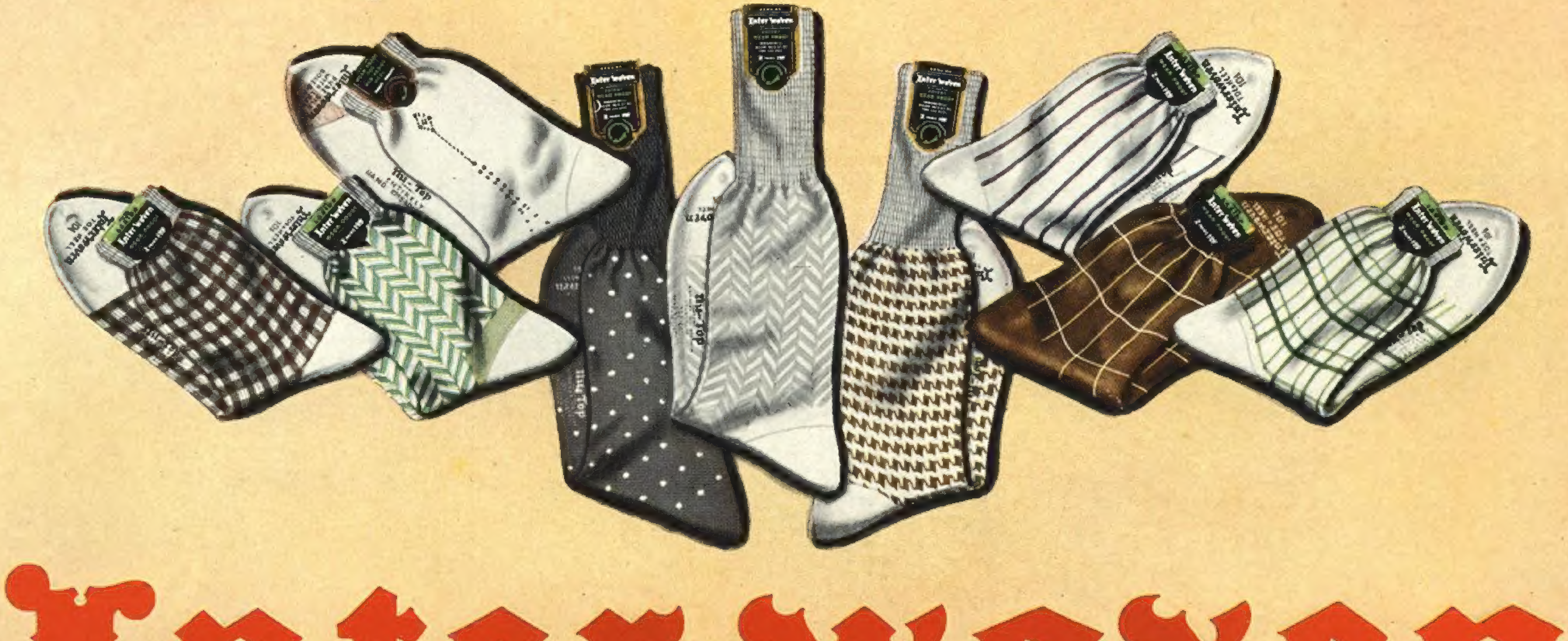
"Nu-Top"

TRADE MARK

The new self-supporting sock

—patented and exclusively Interwoven—that stays up without binding the legs. Nu-Top is now available in a wide variety of bright, colorful patterns to keep you cool and comfortable during your sports and vacation activities.

2 pairs 1^{00} and 1^{00} the pair



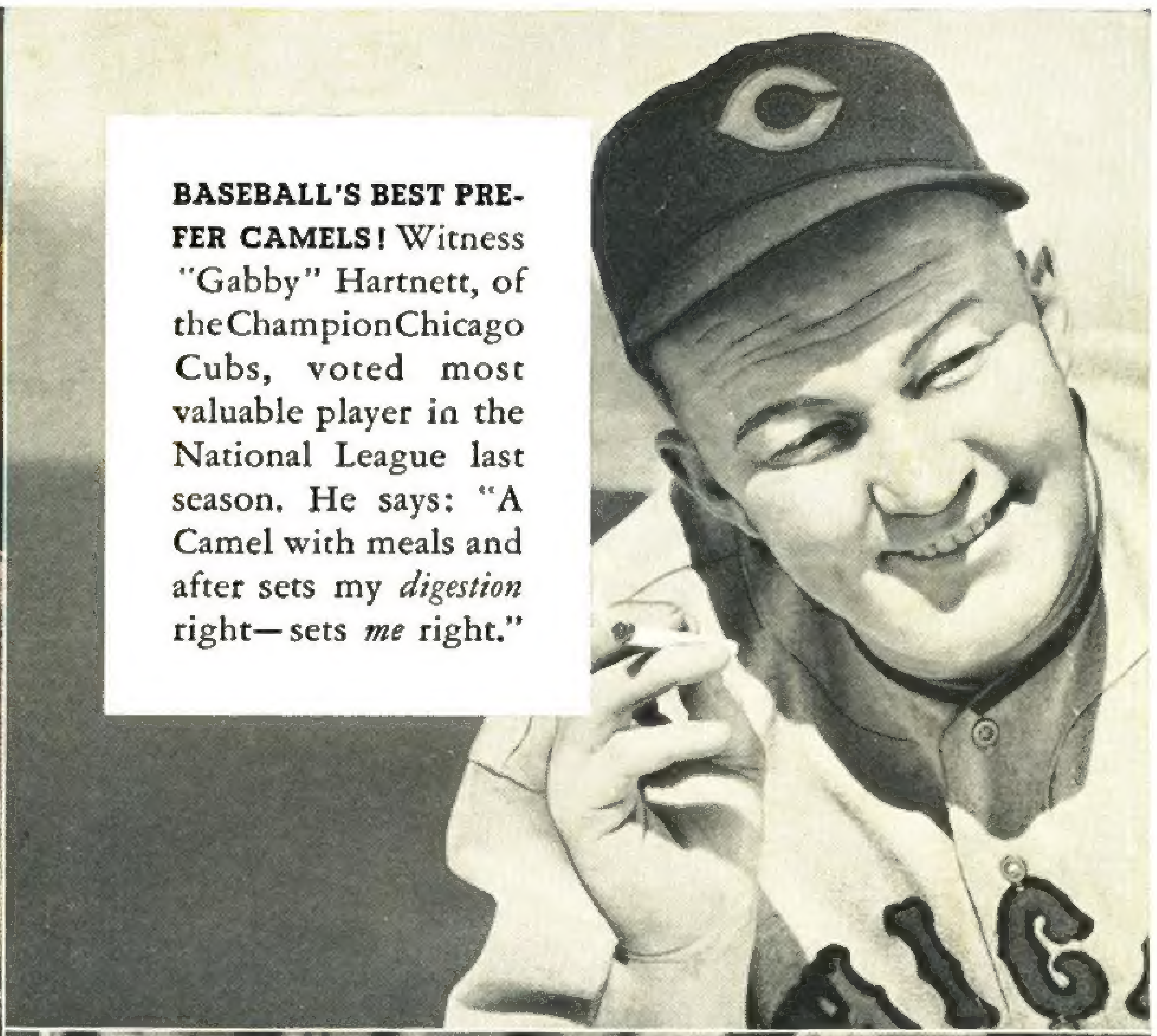
Inter woven

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

TEMPTING COLD DISHES that put new life into summer appetites. From the gifted hands of the *chef* of Washington's famous Hotel Shoreham come the appetizing creations for hot weather, as shown below, to delight the taste of those who frequent the fashionable Louis XVI Dining *Salon*. Robert, watchful *maître d'hôtel*, observes: "Washington's international society demands the finest in foods and also the finest in cigarettes. Camels are the outstanding favorite at the Shoreham."



BASEBALL'S BEST PREFER CAMELS! Witness "Gabby" Hartnett, of the Champion Chicago Cubs, voted most valuable player in the National League last season. He says: "A Camel with meals and after sets my *digestion* right—sets *me* right."

ON THE GO ALL THE TIME. "Nothing like a Camel to set you right during the day's grind," says Bill Ferguson, salesman. "I smoke them as an aid to digestion—and because Camels are never harsh on my throat."

For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels!

Camels make mealtime more pleasant—digestion is stimulated—alkalinity increased

Mealtime is apt to catch us under nervous tension and physical strain. The excitement and nervousness slow down the flow of digestive fluids.

Remember then to pause for a Camel. When you smoke Camels, the flow of the digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is helped back to normal. You get more zest out of your food, and experience the well-being that good digestion brings.

Camels are mild—gentle on your throat. And they never get on your nerves. With their cheering "lift"—their aid to digestion—it has justly been said: "Camels set you right!"

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PLUCKY DARE-DEVIL. Attractive Uva Kimmey, girl parachute jumper, says: "Camels don't get on my nerves. And they encourage digestion in a pleasant way."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES